



166:III.

P. Pourdrinier fait.

THE
WORKS
OF
VIRGIL:

TRANSLATED INTO
English BLANK VERSE.
WITH LARGE
EXPLANATORY NOTES,
AND
CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS.

By JOSEPH TRAPP, D.D.
Lately Fellow of *Wadham* College, and Professor
of POETRY in the University of Oxford.

———*Parnassia Laurus*
Parva sub ingenti Matris se subjicit umbrâ. Virg.

V O L. III.

The SECOND EDITION, Corrected,
And in the NOTES much enlarged.

L O N D O N:
Printed for J. BROTHERTON, J. HAZARD,
W. MEADOWS, T. COX, W. HINCHLIFFE,
W. BICKERTON, T. ASTLEY, S. AUSTEN,
L. GILLIVER, and R. WILLOCK.

MDCCLXXXV.

1568/419.

WORKS
OF

WARRILLO

TRANSLATED INTO
EIGHT BLANK VOLUMES
WITH LARGE

AND
CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS

BY
JAMES WARRILLO

IN
EIGHT VOLUMES

THE
FIRST VOLUME

OF
THE HISTORY OF THE
NATION OF THE
WARRILLO





V I R G I L's

Æ N E I S.

General REMARKS upon the Last
Six Books.



F This latter Half of the *Æneis* shines less than the former ; it is, however, exceeded by Nothing else of the like Nature: *Virgil* only excels himself;

Ut nemo Ajacem possit superare, nisi Ajax.

And after all, great Injustice is done to These last Six Books: They are not read so much as they deserve to be: Partly, because they *are* the last, and *therefore* less regarded ; according to the Destiny of most Books, as *Monfieur Segrais* observes: Partly, because being in some respects confessed by all to be inferiour to the other Six, they are

VOL. III.

B

conceived

conceived to be much more so upon the Whole, than indeed they are. Besides, upon a careless and cursory Perusal, they seem to abound with War and Fighting, and proper Names, and dry undiverting Facts, more than they really do: And so are *suspected* to be tiresome and tedious, by Those who will not more closely examine them, nor take *a little Pains* to be very much pleased. The two *Lists*, or *Catalogues* of the *Forces* (for Example) the One in the Seventh Book, the Other in the Tenth, look very heavy to the Eye, at first Sight. And it is taken for granted that they are so, by Those who will only *see* the *Words*, but not the *Sense*: Whereas in truth they are some of the most elegant, beautiful, and pleasant Parts of all the *Æneis*. Were These Books therefore more read, and considered, and better understood; they would be more praised, and admired:

—————*Si propius stes,
Te capient magis.*

Nor are they (as I hinted) *near so much* inferiour to the other Six, as it is commonly imagined. *Those* indeed are more *polished*, and *curiously touched*: And *These* have more *uncorrect* Lines, both in Thought, and Diction. But as to the *Subject*, and *Materials*; if the Former be more *purely Poetical*; the Latter are far more *Active* and *Busy*, and contain a greater *Variety of Events*. Nay, they contain more even of *pure Poetry*, in it's *highest* and *best* Sense, than Those who are not well acquainted with them are apt to persuade themselves. Neither in Expression, or Versification, or any Respect whatsoever, is there *near so much Uncorrect* in them, as is generally supposed; but *innumerable Beauties*

Beauties of all Kinds. If These Points be not fully made out in the Course of my *particular* Remarks; I will never pretend to Demonstration.

This Second Part of the *Æneis*, as we may call it, contains, in a manner, the whole Action of the Poem, (nay *all* the *Action*, as That Word is used in a *military* Signification :) The Other Part being little more than *preparatory* to This. And therefore the Poet seems here to begin afresh;

Nunc age, qui reges, Erato, &c.

And expressly tells us that Here the grand Business of the Poem commences; and that This is to be the noblest and most important Part of it.

——— *Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo,
Majus opus moveo.*

And yet the preceding Books are very far from being either foreign to the purpose, or thin of Matter, as I have sufficiently proved: Only they are of a different Kind: The greatest Part of them is employ'd in Episode, Narration of the Past, and Prophecy of the Future; And so much of the *direct Action* as they take in (which is but little) consists wholly in *Travelling*, not at all in *War*. In a Comparison therefore between *Homer's Iliad*, and the *Æneis*, only These Six Books of the Latin Poem are to be regarded.

In order to form a Judgment of the comparative *Singleness* and *Complexness* of the Actions; the *Fullness* and *Thinness* of Matter; the *Variety* of *important Events* and *incidental Circumstances*; of *Time* and *Place*; of their *Battles*, and other *War-like Operations*; as also of other Occurrences, which

have no immediate relation to *War*; We will take a View of Both Poems, and lay the Substance of them in a short Compass, before the Eyes of the Reader. I said, *Battles*, and other *Warlike Operations*; because That Distinction will appear to be material in This Comparison. All the Books of the *Iliad*, except the Two last, (and the Action, strictly so called, is at an end, before we come to *Them*) are almost wholly employ'd in Matters immediately relating to *War*. And so are all These Six of the *Æneis*. But then as to *actual Fighting*, there is, I think, much more of it in the *Iliad*, than Mr. Pope represents; when he says, that "no less than the Compass of Twelve Books is taken up in Battles." (a) *Ten* Books (b) are, in a manner, *all Fighting*. And so is a very considerable Part of *Seven* (c) more: Only *Seven* (d) are *entirely* without it. In the *Æneis* only the *Four* last have any *Battle* (for the *Rustick Fray*, or *Rencontre* in the Seventh, tho' attended with Bloodshed, cannot be called one) I mean *all* the Ninth; *Two Thirds* of the Tenth; *One Third* of the Eleventh; and about *Two Thirds* of the Twelfth. It cannot be expected therefore that *Virgil* should give us so great a *Diversity* in the *Deaths* of his *Warriours*, (e) and so much Variety in other *Circumstances* of *Fighting*, as *Homer* has given us in ten times the Number of Verses. And yet to my Apprehension even *Virgil* has Fighting enough in all Reason; and in the Description of his Battles he has a vast Variety of all sorts, a great Diversity of Deaths, Incidents, Scenes, Antiquities, Arms, and Habits, Hories, and Chariots,

Cha-

(a) Essay on *Homer's Battles*. (b) B. 5. 8. 11. 12. 13. 16. 17. 20. 21. 22. (c) B. 3. 4. 6. 7. 10. 14. 15. (d) B. 1. 2. 9. 18. 19. 23. 24. (e) Essay on *Homer's Battles*.

Characters, Speeches, collateral Descriptions, Similies, Fire, Fury; and what not? To give a particular Detail of These *Circumstances* in each Poem would be an endless Task: What I propose by This Abridgment, is to shew the *main Substance* of the *Matter* contain'd in them.

(f) The *Iliad* opens with the known Quarrel between *Agamemnon*, and *Achilles*; which rises so high, that the latter withdraws himself from the War, and complains to his Goddess-Mother: who prevails with *Jupiter* to give Success to the *Trojans*; that the *Grecians* may see their Folly in disobliging her Son; and that his Honour may be vindicated, and his Revenge satisfied. (g) In order to This, *Jupiter* sends a delusive Dream to *Agamemnon*: He prepares for the Field: But first tries the Courage of his Soldiers, by making a Feint to give over the War, and return Home. They are ready to take him at his Word; but are undeceived and inspirited by *Nestor*, and *Ulysses*, upon the Advice of *Minerva*. The Army is muster'd; and a Catalogue given both of the *Grecian* and *Trojan* Leaders, with their Forces. With These Facts several Hints concerning the Occasion of the War, and of what had passed before the Opening of the Poem, are artfully, and judiciously interspersed. (b) As *Menelaus* and *Paris* are, upon *Helen's* Account, the chief and most immediate Contenders; both Nations agree that They Two shall end the War by a single Combat. The Poet here takes occasion, by the Mouth of *Helen*, to give the distinct Characters of the *Grecian* Captains. The Treaty is ratify'd with great Solemnity: The two Champions fight: *Paris* is worsted; but convey'd away by *Venus* to *Helen*.

B 3

The

(f) B. 1. (g) B. 2. (b) B. 3.

The Amours between them are described. (i) After a Council of the Gods, in which it is determined that the War shall continue; *Pandarus* (at the Instigation of *Minerva*) breaks the Truce by wounding *Menelaus*. A bloody Battle follows, and Many are killed on both Sides. (k) *Diomedes*, in the Absence of *Achilles*, is the Chief Hero; and performs Wonders. He attacks the Gods themselves; *Venus*, and *Mars* being wounded by him. *Aeneas* is in great Danger from him; but is rescued by *Venus*. The Goddesses *Juno* and *Minerva* descend, to aid the *Grecians*. The Fight is very obstinate, and turns to the Advantage of the *Grecians*. (l) *Hector*, by the Persuasion of *Helenus*, returns into the City; and advises them to offer Sacrifice to the Gods, and implore them to withdraw *Diomedes* from the Battle. He and *Glaucus* meet; and, discovering the ancient Friendship of their Ancestors, part like Friends, and exchange Arms. The pathetic Meeting and Parting of *Hector* and *Andromache* is described. He, with his Brother *Paris*, returns to the Field of Battle. (m) *Hector* challenges the Best of the *Greeks* to a single Combate. He and *Ajax* fight, and are parted. *Antenor* proposes to deliver up *Helen*: But *Paris* will not consent to it. A Truce is agreed upon, to bury the Dead on both Sides. The *Greeks* build a Wall, or Fortification; which *Neptune* resents, because they did it without consulting the Gods. (n) *Jupiter* forbids the Gods to assist either Side. The Armies engage: *Jupiter* from Mount *Ida* thunders against the *Greeks*. *Nestor* is in great Danger, and relieved by *Diomedes*. *Neptune* cannot be prevailed upon by *Juno* to assist the *Greeks*; *Teucer* behaves himself bravely; but is at last wounded

(i) B. 4. (k) B. 5. (l) B. 6. (m) B. 7. (n) B. 8.

wounded by *Hector*, and forced to quit the Field. *Juno* and *Minerva* are hinder'd by *Jupiter* from assisting the *Greeks*. They, in great Distress, (o) call a Council of War. They send Ambassadors to *Achilles*, desiring him to return, and prevent the Ruin of his Country. He absolutely refuses; and continues obstinate in his Resentment. (p) The Night following, *Agamemnon* sends *Diomedes*, and *Ulysses*, as Scouts, to get Intelligence of the Enemy's Situation and Designs. They meet with *Dolon*, who was sent upon the same Errand from the *Trojan* Camp to the *Grecian*. They make him discover every thing, then kill him in the Field; as they do afterwards *Rhesus* and his Officers in their Tents; and drive away their Horses to the *Grecian* Camp. (q) The next Morning, *Jupiter* sends *Discord* to the *Grecians*, and rouses them to Battle. Here *Agamemnon* makes a great Figure in Arms; but is wounded, and forced to retire. Then *Hector* (who by *Jupiter's* Command had withdrawn, 'till *Agamemnon* should be wounded, and retire) makes a dreadful Slaughter among his Enemies. The Fight is exceeding obstinate, and bloody; and the Success various for a time: But at last turns entirely to the Advantage of the *Trojans*. *Ulysses* is in the utmost Danger; but is rescued by *Diomedes*, and *Menelaus*. *Ajax*, being encompassed by his Enemies, shews prodigious Valour. *Ulysses*, *Diomedes*, *Eurypylus*, and *Machaon*, are wounded. *Achilles* from his Ship seeing the last mention'd, sends *Patroclus* to *Nestor's* Tent, whither the wounded Hero is carry'd, to enquire who he is. *Nestor* takes This Opportunity to discourse largely with *Patroclus*; and persuades him either to prevail upon *Achilles* to succour the

B 4

Greeks,

(o) B. 9. (p) B. 10. (q) B. 11.

Greeks, or to borrow his Armour, and succour them himself. *Patroclus*, in his Return, meets *Eurypylus* wounded, and cures him. (r) The *Trojans* proceed with a Career of Success; and attack the *Grecian* Fortification. *Sarpedon* here shews extraordinary Courage; but the Exploits of *Hector* are amazing. They make a Breach in the Wall, burst open the Gates, possess themselves of the Enemy's Fort, and drive them to their Ships. (s) *Neptune*, coming to the Assistance of the *Greeks*, encourages the *Ajaces*, and the other Generals, and fires them to the Battle. It proves a very fierce one. *Idomeneus*, and *Aeneas*, *Menelaus*, *Deiphobus*, and *Helenus*, particularly signalize themselves. The two last are wounded. *Hector* continues to behave with the utmost Bravery: The Fight is very bloody on both Sides, without any considerable Advantage to either. (t) Yet still the *Greeks*, by reason of their former Losses, are in great Distress: Insomuch that *Agamemnon* proposes to them to embark, and make their Escape by Night. But That Advice is over-ruled by *Ulysses* and *Diomedes*. *Neptune* encourages them; and *Juno*, by the Assistance of *Somnus*, and *Venus's* Girdle, lays *Jupiter* asleep on Mount *Ida*; from whence He had all this while assisted the *Trojans*. The Fight is renew'd; *Ajax* [*Telamonius*] strikes down *Hector* with a huge Stone: The other *Ajax* [*Locrensis*] performs many gallant Exploits: The *Trojans* are defeated, driven from the *Grecian* Entrenchment, and pursued by the Enemy. (u) *Jupiter*, waking, discovers the Fraud of *Juno*, and severely rebukes her; sends *Iris* to command *Neptune* to retire from the War; and *Apollo* to animate *Hector*. The *Trojans* re-enter the *Grecian* Entrenchment, drive the

(r) B. 12.

(s) B. 13.

(t) B. 14.

(u) B. 15.

the *Greeks* even from one Line of their Ships, and attempt to set them on Fire. Yet *Ajax* [*Telamonius*] repulses them on his Part, and makes a terrible Carnage among them. (x) *Patroclus*, grieved at the Distress of the *Greeks*, begs *Achilles* to lend him his Armour, and his Troops. *Achilles* complies; but charges him to proceed no further, than barely to hinder the Burning of the Ships. Seeing one of them actually set on Fire by *Hector*, he immediately arms his Friend, encourages his Officers, and sends them to the War. The *Trojans* seeing the Troops of *Achilles*, and mistaking *Patroclus* for Him, are immediately put into great Confusion; and soon after to Flight. *Patroclus*, having done prodigious Execution, and particularly killed *Sarpedon*, acts contrary to *Achilles*'s Order, and pursues his Advantage too far, even to the Walls of *Troy*: The Battle rages more than ever; and *Patroclus*, being first disarm'd by *Apollo*, and wounded by *Euphorbus*, is at last killed by *Hector*. (y) A dreadful Fight ensues about the Body of *Patroclus*: both *Greeks* and *Trojans* struggling to carry it off. The Warriours who chiefly distinguish themselves upon This Occasion are, among the *Trojans*, *Euphorbus* (who is killed) *Hector*, *Aeneas*, and *Glancus*; among the *Greeks*, *Menelaüs*, and the two *Ajaces*. In this Contest *Hector* habits himself in the Armour of *Achilles*, stripp'd from the dead Body of *Patroclus*: And *Jupiter* foretells how fatal Those Spoils will prove to him. *Antilochus* is dispatched by *Menelaüs* to acquaint *Achilles* with the Death of *Patroclus*. (z) He receives the News with inexpressible Sorrow. His Mother *Thetis* comes to comfort him; and persuades him not to engage in Battle, 'till she

B 5

brings

(x) B. 16.

(y) B. 17.

(z) B. 13.

brings him a Suit of Celestial Armour made by *Vulcan*. In the mean time, by the Order of *Juno*, he shews himself to the *Trojans* near the Entrenchment; and puts them to Flight with his very Looks and Voice, which are by *Minerva* render'd preternaturally terrible. In that Consternation many of their Chiefs are killed. The Body of *Patroclus* is carried off by the *Grecians* to their Tents. The Armour wrought by *Vulcan*, the Sculptures upon which are particularly described, (a) is brought to *Achilles* by *Thetis*. He, having received it, goes to the Council of the *Greeks*, and declares his Reconciliation. *Agamemnon* excuses his Behaviour towards him: The Presents, before offered to him, are carry'd to his Tent. The other Princes refresh themselves; but *Achilles* refuses to eat; indulges his Grief for the Loss of his Friend; and, being comforted by *Minerva*, arms for the Battle. His Horses being reproach'd by him for the Death of *Patroclus*, one of them miraculously speaks, and foretels him his own Destiny. *Achilles* is incensed at the Prophecy; and drives furiously to the Field of Battle. (b) The Gods meet in Council; *Jupiter* gives them free Leave to take their several Parties, and personally engage in the War. Thunder, and Lightning, and an Earthquake fright even *Pluto* upon his Throne. *Aeneas*, encouraged by *Apollo*, engages *Achilles*. The former is rescued by *Neptune*; who knew that it was in his Destiny to be one day King of the *Trojans*. *Achilles*, to be reveng'd, makes a dreadful Slaughter among the Chiefs of his Enemies; and particularly kills *Polydore*, a younger Son of *Priam*. *Hector*, endeavouring to revenge his Brother's Death, attacks *Achilles*; but is convey'd away by *Apollo*. *Achilles* drives

(a) B. 19. (b) B. 20.

drives the *Trojans* to their City. (c) The *Trojans* divide themselves into two Bodies; The one flies to the Town, the other to the River *Xanthus*. *Achilles* attacks the latter; and makes frightful Havock of them in the very River. He is almost drown'd by *Xanthus* who is enrag'd against him: *Neptune*, and *Pallas*, come to his Assistance. *Vulcan* almost burns up the River; The Gods fight with one another. *Apollo*, in the Shape of *Agenor*, deceives *Achilles*; and gives the *Trojans* an Opportunity of retiring to the Town; *Priam* having order'd the Gates to be open'd to receive them. (d) *Hector*, unmov'd by the Dissuasions of *Priam* and *Hecuba*, and over-ruling some Doubts of his own, resolves to encounter *Achilles*. But, at the Sight of his Enemy, his Resolution fails him; and he flies. The other pursues him: And the Gods are in a grand Consult about the Fate of *Hector*. Who at last furiously and bravely engages *Achilles*; and is killed by him. The Conqueror at first resolves to push his Advantage; and pursue his Enemies, while they are in this Consternation: But remembring his dead Friend *Patroclus*, he changes his Design; and resolves to celebrate his Funeral. He ties the Body of *Hector* to his Chariot; and drags it round the Walls of *Troy*: (e) celebrates the Funeral of *Patroclus*: and, (f) mov'd by the Prayers and Presents of *Priam*, grants the same Honours to *Hector*.

To set against These twenty four Books, we have only six; and they proceed thus. (g) The *Trojans* being landed in *Latium*, we have an Account of the State in which they found that Country. It is flourishing in Peace and Prosperity: The King *Latinus* is far advanced in Years; and has only

(c) B. 21. (d) B. 22. (e) B. 23. (f) B. 24. (g) B. 7.

only one Child ; who is a Daughter, in the Bloom of Youth and Beauty : And upon her the Crown of *Latium* is to devolve. She is courted by many neighbouring Princes ; especially by *Turnus*, the Son of *Daunus* King of the *Rutuli*. His Addressess are much favoured by the Queen, the Mother of *Lavinia*, (for so the young Princess is called) who is passionately engaged in his Interest. But the Oracles and Prodigies of the Gods forbid That Match ; warning them that a foreign Prince is decreed to marry *Lavinia* : And This Opinion prevailed over all the Kingdom, at the Time when the *Trojans* landed. They send Ambassadors to *Latinus*, desiring his Alliance and Friendship, and Leave to settle their Colony in his Dominions. He consents, offers his Daughter to *Æneas*, and concludes a League with him. So all is Peace and Happiness : But *Juno* disturbs it, by rousing up *Alecto* from Hell. That *Fury* fires the Queen and *Turnus* with Jealousy and Rage ; makes a Quarrel between the *Trojans* and the *Latins*, by the Occasion of a Hunting ; They come to a Fray, and Bloodshed. This enrages the People : *Turnus* and the Queen take this Opportunity, and aggravate the Matter : They and the Populace, force the King to a War, against his Will : War is declared ; The Army assembled : And the Poet gives us a Catalogue of the Forces. (b) The *Latins*, to strengthen themselves, send Ambassadors to *Diomedes* ; hoping that He, being an old Enemy to *Troy*, will assist him against the *Trojans*. They, in the mean time, are greatly embarrassed and perplexed ; being with a few Forces, in a foreign Country, and surrounded with Enemies ; against whom they are very ill able to make Head. While they

they are in This Distress, the Hero is warn'd in a Dream by the River-God *Tyber*, that he should apply himself to a neighbouring King (*Evander* by Name) who is at War with the *Latins*, and from Him desire Assistance against their common Enemy. He does as he is ordered; leaves the main Body of his Forces in a new Fortification, which they have built; and with the rest goes in Person to *Evander*. He is very well received by That King; yet can procure but few Succours from him, only four hundred Horse. However, *Evander* puts him in a way to procure a far more powerful Assistance; recommending him to the *Etrurians*, or *Tuscans*, commanded by *Tarchon*; who have expelled their King *Mezentius* for his insufferable Tyranny; who thereupon has taken Refuge in another Part of *Latium*, and is protected by *Turnus*. These *Trojans* therefore, with the Troops supplied by *Evander*, which are commanded by his only Son *Pallas*, march to join the *Etrurians*; and how they are received we shall see hereafter. In the mean time *Venus* procures a Suit of *Vulcanian* Armour for her Son *Æneas*; and brings it to him. (i) But That Hero is all this while absent from the main Body of his Forces; whom, with his Son *Ascanius*, he left in the other part of *Latium*. *Turnus* takes This Advantage; and marches his Army against them. They (as *Æneas* had commanded them) decline a Battle, and keep close in their Fortification. *Turnus*, in order to draw them out of it, offers to burn their Ships; which are thereupon transformed into Sea-Nymphs. This He interprets as a good Omen; and encourages his Friends; but, Night coming on, defers the Assault 'till the next Day. The Tro-

jans,

(i) B. 9.

jans, in the greatest Distress, hold a Council at Midnight upon the present Situation of Affairs: The main Point is to send a Message to *Aeneas*, to inform him of their Condition: But how to do it, is the Difficulty; the Enemies Camp being in the Way. This Expedition is voluntarily undertaken by two dear Friends, called *Nisus*, and *Euryalus*. They pass thro' the Enemy's Camp, kill many, and march off with a great Booty. But after they are got clear of the Camp; they are met by a Party of the Enemy's Horse, taken, and killed; and their Heads fixed upon Spears in view of the *Trojans*. This strikes a great Damp into them: Their Fort is assaulted by the Enemy; and the Fight maintained with great Obstinacy and Bravery on both Sides. Among many other Particulars, the young Prince *Ascanius* distinguishes himself, by killing *Remulus*; who insulted the *Trojans* with most contemptuous and insolent language. *Turnus* kills the two Giant Brothers, *Pandarus*, and *Bitias*; who in Defiance had open'd the Gates, and the former, shutting them again, excluded many of his Friends, and shut in many of his Enemies, among the rest *Turnus* himself. He makes monstrous Havock among his Enemies for a considerable time; 'till at last, being fired with Shame by the Reproaches of their General, they all pour upon him at once: He faints, and is almost spent; at last retreats backwards to the Wall, leaps from it into the River, and arrives safe among his Friends. But the *Trojans*, in the Main, came by far the worst of it; and continue in the utmost Distress. (k) This is represented to *Jupiter* by *Venus* in a Synod of the Gods: She implores his Protection, expostulates the Injuries of *Juno*; and is sharply answer'd

swer'd by her. *Jupiter* refers it to the Fates; and the Synod breaks up. The *Latins* push their Advantage against the *Trojans* in their Fort; who, tho' greatly streighten'd, and distressed, make a brave Resistance. In the mean while, *Aeneas* is at Sea with the *Tuscan* Fleet, and with the Auxiliaries both of *Arcadians* from *Evander*, and of *Tuscans* with *Tarchon*. For These last mention'd, having had the State of the Case laid before them, readily join'd him with their whole Powers. Then follows a Catalogue of the Auxiliaries. *Aeneas*, at Sea, is met by the new Nymphs into which his Ships were transformed. They acquaint him with the Condition of his Affairs in *Latium*; encourage, and advise him. He is now within Sight of his own Camp and Friends; and gives them the Signal of his Arrival with his Shield extended. They are encouraged; Their Enemies amazed: The Fleet comes on; They land their Men: A bloody Battle ensues upon the very Shore: 'Tis fought with the utmost Obstinacy, and with various Success. The two young Princes, *Pallas*, and *Lausus*, (the former the Son of *Evander*, the latter of *Mezentius*) signalize themselves in This Engagement. *Turnus* kills *Pallas*: Which *Aeneas* hearing, and breathing Revenge, seeks *Turnus* over all the Field: and while he seeks him, makes a prodigious Carnage among the Enemy's Troops. *Ascanius* and the besieged *Trojans* quit their Fortification, and join the Army. *Turnus* is convey'd away by the Artifice of *Juno*. *Mezentius* succeeds him in the Battle, and makes a terrible Slaughter, 'till his Career is stopp'd by *Aeneas*, who kills first his Son *Lausus*, and then *Mezentius* himself. (1)
A Trophy is erected in honour of This Victory;
The

The Body of *Pallas* is sent with great Funeral-Pomp to his Father; who receives it with the Extremity of Grief, and makes a most pathetic Lamentation over it. A Truce of twelve Days is concluded between both Armies, to bury their Dead. The *Latins* in great Consternation curse the War, and *Turnus* the Author of it: Which Discontent is aggravated by *Drances*, a mortal Enemy to That Hero. They insist that He himself ought to end the War by a single Combate with *Aeneas*; as the latter proposed. Others defend *Turnus*; and his own Merit and Reputation, joined with the Queen's Authority, support him against the opposite Faction. In the midst of These Confusions, and farther to increase them, the Ambassadors who were sent to *Diomedes*, return with his Answer; That he will by no means engage in a new War with the *Trojans*, and advises the *Latins* to make Peace with them. The King calls a Council; In which he proposes to send an Embassy to the *Trojans* with Offers of Peace, and to assign them a Part of his Dominions. *Drances* seconds the Motion; and in a bitter Speech inveighs against *Turnus*. Who makes a noble Reply; declares against Peace; and accepts the Proposal to fight singly with *Aeneas*. But the Council is broken up in Disorder, without coming to any Resolution, upon the near Approach of the *Trojan* Army. The City is in the utmost Distraction; *Turnus* arms, and divides his Forces into two Bodies; the one commanded by himself, the other by the Heroine *Camilla*: Which latter, having in a most bloody Battle performed Wonders, is at last killed: By her Death the Battle is lost; and the *Latin* Affairs reduced to yet greater Distress. (m) *Turnus*, per-

perceiving all Eyes fix'd upon himself, rouses his Courage; and, notwithstanding the passionate Dissuasions of *Latinus*, and the Queen, challenges *Aeneas* to a single Combate. It is accepted; and a most solemn Agreement is made between the two Nations, that the War shall be ended by This Duel. To prevent which; *Juno* persuades *Juturna*, a River-Goddes, and Sister to *Turnus*, to go among them, and instigate them to break the League. She does so; and the *Latins*, contrary to the Treaty, attack the *Trojans*, and renew the War. This occasions another bloody Battle: *Aeneas* is wounded; and his Army in great Distress; 'till he is recovered by the Assistance of *Venus*. He takes the Field; and seeks no Enemy, but *Turnus* only; who 'till now has carried all before him. But *Juturna*, driving her Brother's Chariot, still avoids *Aeneas*. Who thereupon makes a terrible Slaughter among his Enemies; marches his Army to the Capital City, where the King and Court reside: besieges it; prepares to burn it; and actually sets Part of it on Fire. The City is in the last Distraction; and the Queen hangs herself. *Turnus*, in a different part of the Field, being informed of This, runs to the City in all the madness of Grief and Rage; fights *Aeneas* in a single Combate; and is killed by him.

Upon This Comparison, it is impossible not to observe, that there is *Fighting enough* in This second Part of the *Aeneis*: and *More of other Matter*, than in the *Iliad*: Allowing (as we must always be understood) for the great Disparity in the Number of Verses. In the Greek Poem indeed the Battles are very noble, animated with the truest Poetical Fire, and diversify'd with an infinite Variety: The Rising, Swelling, and Turning of
the

the Warlike Action are admirable; and excellently contrived to aggrandize the Hero. But, with Reverence, and Submission be it spoken, the Whole would have been *better*, had it been *shorter*; and the very same *Variety* of *Things* would have appeared to greater Advantage, had it been delivered in fewer *Words*. It would be endless to remark upon the Particulars of the *War*: But the Descent of *Juno* and *Pallas* in the Fifth Book, the *Chariot* of the One, and the *Armour* of the Other; *Jove* thund'ring from *Ida* in the Eighth; The Majesty of *Neptune* in the Thirteenth; and the Terrors of Heaven, Earth, and Hell in the Twentieth, are Instances of the *Sublime* which can never enough be admired; and which Nothing of *This Kind* in all *Virgil's* Works can equal. Besides *War*, the *Iliad* contains but little in Proportion. The Amours of *Paris* and *Helen*, it is true, are delicately touched: The Parting of *Hector* and *Andromache* is very Pathetical: As are the Lamentations of the *Trojan* Ladies upon *Hector's* Death. *Venus's* Cestus, with the Use which *Juno* makes of it, is finely imagined, and described. The Making and Engraving of the Shield, and the Funeral-Sports, I have elsewhere taken notice of. In This Second Part of the *Aeneis*, besides Military Operations, we have an Account of both the ancient and (then) present State of *Latium*; the Treaty and Conclusion of the Peace between the *Trojans* and *Latins*; the Antiquities of *Evander's* Country; the Episode of *Cacus*; and the Making and Engraving of the Shield: All which is more, in Proportion, than That of the *Iliad* last mentioned; and contains some of the finest, and most engaging Passages not only of These last six Books, but of the whole *Aeneis*. As to the Circumstances
of

of Time and Place: This Part of the *Action* of the *Æneis* (which indeed is in effect the *Whole*) may be included in almost as little Time as the *Action* of the *Iliad*. The Making, and Breaking of the Peace, the Building of the *Trojan* Fortification, and the Preparations for War among the *Latins*, may be conceived to take up no more than a Month: The Absence and Return of *Æneas* a Fortnight, at most: The first Field-Battle, in which *Pallas*, *Lausus*, and *Mezentius* are slain, is immediately upon his Landing: The Truce for burying the Dead lasts twelve Days: The Second Battle, in which *Camilla* is killed, adds another Day: And the Treaty about the single Combate, the Breach of That Treaty, the Third and last Battle consequent upon it, and the Death of *Turnus*, are all included in one Day. As for the Siege of the *Trojan* Fortification, the Expedition of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, and the whole *Action* of the Ninth Book, all That happened during the Absence of *Æneas*, and so is accounted for in That Time. The Whole therefore, according to This Computation, takes up just Fifty six Days. Thus, I say, it may be; but I do not insist that it is so; Nay, I think it is better to allow all These important Events more Time to turn in. Monsieur *Segrais* allows them three Months; and even upon That Supposition demonstrates, that the *Action* of the whole *Æneis* may be performed in the Compass of one Year. Be it so therefore: I do not understand why the Shortness of Time, and the Narrowness of Place, are such mighty Advantages in These Matters. By the Help of Narration as to the Past, and of Prophecy as to the Future, a Man may bring the whole World into one Room, as well as into one Field; and into the Compass of a Month, as well

well as of a Year. But *Virgil's* Latitude, in both Respects, is to me more agreeable than *Homer's* Contraction. And I am better pleased to range from Country to Country, by Sea, and Land, with the One; than to be confined to the City of *Troy*, and three or four Miles round it, with the Other. Nor is it at all troublesome to me that the former takes up three Months, if he does so; nor delightful to me that the latter takes up but forty seven Days. Such vast Actions should have more Elbow-room to move in. And as to the *Singleness*, and *Complexness* of These; *Virgil's* is as much One, as *Homer's*, tho' more complicated and extensive: For which last Reasons it is so much the better; because so much the more *various*, and consequently the more entertaining. Upon This Article of *Variety*, I observe once for all; that how much of it soever there may be in *Homer's Fighting*, still *Fighting it is*; and there is *too much* of it: *Virgil* has a great Abundance of Matter, *besides Fighting*; and in *That* his *Variety* is better than *Homer's*. Not but that even in *Battling*, the *Roman* is, in Proportion, as various as the *Grecian*. And in other Instances how does he exceed him! What Diversity of *Sea*, and *Land*, of *Peace*, and *War*? What *venerable Antiquities*! What a Multitude of *cool*, as well as fiery *Descriptions*! We have the *ancient State* of a renowned Kingdom, and a *new Nation* incorporate with it: Not only a *Part*, but the *Beginning*, *Middle*, and *End* of a vast important *War*: and That usher'd in with Prophecies and Prodigies, the most marvellous and awful that can be imagined: *Auxiliaries sought* on both Sides, *obtained* on the one, and *deny'd* on the other: And here as well as in the *Iliad* (tho' with different Circumstances) the Hero is absent for a considerable

dearable Time; and returns in the very Article of Distress. The Action of the *Æneis* is *thicker* and *fuller* than That of the *Iliad*; and *swells, rises, and turns*, at least, *as well*. Then how much more *grand* and *sublime* is the *Design* of the *Roman Poet*, than of the *Greek*! But for This I refer to my Preface: *Homer praises* his Country; and *Virgil* not only *praises*, but *founds* His. How much more awful, and august an *Opening* is it, to describe the ancient State of a great Kingdom, which in the Sequel is to be changed, and so to pass from the Calm, Tranquility, and Happiness of Peace, to the Hurry, Confusion, and Miseries of War; than to plunge us at once into Rage, Quarrelling, and Fighting, and to carry it on, without any considerable Interruption, from the Beginning to the End! What *Machine* of *Horror* is there in the *Iliad*, comparable to That of the Fury *Alecto* in the Seventh Book of the *Æneis*, and of the *Dira* in the Twelfth? What *Episodes* are there in *That*, to match Those of *Cacus, Nisus* and *Euryalus, Mezentius*, and *Camilla* in *This*? The Mention of the *Second* puts me in mind of the *Pathetical*; and not to insist upon That Episode it self, does not the single Lamentation of *Euryalus's* Mother, consisting but of seventeen Lines, give us at least as much of the *Pathetical*, as all Those of *Andromache, Hecuba*, and *Helen* over the Body of *Hector*? Tho' Those are very affecting, and very beautiful, especially That of *Andromache* at the End of the Twenty second Book. Among all the *Variety* of *Deaths* in the *Iliad*, where is there any like the Death of *Lausus*? I only put These Questions; and leave every Reader to answer them according to his own Judgment. Upon the Subject of *Speeches*, I add nothing to what I have said in
my

my Preface; farther than to observe, that as many of *Homer's* are very noble and beautiful, so some of them are jejune enough; that all *Virgil's* are weighty with Sense, and most of them admirable for their Eloquence.

Not but that *Virgil* has his Defects. The Transformation of the Ships into Nymphs is very strange. And then he is certainly deficient in his Characters of the subordinate *Trojan* Heroes, whom he had mentioned in the first Part of his Poem. He makes them perform next to nothing; nay nothing at all, in particular and distinct Combates. One of them (*Cloanthus*) he never so much as names in the whole course of the War: Even *fidus Achates* himself is mentioned but once; I mean upon the Account of any warlike Action; and then he only kills one Man:

—————*Epulonem obtruncat Achates,*
Ufentemque Gyas.—————

Which is likewise the only Time that This other Gentleman (*Gyas*) is taken notice of in all the War. Among the Auxiliaries indeed, *Pallas*, and *Tarchon* (especially the First) make a shining Figure; as do *Mezentius*, *Lausus*, and *Camilla* on the other Side. And after all, there is This to be said in Justification of *Virgil* as compared with *Homer* upon This Head; that confining himself to a much narrower Compass in his Battles (which, all Things consider'd, is the better Method) he had not Room to paint so many Figures at large, as the Other has done. And then, as I said, his Battles, in the Main, are admirably described; and there are on both Sides Heroes enough to do a great deal of Business; tho' Those of the *Trojans* especially are not sufficiently marked, and distinguished.

But

But how many more Things seem liable to Exception in the *Iliad*? Besides Those already hinted at; If the *Fighting of the Gods* in the Twenty first Book be sublime, and noble; is it not a little extravagant, too bold, and somewhat improper? By the way, What a glorious Field had *Milton*, to describe *War in Heaven!* The *Battles of Angels!* And that by a Hint taken from the *holy Scriptures* themselves! And what a glorious Advantage does he make of it! There is certainly nothing comparable to it either in *Homer*, or *Virgil*. Then tho' the *Grecian Poet* generally represents *Hector* as a Prince of the utmost Bravery; yet how strangely does he lessen him in his Combates with *Ajax* in the Seventh Book, and with *Patroclus* in the Sixteenth! In This latter, *Hector* does no more than the meanest Soldier in the Field might have done as well. For *Patroclus* (not to insist upon his being wounded by *Euphorbus*) is not only *terrify'd* and *amazed*, but entirely *disarmed* by *Apollo*, before he is killed by *Hector*: Nor does it at all appear that *Hector* could have killed him, *unless* he had been so *terrify'd* and *disarmed*. This is indeed attributing too much to the Machines of the Gods, and too little to the Heroes: Upon which Subject I shall add a few Words, before I conclude. But the other Combate I shall a little more particularly consider. I mean That between *Hector* and *Ajax* in the Seventh Book.

Ver. 206. — Αἶας ὃ κορύετο νόστοι χαλκῷ δαΐ.

This Description of *Ajax* is most noble. But,

Ver. 216. Ἐκταί τ' αὐτῷ θυμῷ ἐνὶ στήθεσσι πεπτασεν,
[&c:

Hector's

Hector's Heart palpitated at the Sight of *Ajax* ; but, having been the Challenger, he could not now run away. If This be not a Reflection upon the Courage of so great a Man as *Hector*, and a Lessening of his Character ; I know not what to call so. It will be vain to alledge, that there is an *anxious Concern* even in the bravest Hearts upon such Occasions. For the Concern of *Hector*, as it is here represented, is not *such* : but the *dastardly Fear* either of a *downright Coward*, or at best of a very *indifferent Hero*. The Description of the Duel, on both Sides, is indeed very noble throughout : But as *Hector* is (or, for the Honour of *Achilles*, ought to be) the greater Hero of These two : one would have thought that to have had it a *drawn Battle*, would have been Honour enough for *Ajax* ; as He himself says in *Ovid*,

———*Non sum superatus ab illo.*

But here *Hector* has *much the worst* of it : He is both wounded, and knock'd down ; whereas *Ajax* is neither : and the *Trojan* is more willing to end the Fight, than the *Grecian*.

Ver. 307, 308 ——— τὸ δ' ἐχάρησαν,
ὥς εἶδον ζῶντα &c.

Worse, and Worse ! The *Trojans*, it seems, are transported with Joy to see *Hector* escaped with his Life : For they gave him over for lost, because he fought with *Ajax*. *they saw Hector fall.*

Ver. 312. ——— κεχαρμότα νίκη.

Worst of all ! Here *Ajax* is directly a Conquerour : When before it looked as if he had been a
kind

kind of a drawn Battle; tho' He had by much the Advantage over his Enemy. Would it not more have heighten'd the Character of *Achilles*, to have made *Hector* superiour to *Ajax*, if not to have killed him: at least to have made him kill *Patroclus* with Circumstances more advantageous to his Honour? So that whatever is to be determined of the *subaltern* Heroes in both Poems; the Character and Exploits of *Aeneas* are, to my Apprehension, better gaged (n) and more heightened by Those of *Turnus* in the One, than Those of *Achilles* by *Hector's* in the Other.

Having Thus compared the Second Part of the *Aeneis* with the First, and also with the *Iliad* of *Homer*; I will now add a few general Remarks, by way of *Explanation*, upon some general Heads which run through These last Six Books.

The *Manner of Fighting* among the *Ancients*; The *Shape*, and *Use* of their *Swords*, and *Chariots*; Their *Darting* of *Spears*, and *Throwing* of *Stones*; The Advantage which the *Combatants* had over each other in *personal Strength*, and *Valour*, before the *Invention* of *Fire-Arms*, more than they have *Now*; Their making *Speeches* to each other in the *Time* of *Combate*; And lastly, their *Spoiling* their *Enemies* of their *Arms*, after they were killed; are all Circumstances which equally occur in the *Iliad* and in the *Aeneis*. And therefore I shall add nothing to what has been said upon These Subjects by *Mr. Pope*; (o) to whom I refer the Reader. In the *Latin Poem* indeed we find the *Use* of *Cavalry*, and *Trumpets*; tho' not in the *Greek*.

How

(n) See *Mr. Pope's Essay on Homer's Battles*, P. 326, &c.

(o) *Essay on Homer's Battles*.

How very much the *Machines* of the *Gods* contribute both to the *Marvellous*, and to the *Sublime*, to the *Grandeur*, *Majesty*, *Variety*, and *Elegancy* of the Poem, is too well known, to be either proved, or explained. I therefore only take notice that the Rule of *Horace*,

*Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit*—————

belongs entirely to the *Drama*; and is not applicable to Epic Poetry. In This, *Machines* are so far from being introduced only when they are *Necessary*, or upon some great *Difficulty*; that they are often introduced, when the *Action* could as well proceed without them. And this partly for *Ornament*, to maintain the *Majesty* and *Dignity* of the Poem: And partly for *Distinction*; to maintain the *Allegorical*, or *Mythological* Way of Writing, which chiefly distinguishes *Heroic Poetry* from *History*. For the Proof of This, and the Reasons upon which it is grounded, I refer to Mr. *Dryden's* Dedication of his *Æneis*, p. 232, &c. of the Folio Edition, and to *Bossu's* admirable Treatise *du Poeme Epique*, Book V. Chap. IV.

But we shall add a few Words more concerning the *Poetical Gods*, and *Fate*; and clear some Difficulties relating to them. Upon the Subject of *Machines*, it is a common Objection, that the Presence and Interposition of the Gods dishonour the Heroes whom they favour: since what is said to be performed by *These* is really to be ascrib'd to *Those*. Thus (to omit many other Instances) *Achilles* and *Æneas* have a Suit of Celestial Armour: And the *Trojan Hero* cannot conquer *Turnus*, unless a Fury be sent by *Jupiter*

to scare the Latter out of his Senses. *Homer* indeed (as *Mr. Dryden* truly observes) has not been so cautious as *Virgil*, to save the Honour of his Hero: Witness That above-mentioned Instance of *Hector's* killing *Patroclus*. *Mr. Dryden*, it is true, upon This Occasion, seems a little inconsistent with Himself; observing in one Place (p) that the Armour of *Æneas*, tho' Divine, was not impenetrable, and therefore that He was actually wounded; and in another Place (q) ridiculing That Passage in These Words. "How came the Poet to wound *Æneas* at so critical a Time? And how came the Cuiques to be worse tempered than the rest of his Armour, which was all wrought by Vulcan and his Journeymen?" The Truth of the Matter is, Those Arms are no where by *Virgil* said to be impenetrable: His Shield is said to be *unconquerable*: i. e. that He should not be *conquered*, while he wore it: But This is far from implying that He was to be *invulnerable* with it. Here is no Contradiction therefore in *Virgil*, whatever there may be in *Mr. Dryden*. The Fury flapping upon the Shield of *Turnus* is no Objection to the Courage of *Æneas*; since (as *Mr. Dryden* (r) again very well observes) it sufficiently appears from many other Passages, that *Æneas* could have killed *Turnus*, without This Machine; which is therefore added purely as a *dismal Decoration*, to heighten the Honour and Solemnity of That Hero's Death. But now to come closer to the Point, and to give an Answer to the Objection in general: These Heroes (notwithstanding the Divine Succour) do not stand idle; but exert their own Powers to the utmost, and very often at least know

(p) Dedication. P. 218.

(q) P. 233.

(r) P. 234.

know not that the Gods are then actually assisting them: And the very same Things had happen'd, tho' we had not *been told* of such their Assistance. To object, that however they *had not* happen'd, if there *had not been* such an Assistance; is either to say nothing to the purpose, or to say something very impious. There is *always* a Concurrence between the *Divine Succours*, and our *own Endeavours*: And is it a Dishonour to a *Man* to be under the more *immediate* Care and *Protection* of Heaven? His *Actions* are his *own*, for all That; tho' they are *successful* by it: And *without* the Divine Aid, *more*, or *less*, *no* Action of Ours can be *so*. His being under That *immediate* Protection, is a *Proof* of his *Vertue*; but no *Impeachment* of his *Courage*. Those therefore who urge This Objection, do not, I presume, consider, that if it holds true, it destroys *Religion*: And their Fallacy entirely consists in not distinguishing between the Assistance of *Men*, and the Assistance of *God*: The Former *may* (for it may *not* too) be a Dishonour; but the Latter is *always* our *Glory*, as well as our *Happiness*. See more upon This Argument in *Bosſu's Traité du Poëme Epique*, Book IV. Chap. VI. particularly his Quotation from Monsieur *Corneille*; as also Monsieur *Segrais's* Preface, and Mr. *Dryden's* Dedication.

The Heroes therefore were neither unactive, nor thought themselves absolutely safe; tho' they were *always ordinarily*, and *sometimes extraordinarily*, assured of a Divine Protection. As they were not likewise, notwithstanding the *Oracles* of the *Gods*, and what they were told concerning the *Decrees of Destiny*: which are Topicks somewhat distinct from That which we have just now considered. And yet at the same time they were not

Unbelievers, in doubting of their Success. The Oracles were *dubious*, and *obscure*; and the wisest and greatest of Mortals *might*, and often *did*, *mistake* their Meaning. Nay we find that the subordinate Gods themselves were uncertain concerning the Decrees of Destiny: *Jupiter* was the only sure *Interpreter* of them; and even He was no *more*. It must be confess'd, the Difference between *Fate*, and the *Supream God*, the *Decrees* of the *One*, and the *Power* of the *Other*, is Matter of difficult Speculation in This, and such like Poems. It is certain that to make *Fate* distinct *from*, and superiour *to*, the Omnipotent Being, is most *Aburd*, as well as *Impious*. But it is no less certain, that the Heathen had such a Notion; and it is plain that *Homer's* and *Virgil's Jupiter* could neither over-rule the Decrees of Destiny, nor even suspend the Execution of them. (s) In a Word; the whole Matter may be resolved into This: Tho' the Event, according to Them, was *predetermined*, it was *unknown* even to the *Gods*, *all*, except *One*: The *Sense* of Oracles might be *mistaken* by *Men*: *Human Actions* were very reconcileable with *Divine Assistance*; And the Use of *Means*, both *Human*, and *Divine*, with the Decrees of *Fate*, and the *Promises* of *Oracles*.

(s) See Mr. *Dryden's* *Dedicat.* of the *Æneis*. P. 219, 220. *Fol. Edit.* and his *Notes* P. 687, 688. Also the Note (in This Work) on *Book VIII.* 501. and *Book X.* 830.



REMARKS upon the *Seventh Book*.

THrough the Course of my Observations upon the *Æneis* I have all along proposed three Things: To give a Detail of the Matter, History, or Fable; To point out the Beauties, and Those both general, and special; And to explain such Passages as are difficult or obscure. The First of These, with Relation to This Second Part of the Poem, has in a *great measure* been attempted already: I mean in the *foregoing Remarks* upon it, consider'd *in gross*, or taken *all together*. In *what remains*, I shall avoid *Repetition* as much as *conveniently I can*; both for the Reader's Sake, and for My own. The *Detail of Matter*, and the *General Beauties*, shall be further taken notice of in my *Introductory promiscuous Observations* upon each Book: And the more *particular Beauties*, and *difficult Passages*, in my *Notes upon distinct Verses* separately considered.

I have ever extremely admired This *Seventh Book*. The *Subject* of it is wonderfully affecting, and delightful. A Scene entirely *New* is here disclosed. The long Travels of the *Trojans* are now ended; And they are landed in *Latium*, the Country which they had always sought, and which (as *Virgil* with a Poetical Elegancy expresses it) had so many Years *fled from them*. The Poet then gives us an Account of the State of That Kingdom, at the Time of their Arrival.

Nunc

*Nunc age, qui reges, Erato, quæ tempora rerum,
Quis Latio antiquo fuerit status, advena classem
Cum primum Ausoniis exercitus appulit oris,
Expeditam*—————

And how agreeable an Opening is That !

———*Rex arva Latinus & urbes,
Jam senior, longa placidas in pace regebat.*

And then having told us his Pedigree, deriving it from the Gods, he goes on Thus :

*Filius huic, fato Divum, prolesque virilis
Nulla fuit, primaque oriens erepta juventa est.
Sola domum & tantas servabat filia sedes,
Jam matura viro, jam plenis nubilis annis.*

This only Daughter is the Subject of the whole Action. She is courted by many Princes of the Country : but

———*petit ante alios pulcherrimus omnes
Turnus, avis atavisque potens*———

Here is the first Mention of That Hero : The Poet having judiciously suppressed his Name 'till This important Juncture ; tho' he had, by way of Prophecy, given us a Hint of him in the Sixth Book. Nothing can be more solemn and awful than the Description of the *Prodigies*, and *Latinus* consulting the *Oracle* upon That Occasion :

*At Rex, sollicitus fatis, oracula Fauni
Fatidici genitoris adit*———

32 INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

And particularly of the *Place* where he consulted it. The *Answer* given by the Oracle is a Noble Prediction of the *Roman Grandeur*; and the Poet could have contrived nothing more venerable for the Honour of his Country. Then the Ideas of *Antiquity* are to me marvellously pleasant, and affecting; both at This Place, and at Ver. 170, &c. of the Original: where are described the ancient City of *Laurentum*, the *Palace*, the *Temple*, the *Statues* of the ancient *Kings*, and *Gods*, the *Spoils*, and *Trophies of War*, &c.

*Tectum, augustum, ingens, centum sublime columnis,
Urbe fuit summâ, Laurentis regia Pici,
Horrendum silvis & relligione Parentum:
Hinc sceptrâ accipere, & primos attollere fasces
Regibus omen erat———
And so on to———sparfitque coloribus alas.*

This gives us a lively Image of the venerable Antiquity of the Country; as does That just before of the Courage and Discipline of it's Inhabitants.

*Jamque iter emensit turres ac tecta Latinorum
Ardua cernebant juvenes, muroque subibant.
Ante urbem pueri & primævo flore juventus
Exercentur equis, domitantque in pulvere currus:
Aut acres tendunt arcus, aut lenta lacertis
Spicula contorquent, cursuque, ictuque laceffunt.*

The Peace being concluded between the two Nations;

*Talibus Æneadæ donis, dictisque Latini
Sublimes in equis redeunt, pacemque reportant:*

What

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS. 33

What a grand and surprizing Turn of Thought does the Rage of *Juno* give us! Her endeavouring to break That Peace, and disconcert Those Measures! For the next Words are These:

*Ecce! autem Inachiis sese referebat ab Argis
Sæva Jovis Conjux———
Moliri jam testæ videt, jam fidere terræ,
Deservisse rates. Stetit acri fixa dolore;
Tum, quassans caput, hæc effudit pectora dicta.
Heu stirpem invisam! & fatis contraria nostris
Fata Phrygum!———*

The Fury *Alecto* is a Machine of such Spirit, and Horrour; that nothing of the Kind can exceed it. The Effects of her infernal Operations upon *Amata*, and the Women attending her, upon *Turnus*, the *Trojans*, and the *Latins*; The Rage of These last, and their Forcing the good old King to a War against his Will, and his pathological Speech upon it;

Frangimur heu! fatis, inquit, ferimurque procella, &c.

The Description of *Janus's* Temple, especially That

*Centum ærei claudunt vœstes, æternaque ferri
Robora———*

The sudden Confusion of the whole Kingdom; The Hurry and Haste in the Preparations for War;

Ardet inexcita Ausonia, &c.

And lastly the Catalogue, or List of the Forces mustered, and assembled together; are Pieces every way excellent, both for Genius, and Judgment: And I need not give any Reasons for my Assertion; because I believe no body will deny it.

THou too, *Cajeta*, great *Æneas*' Nurse,
 Illustrious Matron, dying on our Coasts,
 Did'st give them everlasting Fame: And Now
 The Place thy honour'd Memory preserves;
 And still thy Name on wide *Hesperia*'s Shores
 (If That be any Glory) marks thy Dust.
 But good *Æneas*, having duly paid

5

The

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Thou too, Cajeta, &c.*] What is said of *Cajeta* in These first four Lines seems liable to Exception. She is not considerable enough to be so particularly taken notice of. But we must always remember, that the Manners and Customs of the Ancients differed from Ours. The Nurses of Princes, and great Persons, were Themselves Persons of high Quality: And (if I mistake not) even the Office of a Nurse, as such, was honourable. The Poet therefore having, at the Conclusion of the preceding Book, mentioned the Harbour of *Cajeta* (as it was actually called in his Time) in which the Fleet was at Anchor, at once does Honour to his Hero, and his Country, by This Fiction.

Thus *Misenus* and *Palinurus* had before given Names to other Parts of *Italy*.

Ver. 4. *The Place thy honour'd Memory preserves.*] This may be an Hypallage: as *Servius*, and Others would have it: *Servat bonos sedem*, for *sedes servat bonorem*: And I have render'd it accordingly. Yet there is no Necessity for This Interpretation: Her Fame might be supposed to be a kind of Guardian to the Place; Which indeed is a more Poetical and Heroic Sense than the Other.

Ver. 7. *But good Æneas, having duly paid, &c.*] The Images in These 14 Verses from the 5th of the Original *At pius exequiis, &c.* to the 18th, *forma magnorum ululare inporum*

The Fun'ral-Rites, and rais'd a Tomb in Air,
 Soon as the Deep lay smooth, with Canvas spread
 Unmoors, and leaves the Port. A Breeze at Night
 Springs fresh ; Nor does the silver Moon deny 11
 Her Beams, which tremble on the glim'ring Waves.
 Next, coasting, close by Circe's Shores they sail ;
 Where She, the wealthy Daughter of the Sun,
 With ceaseless Singing makes the Groves resound, 15
 Groves inaccessible ; and in the Rooms
 Of her proud Palace, for nocturnal Light,
 Sweet Cedar burns : While thro' the slender Web

Her

luporum are, beyond Expression, | *composito tumuli* : Sailing in a
 elegant, and affecting. A Fu- | still Night by Moonshine ; as
 neral just performed : *Aggere* | in Those sweet Lines ;

*Aspirant auræ in noctem, nec candida cursum
 Luna negat, splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus :*

Close by an enchanted Coast ;

*Proxima Circææ raduntur littora terræ ;
 Divæ inaccessos ubi Solis filia lucos
 Assiduo resonat cantu, testisque superbis
 Urit odoratam nocturna in lumina cedrum ;
 Arguto tenues percurrrens pectine telas :*

Hearing from thence the dis- | mal Roarings of Lions, Bears,
 | Boars, and Wolves ;

*Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque leonum
 Vincla recusantum, & fera sub nocte rudentum,
 Setigerique fues, atque in præsepibus urfi
 Sævis, ac formæ magnorum ululare luporum.*

Which four Verses (by the way) are worth a whole Book of any Poem, but *Virgil's*, *Homer's*, or *Milton's*.—What a Complication of Ideas is This ! What could be better imagined by one Man, or more fully strike the Imagination of another !

Ver. 12. *Her Beams.*] In

the Orig. it is *cursum* : The Moon did not deny them a good Voyage. But the *Sense* is the same.

Ver. 16. *Groves inaccessible.*] i. e. Difficult of Access, or Dangerous to be approach'd : not absolutely, and strictly inaccessible. For *Ulysses* landed there.

Her whistling Shuttle flies along the Loom.
 Hence Groans are heard ; The Noise of Lions, fierce,
 Rebellious to their Chains, and roaring loud 21
 In Dead of Night ; The Grunt of bristly Boars ;
 The Rage of Bears reluctant in their Stalls ;
 And huge portentous Forms of howling Wolves.
 All which, with powerful Charms, from human Shapes
 The cruel Goddesses *Circe* had transform'd 26
 To savage Beasts. And lest the pious Race
 Of *Troy* should such a monstrous Change endure,
 Or wasted touch upon the direful Coast ;
Neptune with Winds propitious swell'd their Sails, 30
 And sped them safe beyond the boiling Tides.

And

Ver. 21. *Rebellious to their Chains, &c.*] For *Vincla recusantum* cannot signify that they actually rejected them, or cast them off ; but only that they struggled, and endeavoured to do it. For, no doubt, the Enchantress was too hard for them. She who could make them *Beasts*, could chain them when they were so.

Ibid. And roaring loud.] *Rugere* is by the Moderns appropriated to *Asses* : But it was not so among the Ancients. On the other hand, *Rugire* (the Word now appropriated to *Lions*) occurs in no *Classick* that I remember at present.

Ver. 24. Forms of howling Wolves.] There is no *Necessity* (as it is commonly suppos'd) that we should understand This of their being transformed. The Word *formæ* would be elegant in Poetry ; tho' These Wolves had originally been such.

Ver. 26. — Had transform'd, &c.] *Induere vultus*, is nothing strange. *Virgil* uses it elsewhere : And we use it even in common Discourse. But *induere homines in vultus*, is an Expression poetically, and elegantly licentious. Not that the Word in Prose signifies only to cloath, or put on : or that the *Grammatical Regimen* is here purely Poetical : *Induere se in laqueos* is used by *Tully*. But That is quite another Thing. The Particularity here consists in the particular Application of These Words to each other.

Ver. 31. — Boiling Tides.] *Fervidus* in Latin, and *Boiling* in English, do not always suppose *Heat* : And the same may be said of *Æstus*. They often signify the Motion of Boiling, without the *Heat* ; As they do, when they are apply'd to the Sea.

And now the Ocean reddened with the Rays ;
 And in her rosy Car the blushing Morn
 Shone from the Sky ; When all at once the Winds
 Lay hush'd, and ev'ry Blast ; The lab'ring Oars · 35
 Cleave the smooth Marble of the yielding Deep.
 Then here Æneas from the Ocean spies

A

Ver. 32. *And now the Ocean reddened with the Rays, &c.* | This is another lovely Description.

*Jamque rubescebat radiis mare, & atbere ab alto
 Aurora in roseis fulgebat lutea bigis :
 Cum venti posuere, omnisque repente resedit
 Flatus, & in lento luctantur marmore tonsæ.*

Lutea ;] pale, yellow, or saffron : From an Herb which dyes with That Colour ; as in the IVth Eclogue—*croceo mutabit vellera luto. Venti posuere.*] Either the Active for the Neuter, or Passive : Or rather the Active, with *vim*, or *se* understood. These Liberties are frequent in the Poets ; especially in *Virgil* : and are very elegant. Likewise the Neuter for the Active : as above, Ver. 12. *Affiduo resonat cantu* ; for *personat*, or *resonare facit*. The Significations of the Word *Lentus* are various : But I never knew that it signify'd either *Tranquillus* when apply'd to Things, or *Immotus* :

in both which Senses it has been here interpreted. It often signifies *soft*, or *yielding to the Touch* ; and so I take it in This Place. The Oars *luctantur*, (labour ;) because it is in a *Calm* ; and so the Rowers have no Wind to assist them. *Marmore.*] I have in my Translation purposely used the Word *Marble* ; because *Marmor* does not (as it is commonly thought) signify the *Sea* in a proper Sense, as *synonymous* with *Mare*, &c. but in a *figurative* one, by reason of the Sea's Smoothness in a *Calm*, and also of it's Colour.

Ver. 37. *Then here Æneas from the Ocean spies, &c.*]

*Atque hic Æneas ingentem ex æquore lucum
 Prospicit : Hunc inter fluvio Tyberinus amæno,
 Vorticibus rapidis, & multa flavus arena,
 In mare prorumpit. Variæ, circumque, supraque,
 Assuetæ ripis volucres, & fluminis alveo,
 Æthera mulcebant cantu, lucosque volabant.*

This is the most charming | ture of it which *Virgil* has gi-
 scene in Nature ; and the Pic- | ven us can never enough be
 admire,

A spacious Wood; Thro' which the pleasant Stream
Of gulphy *Tyber* rolls his yellow Sand,

And discombogues his Waves into the Sea.

40

Here various Birds, accusom'd to the Banks

And Chanel of the River, all around,

And all above, with sweet melodious Songs

Softened the Air, and flutter'd in the Grove.

He gives the Crew Command to make the Shore, 45

And joyful on the shady River glides.

How *Erato*, Celestial Muse, what Kings,
What Juncture of Affairs, and what the State

admired. The Thing proves it self; and therefore I shall say no more of it: But only take notice, that Monsieur *Scgrais*, in proving that the Action of the *Æneis* is included in the Compass of a Year, observes from this Passage that the *Trojan* Fleet entered the Mouth of the *Tyber* in the *Spring*; because of the *Pleasantness* of the *Season*, and the *Singing* of the *Birds*. From whence I further observe, that *Virgil*, and other great Poets, often give us These and such like Descriptions, not purely for their own sakes; but to convey some other, and more important Idea into the Mind. As Painters, in representing a *Battle*, or a *Triumph*, or the like, adorn the Edge of the Piece with Trees either *green with Leaves*, or *naked*, &c. not purely for the sake of Embellishment (tho' they are Embellishments too) but to shew the *Time of the Year* in which the Action was performed.

Ver. 44. *Softened the Air.*]

I am very sensible that *mulcere*, even when apply'd to inanimate Things, Poetically signifies to *cheer*, *delight*, or *refresh*. And so it may in This Place. Yet I rather chuse the Word *soften*; because That is one good Sense, and may likewise imply the other. Even a Man is *soften'd* by Musick; and he is so, because he is *charm'd* by it. Then I think it is at least Poetical, if not strictly Philosophical, to say that the sweet Notes of Musick *make the Air softer*, than it was before.

Ver. 47. Now, *Erato*, Celestial Muse, &c.] Tho' *Calliope* is properly the Heroic Muse; yet, *Erato*, it seems, is here invoc'd; because the Action turns upon *Love*: Tho' there appears but little of it on *Æneas's* Side. Whether This be the true Account, or otherwise, I am not much concern'd to know.

Of ancient *Latium*, when the Fleet of *Troy*,
 First touch'd th' *Ausonian* Coast, I will disclose ; 50
 Ev'n from it's first Original revolve,
 And open all the War. Thou, Goddess, Thou
 Instruct thy Poet : Horrid Wars I sing,
 Battles, and Princes bent on mutual Death,
 The *Tyrrhene* Bands, and all *Hesperia* rous'd 55
 In Arms : A greater Series of Affairs
 Here rises to my View : A greater Work
 I meditate. The King *Latinus*, now
 Advanc'd in Age, the Towns and Country rul'd
 In long and pleasing Peace : (Him Fame transmits 60
 Of *Faunus* and the Nymph *Marica* born,
Laurentian Nymph ; *Faunus* from *Picus* sprung,
 And He from *Saturn*, Author of the Race.)
 To Him no Son, no Offspring Male remain'd,
 By Fate ; but all in Spring of early Youth 65
 Were snatch'd away. To heir the State, surviv'd

Ver. 63. — *Author of the Race.*] In the Original, *Ultimus Auctor*. When we trace Things backwards from our own Time ; What is first in Nature, is last in our Thoughts.

In the same Line I take reference to signify the same as *præ se fert* ; claims, or pretends to. Not but that the Claim is true : Thus Mr. Dryden ;

Know, *Theodore*, thy Ancestry I claim.

Ver. 65, 66. — *All—Were snatch'd away.*] — *Nulla fuit, primæque oriens, &c.* The Expression in the Original is Elliptical, and must be supplied Thus. He had [now] no Male Issue, and [That which he had] was snatch'd away, &c. Whether This Issue were singular, or plural, whe-

ther he had only One, or Two, or more Sons, is not said : We are therefore at Liberty to suppose what we please ; and to translate it accordingly. An ingenious Gentleman conjectures (and a pretty, and probable Conjecture it is) that it should be pointed Thus :

Filius huic, fato Divum, prolesque virilis:
Nulla ; fuit ; primæque oriens, &c.

But

One only Daughter, in her ripen'd Years
 Full blooming, and mature for Nuptial Joy.
 Her various Princes sought thro' *Latian* Realms,
 And wide *Aufonia*: More than all the rest,
Turnus of graceful Form, and Royal Birth,
 In Ancestry illustrious; Whom the Queen
 Hasted, with passionate Desire, to join
 In That Alliance: But the Oracles
 Of Heav'n with various Prodigies oppose.

70

75

Just in the Centre of the most retir'd
 And secret Court an holy Laurel stood,
 For many Years religiously preserv'd:
 Which found, when first He built the stately Tower's,
Latinus' self, as ancient Fame relates,
 To *Phæbus* consecrated; and from thence
 To the *Laurentian* People gave their Name.
 Here Bees, thick flying thro' the liquid Air,
 With humming Noise (surprizing to relate!)
 Beset it's Top, and with their mutual Feet
 Connected, on the leafy Branches hung,
 A sudden Swarm. Immediately the Sage
 Prophetick cries, A foreign Prince we see

80

85

But another learned and judicious Friend of mine accounts for it very well according to the other pointing, and without recurring to the Ellipsis, as above; by This Interpretation: He had no Male Issue *fato Divûm*, i. e. by Reason of Death, as the Word *fatum* often signifies. His Male Issue was dead, and That too in it's Youth—*fato Nulla fuit, primâque oriens erepta juventa est.*

Ver. 70. *More than all, &c.*
Petit ante alios; vel pulcher-

rimus ante alios; says Servius.
 Ver. 60. Orig. *Sacra* [quoad] *comam*: i. e. *folia*. That is, it was unshorn, and it's Leaves religiously preserv'd.

Ver. 83. —Thro' the liquid Air.] —*Liquidum* trans *æthera* — Tho' they could not fly beyond the whole Air; yet they could beyond some Part of it. *Per mutua* in the next Line is used Adverbially for *mutuè*. Ver. 78. Orig. *ferri* [cepit] for *ferrebat*,

From the same Quarter on These Coasts arrive,
 And sov'reign in the lofty Palace reign. 90
 Besides, as chaste *Lavinia*, Royal Maid,
 Stood by her Father, and with holy Brands
 Kindled the Altars ; with her flowing Hair
 (Wond'rous !) She seem'd to catch the Flame, and all
 Her Head-Attire to crackle in the Blaze : 95
 Her Regal Tresses, and her Crown, enrich'd
 With Gems, involv'd in ruddy Vapour glar'd,
 And all the Palace round diffus'd the Fire.
 That Omen of a strange and dire Portent
 Was rumour'd ; For'twas said, that She herself 100
 By Fate in Glory should illustrious rise,
 But to the People menac'd dreadful War.

But, anxious at These Prodigies, the King
 Repairs to *Faunus*' Oracle, his Sire
 Skill'd in the Future ; and consults the Groves 105
 Beneath *Albunea*'s Height, supreme of Woods ;
 Thro'

Ver. 103. *But anxious at These Prodigies, &c.*] This Description, as I said, gives us the strongest Ideas of Religious Horror. Especially That at Ver. 86. of the Original.

————— *Huc dona Sacerdos*
Cum tulit, & cæsarum ovium sub nocte silenti
Pellibus incubuit stratis, somnosque petivit ;
Multa modis simulacra videt volitantia miris,
Et varias audit voces, fruiturque Deorum
Colloquio, atque imis Acberonta affatur Avernis.

Ver. 105, 106. — *Consults the Groves Beneath Albunea's Height, suprem of Woods.*] Litterally Thus : " Consults the Groves under high *Albunea* ; which being the " greatest of Woods, &c." Groves under a Wood ? This seems a confused Distinction. The Account must be, It was a Wood upon a Mountain ; as *Servius* assures us it was : Some of it, I suppose, upon the Top, and some upon the Declivity : The higher Part of it was the *Nemus*, and the lower

Thro' whose thick Shades a sacred Fountain sounds,
 And sulph'rous stenchy Exhalations breathes.
 Hence all th' *Italian* and *Oenotrian* Realms
 In Doubts seek Answers: Hither when the Priest 110
 Has brought his Off'rings, and in silent Night
 Sleeps on spred Skins of fleecy Victims slain;
 Unnumber'd Fantoms flutt'ring round he sees
 In wond'rous Forms, and various Voices hears,
 Enjoys the Conversation of the Gods, 115
 And speaks to *Acheron* in Hell below.
 Here then *Latinus*' self, the Oracles
 Consulting, by the Rite accusom'd, slew
 An hundred woolly Sheep; and on their Skins
 And Fleeces, underneath him spred, repos'd 120
 His Limbs: When sudden from the deepest Grove
 This Voice was heard. Attempt not, O my Son,
 To match thy Daughter with a *Latian* Lord;
 Nor trust the Hymenæals now design'd.

A

lower Parts the *Luci*: The Name *Albunea* being common to the *Wood*, and to the *Fountain*; which latter is afterwards mentioned: — *sacro fonte sonat*. This Difficulty concerning the Difference between *Lucos*, and *nemorum maxima* might, one would have thought, have been worthy the Notice of Expositors. Some of them take needless Pains in enquiring, whether *Mepbitis*, afterwards mentioned, were a God, or a Goddess; and consequently whether it should be read *sævum* or *sævam*. For the Word signifies not only a *Person*, but a *Thing*, viz. a

stenchy Vapour: And in That Sense the Poet undoubtedly meant it. For why should he use a harsh unnatural *Metonymy*; when the very same Word would be much better in a literal Signification? To say, the Fountain exhaled the God, or Goddess *Mepbitis*, is very untoward: But to say it exhaled the Vapour, is unexceptionable. It must therefore be *sævam*; yet not referred to the proper Name of a Goddess; but to a common Name of the Feminine Gender. Which therefore must be written with a little *m*, not with a capital; as it is in most Editions.

A foreign Son-in-law shall come, whose Race 125
 Shall raise our Name to Heav'n: And future Times
 Shall see All turn'd and govern'd by Their Sway,
 Where *Sol*, both Oceans viewing, rolls his Course.

This Answer, by his Father *Faunus* giv'n
 In silent Night, *Latinus* in his Breast 130
 Conceal'd not; But already thro' the Towns
 Of wide *Aufonia* flying Fame around
 Had blaz'd the Rumour: When the *Trojan* Youth,
 Under the Covert of a grassy Bank,
 Had moor'd their Fleet. *Æneas*, and the Chiefs, 135
 And beautiful *Iulus*, lie repos'd
 Beneath the Branches of a lofty Oak;
 Prepare their Meal, upon the verdant Turf
 Lay wheaten Cakes, (so *Jove* himself advis'd)

And

Ver. 125. *A foreign Son-in-law shall come.* In the Original it is *Externi venient generi*. It is either the Plural for the Singular: or means that other *Trojans*, as well as *Æneas*, shall incorporate with the *Latins*, and marry their Daughters. The Sense is in effect the same: For the One supposes the Other. The Word *Son-in-law*, I confess, is but a dark one for Poetry. But we are forced to use it for want of a better: And I am justify'd by the Authority of Mr. *Dryden*, and Others. Sometimes indeed we may substitute *Son* instead of it, (as I sometimes do) but not always. Mr. *Dryden* uses That Word in This very Place; but, I think, not

properly: because the Sense of *gener* (here, however it may be in other Places) ought to be fully and literally express'd: The Action of the Poem turning upon it.

Ver. 128.—*Both Oceans, &c.*]
i. e. The East, and West; or North, and South; or Both: The former in his Diurnal Course; the latter in his Annual. Ver. 106. Orig. *religabat ab-aggere*. *Ab* here is the same as *ad*, or *juxta*: As if it were *non procul ab*.

Ver. 139. *So Jove himself advis'd.*] Or, as the Word *monebat* may be rendered, *foretold*. If the first; it means that he suggested it to their Thoughts. If the last; it relates to the Prediction of *Cæcylus*, in the Third Book. For That

And on them Heaps of Woodland Fruitage pile. 140
 Here, having all their other Food consum'd,
 When, forc'd by Penury and short Repast,
 By chance their hungry Appetites they turn'd
 To slender Viands, and with Hands and Teeth
 Dar'd violate the fatal Crust's flat Orb, 145
 Nor spar'd their Trenchers ; See, *Iulus* cry'd,
 Our Plates themselves, our Dishes we devour :
 Not more alluding. First to all their Toils

That is ultimately referred to *Jupiter* ; as She her self says :

*Quæ Phæbo pater omnipotens, mihi Phæbus Apollo
 Prædixit*————

Ver. 140. And on them Heaps of Woodland Fruitage pile.]

————*Et adorca liba per herbam*

Subjiciunt epulis————

Et Cercale solum pomis agrestibus augent.

I wonder how *Servius* comes to explain *subjiciunt epulis* by *subjiciunt in epularum locum*, use them instead of Provisions ; when (as he himself afterwards supposes) it plainly means their using these Cakes, as Plates, Trenchers, or Dishes ; for so the Word *mensas* afterwards signifies ; as it often does, not

Tables only : They put them under their own Provisions, or (as it would be express'd in Prose) laid their other Provisions upon them. The Word *solum* (as I have elsewhere observed) often signifies any Thing that is put under another. *Augent*, for *onerant*.

Ver. 145, &c. Dar'd violate the fatal Crust's, &c.]

*Et violare manu malisque audacibus orbem
 Fatalis crusti, patulis nec parcere quadris.*

Violare—and *audacibus*—because Tables, and Dishes, &c. were held sacred among the Ancients. See *De La Cerda* upon the Place. *Fatalis*; because of *Celæno's* Prediction above-mentioned. But how are the Words *Orbem*, and

Quadris reconcilable ? Why an ordinary Baker will solve This Problem. Those Rounds contain'd Squares within them. And that *Virgil* really meant so, is more plain from what himself says in his *Moretum* :

*Format opus, palmaque suum dilatat in orbem,
 Et notat expressis æquo discrimine quadris.*

Ver. 148. Not more alluding.]
 Either the Compound-Prepo-

sition *ad* is redundant ; and *al-*
ludens is no more than *ludens* :

Or

That Speech a Period shew'd ; His Father first
Snatch'd from his Mouth the Word, and in his Mind
With deep Surprise the Oracle revolv'd. 151

Then thus : Hail ! Nation due to me by Fate,
And You, all hail ! Ye faithful Gods of *Troy* :
This is our Country, This our fix'd Abode.

For (now I recollect) This secret Scheme 155
Of Destiny my Sire *Anchises* left :

When thee, my Son, at Shores unknown arriv'd,
Hunger shall force, thro' Scarcity of Food,
To eat thy Dishes ; There fatigu'd expect
A settled Mansion : And remember There 160
To lay the first Foundation of thy Walls.

This was That Hunger he foretold ; This last
Ordain'd to end our Labours.

Then

Or (which I rather think) he
really, tho' ignorantly, alluded
to the *Prediction*.

Ver. 149. *His Father first*.]
I should rather read it *primusque*,
than *primamque* : And *Ruæus*
interprets the latter by the former.
Tho' I must confess, if
primamque be admitted ; his Interpretation
is somewhat forced.

Ver. 151. — *The Oracle revolv'd*.]
For I take That to be
imply'd in *prestit* ; not his

Stopping the Speech of *Ascanius* :
For That had been utter'd before.

Ver. 156. — *My Sire Anchises left*.]
How comes *Anchises* to be named upon This
Occasion ? 'Twas *Celæno* who
foretold This Incident. The
Answer must be, it was foretold
by them Both : by *Anchises* (says
Ruæus) in the *Elysian* Fields,
when he advised his Son

— *quo quemque modo fugiatque feratque laborem*.

Ver. 127. Orig. *Moliri que aggere
tecta*. How *moliri* should signify
cingere (as *Ruæus* interprets it)
I know not. I take it for
moliri tecta [unà cum] *aggere* ;
building the City, and raising a
Fortification round it.

Ver. 162. — *This last, &c.*]
For I incline to the Opinion of

Those Editors, and Expositors,
who read it not *manebant*, but
manebat : referring it to *fames*.

Ver. 163. — *Our Labours*.]
Exitus. See the Note upon the 17th Verse of the
Xth Book. Ver. 131. Orig.
Quæ loca [sint hæc] *quæve
beant homines* [ea loca.]

Then cheerful, with the Sun's first rising Light,
 Let us explore, what Country This, and who 165
 Th' Inhabitants, and where it's Cities stand;
 And from the Harbour diff'rent ways pursue.
 Now from your Bowls to *Jove* Libations pour;
 My Sire *Anchises* with religious Pray'rs
 Invoke; and on your Boards replace the Wine. 170

This said, He binds his Temples with a Wreath
 Of verdant Boughs; and supplicant adores
 The Genius of the Place, and Earth, the first
 Of Deities, the Nymphs, and River-Gods
 As yet unknown, and Night, and of the Night 175
 The rising Starry Signs; in order next
 The *Phrygian* Mother, and *Idæan Jove*,
 And both his Parents, one rever'd in Heav'n,
 And one in *Erebus*. Then thrice serene
 Th' Almighty Father thunder'd from the Sky, 180
 And shook a Cloud, with Rays of Light, and Gold
 Effulgent: Sudden thro' the *Trojan* Troops
 The Rumour ran, that now the Day was come,
 In which their destin'd City's Walls should rise.
 With cheerful Speed industrious they recruit 185

Their

Ver. 178, 179. *And both his Parents, one rever'd in Heav'n, And one in Erebus.*] *Venus* in the first, *Anchises* in the last.

Ver. 179. — *Thrice serene, &c.*] *Clarus* may imply either the Serenity of the Heavens, or the Clearness and Loudness of the Sound; or Both: 'Tho'

most Expositors mention only the former. Thunder and Lightning in a clear Sky was sometimes a good Omen, and sometimes a bad one; according as it was attended with other Circumstances: Which it is not my Business to explain. The next Lines are noble:

———*Radiisque ardentem lucis & auro
 Ipse manu quatiens ostendit ab æthere nubem.*

BOOK 7. VIRGIL'S *ÆNEIS*. 47

Their Feasts ; and, in th' important Augury
 Rejoicing, place their Bowls, and crown the Wine.
 Soon as the first returning Morn had ris'n
 Upon the World : They diversely explore
 The Coasts, the Cities, and the Country's Bounds : 190
 Here flows *Numicus*' Fount ; there *Tyber*'s Stream ;
 And here the warlike *Latins* fix their Seat.
 Then Prince *Æneas* sends from ev'ry Rank
 An hundred chos'n Ambassadors, dispatch'd
 To the Imperial Walls, with Olive-Boughs 195
 All wreath'd, to bear his Presents to the King,
 And sue for Peace : They execute their Charge
 With rapid Haste. Himself describes the Walls
 With a low Trench ; the first Foundation lays ;
 And, like a Fort, his City on the Shore 200
 With Banks and Battlements incloses round.

And now, their destin'd Journey having pass'd,
 Th' Ambassadors beheld the *Latin* Tow'rs,
 And lofty Palaces, and reach'd the Walls.
 Before the City, Boys, and blooming Youth 205
 With rapid Chariots exercise their Strength,
 And tame their Horses in the dusty Field ;
 Or bend their twanging Bows, and with strong Arms
 Launch the tough Jav'lin ; with the Dart, and Shaft,

Con-

Ver. 191. Here flows *Numicus*' Fount, &c.] *Hæc fontis stagna Numici*, &c. An Ellipsis again : Discunt *hæc esse stagna*, &c.

Ver. 207. ——— Tame their

———— *Neque audit currus habenas.*

Ver. 209. — With the Dart, or Shaft contending.] *Cursuque*,

[*Horses*, &c.] *Domitantque in pulvere currus.* Chariots cannot be tam'd. But *Currus* by a Metonymy of the Adjunct is put for the *Horses* : Like That in the first *Georg.*

[*iæque laceffunt.* This Passage is very ambiguous ; and will admit

Contending. To the aged Monarch's Ears 210
 Swift on his Steed a Messenger relates,
 That Men of awful Port, in foreign Garb,
 Were moving tow' rds the Walls: He gives Command
 To call them to the Court, and in the Midst
 Sits lofty on th' hereditary Throne. 215

A spacious Palace, in the City's Height,
 Sublime upon an hundred Pillars stood,
 With gloomy Groves religiously obscure,
Laurentian Picus' Palace; Where the Kings
 The first Inauguration of their Sway, 220
 The Sceptres, and the Regal Fasces took:
 This Court their Temple; Here the sacred Feasts;
 And here the Fathers, by th' accustom'd Rite,
 Killing a Victim Ram, in order sate
 Along the Boards. Before the stately Doors 225
 Th' Ef.

admit of various Senses; 'for which Reason I admire *Servius* says nothing upon it. *Minellius* refers *laceffunt* to *spicula* just before; meaning, *fatigant*, vel *impellunt* [ea] *curfu*, while they dart them, *running forward*; *iflu*, while they shoot them with a Bow. *De La Cerda* indeed takes This to be the Meaning of *curfuque*, *ifluque*; and so do I. But certainly *laceffunt* (as all agree, except *Minellius*) is to be understood of the Combatants among themselves: *laceffunt* i. e. *provocant* [se invicem.] After all, I question whether by *curfu* is not to be understood *Running Races*: Tho' in That Sense

it would be *disjointed*, and ill agree with the Connexion of the Words taken all together.

Ver. 219. *Where the Kings, &c.* In the Original, *Regibus omen erat*: i. e. *initium*; by way of *Metonymia adjuncti*. Because it was commonly supposed to be attended with *Omens*. Hence the Words *Auspicium*, and *Inauguratio*, both taken from *Augury*.

Ver. 225. *Along the Boards.* *Perpetuis considerare mensis*, i. e. sitting along in a Row upon Benches, without Distinction of Seats. Thus Book VIIIth. 183. Orig. *Perpetui tergo bovis*, i. e. a continued one, not cut, or divided into Parts. There I have

Th' Effigies of their Ancestors stood rang'd
 In Rows of antiquè Cedar ; *Italus*,
 Father *Sabinus*, Planter of the Vine,
 Holding in Imag'ry his crooked Scythe,
 And aged *Saturn*, and the double Front 230
 Of *Janus* ; and the other ancient Kings,
 Who for their Country suffer'd Wounds in War.
 Besides ; Thick Arms upon the sacred Posts,
 Curve Scymitars, and captive Chariots hung :
 And Crests of Helmets ; massy Bars of Gates ; 235
 And Darts, and Shields, and Beaks from Vessels torn.
Picus himself, with his *Quirinal* Wand,
 Sate in his narrow *Trabeal* Robe succinct,
 Tamer of Steeds, and in his Left-hand bore
 Th' *Ancilian* Shield : Whom *Circe*, stung with Love, 240
 Struck with her golden Rod, and with her Charms
 And magic Simples to a Bird transform'd,
 And all with Colours interspers'd his Wings.

In such a Temple of the Gods, enthron'd
 On his paternal Seat, *Latinus* calls 245
 The *Trojans* to his Presence in the Court ;
 And thus with pleasing Accent first began.

Tell us, Ye *Trojans*, (For your Name and Race

Are

have used the Word *Perpetual* ;
 and I hope properly : But here
 it could not be ; For Reasons
 which can better be perceived,
 than given.

Ver. 240, 241. — *Whom*
Circe, stung with Love, Struck
 with her golden Rod.] *Conjux*
 is not here used for a *Wife*, but
 for a *Lover*. Thus Ecl. VIIIth.

VOL. III.

Conjux is indigno *Nisæ* deceptus a-
 more. Some refer *Aurea* (in the
 Nominative Case) to *Conjux*, as
 signifying beautiful, or deceitful,
 or both : But the most and best
 Interpreters take it as I have
 render'd it. Thus this very Word
 is used in the Ablative Case by
 Contraction, in the 1st Book—
Aurēā composuit spondā.

D

Are not to us unknown, nor come you here
 Unheard of;) Say, what seek you? Or what Cause 250
 I has urg'd your Navy to th' *Ausonian* Shore
 Thro' such a Space of Ocean? Whether driv'n
 By Error of the Way, or Strefs of Storms,
 (Variety of Perils on the Deep,
 Obvious to Mariners) you enter here 255
 Our River's Mouth, and rest within the Port:
 Fly not our Hospitality; nor judge
 Erroneous of the *Latins*, *Saturn's* Race,
 Just of themselves without Restraint, or Laws,
 And by th' Example of their ancient God. 260
 Nay I remember (tho' long Tract of Time
 Obscures the Fame) th' *Auruncan* Sires relate,
 That *Dardanus*, from These Dominions sprung,
 Pierc'd into *Phrygia*, and th' *Idæan* Realms,
 And *Thracian Samos*, *Samothracia* now: 265
 He now, from *Coritus' Tyrrhenian* Seat,
 Admitted to the starry Court of Heav'n,
 With Altars, in the golden Palace high
 Enthron'd, augments the Number of the Gods.

He

Ver. 250. &c. *What Cause,*
 &c.] *Quæ causa rates, Littus*
ad Ausonium——*vexit? Aut*
cujus egentes [huc advenistis?] *This*
must be the Meaning, tho'
the Words are perplexed and dis-
jointed in their Situation. For
'tis not Sense, or Grammar to
say, quæ causa vexit naues cujus
egentes? Ver. 204. Orig. *more,*
i. e. exemplo, or consuetudine.
 Ver. 205. *obscurior annis; i. e.*
Subobscura propter annos; i. e.
vetustatem. Ver. 206. *ferre, for*

referre, i. e. memorare, narrare.
 Ver. 208. *fertur, i. e. vocatur.*
 Ver. 209. *Hinc illum Coriti, &c.*
i. e. Illum profectum hinc [scilicet]
Coriti Tyrrhenâ ab sede.

Ver. 269.——*Augments the*
Number of the Gods.] Accipit
in the Original must be referred
to regia cœli: and perhaps auget
may. The Licence of Poetry
may justify it. A new Nomi-
native Case for auget, (i. e.
Dardanus) understood, is pretty
harsh.

BOOK 7. VIRGIL's ÆNEIS. 51

He spoke. And Thus *Ilioneus* reply'd. 270
 O King, from *Faunus*' Blood illustrious sprung;
 Neither by stormy Billows hither toss'd,
 Nor by the Stars, or Shores unknown, deceiv'd,
 Arrive we on your Confines: With Design,
 And willing Minds this City we approach; 275
 Ejected from Those Realms, which once the Sun,
 Rolling from Heaven's extremest Verge, beheld
 The greatest. *Jove* begins our Lineage; *Jove*
 The *Dardans* boast, the Author of their Race.
 Our Prince himself, from *Jove*'s high Blood deriv'd,
Trojan Æneas, sends us to your Court. 281
 How great a Tempest swept th'*Idæan* Fields,
 Issuing from dire *Mycenæ*; with what Fates
 Both Worlds of *Europe* and of *Asia* join'd
 In Battle, Those have heard (if such there be) 285
 Whom the most distant Limits of the Globe

Sever

harsh. However. This latter | Ver. 214. Orig. *subegit* for *coe-*
 is the common Construction. | git. Ver. 218. [Ab] *extremo*, &c.

Ver. 286. *Whom the most distant Limits of the Globe, &c.*

Audiit, & si quem tellus extrema refuso
Submovet Oceano, & si quem extenta plagarum
Quattuor in medio dirimit plaga solis iniqui.

Tho' Geography is not my Bu-
 siness; yet the Construction of
 This place being somewhat Dif-
 ficult, it properly comes under
 my Consideration. The Ancients
 being doubtful whether the two
 frigid, and the one torrid Zone
 were inhabited, or not; the Poet
 here speaks dubiously—*si quem*,
 &c. By *tellus extrema* are meant
 the two frigid Zones: I cannot
 think (as some do) that *refuso* is
interfuso, but *refluente*, implying

the Flux and Reflux. *Plaga* the
 Zone *Solis iniqui* (*maligni*, be-
 cause it's Heat was supposed to be
 intolerable) i. e. the torrid Zone
extenta in medio quattuor plagarum,
 i. e. between the two frigid,
 and the two temperate ones. *Sub-*
movet, and *dirimit*: i. e. separ-
 ates Those Inhabitants (if such
 there be) from the known in-
 habited World. *Si quem tellus*
extrema—submovet, &c. [Ille]
Audiit, &c. *Submovet Oceano*,
 &c.

Sever by Tides ; And Those (if such there be)
 Who live divided by the middle Zone,
 Stretch'd between four, beneath *Sol's* burning Car.
 Toss'd from That Deluge, thro' so vast a Tract 290
 Of Ocean, for our Country-Gods we ask
 A little Mansion, and a safe Retreat,
 And Air, and Water, common Gifts to all.
 On your Dominions nothing of Disgrace
 Shall we reflect ; Nor small will be your Fame ; 295
 Nor shall by length of Time the grateful Sense
 Of such an Obligation be effac'd :
 Nor shall th' *Ausonian* Nation e'er repent
 To have receiv'd the *Trojans*. By the Fates
 Of great *Æneas*, and his potent Hand, 300
 Experienc'd long in Faith, in War and Arms,
 I swear, that many People, many States,
 (Despise us not, because we suppliant come,
 Spontaneous, and with Wreaths of proffer'd Peace)
 Have courted our Alliance, and desir'd 305
 By Partnership to join us with their Realms.
 But by their dread Commands the Fates Divine
 Urg'd us to seek Your Coasts : Hence *Dardanus*

&c. He supposes Land to be beyond the then known Seas to the North, and South. Here again is a Poetical transferring of Ideas: "The Land separates its Inhabitants [from other Lands] by the Ocean": Whereas the Ocean separates the Land it self with its Inhabitants.

Ver. 292. — *A safe Retreat.* *Littus innocuum.* The Word *innocuum* implies Safety both to *Themselves*, and to their *Neighbours*.

Ver. 301. *Experienc'd long, &c.] Sive fide, seu quis bello est expertus & armis.* Subaud. *eam* ; i. e. *dextram*. The Words *sive*, and *seu*, do not imply a doubt whether he had been so experienc'd ; but only a *disjunction* between Those two Members. This Note perhaps (as well as some others) may seem superfluous. But I know not how it is, This Passage at first sight may be a little obscure to young Readers. And I would rather say too much for them, than too little.

Deriv'd his Race, and hither he returns :
 And great *Apollo*, from his awful Fane, 310
 'To *Tyrrhene Tyber*, and *Numicus*' Fount,
 The consecrated Spring, directs our Course.
 Some Gifts, besides, preserv'd from burning *Troy*,
 The little Relicks of his former State,
 Our Prince presents you. In This Gold his Sire 315
Anchises at the Altars sacrific'd :
 These, by the Rite accustom'd, giving Laws
 To the assembled Nations, *Priam* wore ;
 This Sceptre, This *Tiara*, and These Robes,
 The Labour of the *Trojan* Dames. 320

So spake *Ilioneus*. *Latinus* fix'd
 Sits in one Posture, musing, on the Ground
 Rolling his Eyes intent : Nor does so much
 The *Priameian* Sceptre, nor the Robes
 Of broider'd Purple move his Kingly Mind ; 325
 More on his Daughter's Nuptials he employs
 His deepest Meditation ; and revolves
 Old *Faunus*' Oracle within his Breast :
 That This was He, the Son-in-law, design'd
 By Fate, arriving from a foreign Coast, 330
 And Partner of his Throne ; That hence a Race
 Renown'd for Valour, should in Time proceed,
 And o'er the Universe extend it's Sway.
 At length with Joy he speaks : The Gods succeed

D 3

Our

Ver. 309. — *Hic* be re-
 turns.] *Huc repetit*. Either re-
 petit is used neutrally ; Or
 (which I rather think) *huc*

stands for an *Accusative Case* [†]
banc sedem.

Ver. 331. *Partner, &c.*] *Pa-*
ribus auspiciis : i. e. with equal
 Fortune, and Government.

Our Enterprife, and ratify the Fates 335
 Themselves predicted: *Trojan*, what Thou ask'st
 Is granted: Nor your Gifts do I refuse:
 While King *Latinus* reigns, you shall not want
 The fertil Glebe, and Opulence of *Troy*.
 Let ev'n *Æneas* (if he so desires 340
 Our Friendship, and Alliance) hither come,
 Nor shun the Interview: To me 'twill prove
 A Pledge of Peace, to touch That Monarch's Hand.
 You to your King This Answer now return.
 I have a Daughter, whom our Country Gods 345
 And various Prodigys from Heav'n forbid
 With any of our Nation to be join'd
 In Nuptial Bonds; and warn us, it remains
 For *Latium*, that a Son-in-law shall come
 From foreign Parts, whose Race shall raise our Name
 To Heav'n: That He is destin'd, I believe, 351
 And (if my Thoughts divine aright) desire.

Thus having spoke, the aged King selects
 From all his Number chosen Steeds: There stood

Three

Ver. 342, 343. — *To me 'twill prove A Pledge of Peace, &c.* *Pars mihi pacis erit, &c.* I insist upon it as a Preliminary of Peace.

Ver. 345. *I have a Daughter, &c.* It looks very ungallant to Us Moderns, for a great King to offer his Daughter to a Stranger, whom he had never so much as seen. But the Manners of the Ancients were different from ours. Besides; we must remember what goes before, *Et veteris Fauni voluit*

sub pectore sortem. Hunc illum fatis — Portendi generum, &c. And even now he does not offer his Daughter; but only relates the Oracle, and believes, and (upon a Supposition, *si quid veri mens augurat*, meaning, if the Marriage will prove successful to his Daughter and his Kingdom, as he believes it will) hopes that the Oracle is to be interpreted in favour of *Æneas*. Ver. 280. Orig. *Absenti Æneæ [mittit] currum, &c.*

Book 7. VIRGIL's *ÆNEIS*. 55

Three hundred shiping in their lofty Stalls ; 355
To all the *Trojans* he commands to lead

The wingy-footed Coursers, cover'd o'er
With rich embroider'd Crimson : Down their Breasts
Hang Golden Collars ; And adorn'd with Gold
They champ the yellow Gold between their Teeth. 360

Next to the absent *Trojan* Prince he sends
A Chariot, and it's harness'd Pair, of Breed
Celestial, from their Nostrils snorting Fire :
The Race of Those, which wily *Circe* rais'd,
Stol'n from her Father by clandestine Arts, 265

And of a substituted Female bred.
Thus with the Gifts and Speeches of the King,
Th' *Æneada*, high on their stately Steeds,
Return exulting, and report the Peace.

But lo ! th' inexorable Wife of *Jove* 370
Comes from *Inachian Argos*, born in Air
Sublime ; and from the Sky at distance sees
Joyful *Æneas*, and the *Trojan* Fleet,
From high *Pachynus*, on *Sicilia's* Coast.

She sees them now intent on Building, sees 375
The Crew in Land confiding, and their Ships
Abandon'd : Fix'd she stood with stinging Rage ;
Then shook her Head, and thus indignant spoke.

Ah Race detested ! and the Fates of *Troy*
Oppos'd to mine ! Could ev'n the Conquer'd fall 380

Ver. 367. *Thus with the Gifts* (which I rather think) *Subli-*
[*etc.*] *Talibus Æneadae donis—* *mes* relates to their *Minds* as
Sublimes etc. Either *lati* or well as *Bodies* ; and means *elati,*
some such Word must be under- *superbi.*
stood to govern *donis etc.* Or

Ver. 380.— *Could ev'n the Conquer'd fall, etc.*]

— *Num Sigæis occumbere campis,*
Num capti potuere capi ? num incensa cremavit
Troja viros ? — D 4

In *Phrygian* Fields? Could ev'n th' Enslav'd be Slaves?
 And *Troy* consum'd in Flames the *Trojans* burn?
 They thro' the middle of the Foes, and Fires
 Have found their Way: My Deity at last,
 It seems, lies vanquish'd; Or with glutt'd Hate 385
 I now desist. Ev'n when expell'd they fled
 Their native Soil, Vindictive I presum'd
 To follow them; and to the exil'd Crew
 O'er all the Ocean's Waves my self oppos'd.
 Exhausted is the Force of Sea, and Sky, 390
 Against the *Trojans*: What to me avail'd
 The *Syrtes*, *Scylla*, or *Charybdis* Gulph?
 In *Tyber*'s wish'd-for Chanel they are lodg'd,

Secure

I remember I have heard a most ingenious and judicious Critick (the late Mr. Smith of *Christ-Church*) object against This Passage, as somewhat trifling and jingling, and more like One of *Ovid*'s Turns, than *Virgil*'s majestick Sentences. But perhaps there is no Reason for This Reflection. The Sense of the Place is, What really happen'd seems not to have happen'd: So that they are, as it were, Captives and No-Captives, Conquer'd and not Conquer'd, &c. But the Wonder, it may be said, is not great. They were conquer'd; yet not so far, but that Some of them might escape: Those who were taken were really taken, but Some were not taken at all. This

may be truly said; But after all, we must not distinguish upon Poetry with such Logical Exactness. *Virgil*, we may be sure, knew all This, as well as we could tell him: but thought it not poetically improper to make *Juno* in her Rage confound These Ideas, and consider the whole *Trojan* People as one Man.

Ver. 387. *I presum'd.*] *Ausa* [sum] *sequi*. Where was the mighty *Daring* or *Presumption* in the Queen of Gods to persecute a Company of poor wandering Exiles? The Answer is, 'Twas against the Decrees of Fate; and in *Neptune*'s Dominions, not her Own. So says *Venus* of *Juno* to *Neptune* in the Vth Book:

In regnis hoc ausa tuis.

Secure of Storms, and Me. *Mars* could destroy
 The mighty *Lapithæan* Race ; Ev'n *Jove* 395
 Himself, to gratify *Diana's* Rage,
 Old *Calydon* abandon'd : By what Crime
 So terrible a Punishment did either
 The *Lapithæ*, or *Calydon* deserve ?
 But I, *Jove's* Royal Consort, who could leave 400
 Nought unattempted, but all Measures try'd,
 Unhappy, by *Æneas* am subdu'd.
 But if my Deity be not it self
 Sufficient ; Sure I should not doubt to seek
 Whatever Aid can be implor'd : If Heav'n 405
 I cannot move, I will solicit Hell.
 Admit, 'twill not be granted me to bar
 The *Latian* Kingdoms ; And, by Fates unmov'd,

La-

394.—*Mars* could destroy, &c.] *Juno* here argues from the same Topicks as she does in the first Book. — *Pallas*ne exurere classem, &c. Tho' This is rather a farther Prosecution of the same Argument, than direct *Tautology* ; yet it is something like it. And had *Virgil*

perfected his Work ; perhaps This Passage would have been retrench'd. Yet the Speech, upon the Whole, is very noble : Especially the Beginning of it, already cited in my Introductory Observations ; And the Conclusion ;

*Sanguine Trojano & Rutulo detabere, Virgo ;
 Et Bellona marct te pronuba* —

Which (by the way) was particularly proper to be said by *Juno*, because She herself was

by her Office the *Dea pronuba* ; As if she should have said, *Bellona*, not I, &c.

*Quin idem Veneri partus suus, & Paris alter
 Funestaque iterum recidiva in Pergama tædæ.*

After the Fire and Fury of which, the Transition to the next Paragraph is perfectly natural. Ver. 313. Orig. prohibere [Trojanos a] regis &c.

Ver. 317. hac mercede suorum : for hoc damno suorum ; Iron. hac condicione, in perniciem suorum. Ver. 320. entia [est.]

Lavinia still remains the destin'd Bride.
 Yet we may add Obstructions, and retard 410
 Th' important Issue; Yet a wastful War
 The Subjects of both Monarchs may destroy.
 Thus at their People's Cost let both the Kings,
 The Father, and the Son, unite their Realms.
 Princess, Thy Dowry shall be paid in Blood, 415
 By *Trojans*, and *Rutulians*; And prepar'd
Bellona waits to make thy bridal Bed.
 Nor did *Cissæan Hecuba* alone
 Teem with a Nuptial Taper; *Venus* too,
 It will be prov'd, has such a Birth disclos'd; 420
 She has her *Paris*, and connubial Flames
 Again pernicious to new-rising *Troy*.
 Thus having said, She speeds her horrid Flight

To

Ver. 423. Thus having said, she speeds her horrid Flight, &c.]

*Hæc ubi dicta dedit, terras horrenda petivit;
 Lucificam Alecto dirarum ab sede sororum,
 Nocturnisque ciet tenebris—*

Juvenal never shew'd his Judgment more; than when he referred to This Machine of *Alecto*, as a most signal Instance of Poetical Spirit, and Sublimity.

*—Qualis Rutulum confusdat Erynnis.
 Nam si Virgilio puer & tolerabile desit
 Hospitium; caderent omnes à crinibus hydri;
 Surda nihil gerneret grave buccina.—Sat. 7.*

Alluding, in the first Part, to 445, &c. of the Original.
 These incomparable Lines, Ver.

*Talibus Alecto dictis exarsit in iras:
 At Juveni oranti subitus tremor occupat artus;
 Diriguere oculi: tot Erynnis sibilat hydri,
 Tantaque se facies aperit. Tum flammea torquens
 Lumina, cunctantem, et quærentem dicere plura*

Rep.

To Earth ; and from the Furies' black Abodes,
 And Shades Nocturnal, dire *Alecto* calls ; 425
 Whose only Pleasure is in joyless War,
 And Rage, and Treachery, and noxious Crimes.
 Ev'n *Pluto*, and th' Infernal Sisters hate
 The odious Monster ; To so many Shapes
 She turns herself, such hideous Forms assumes, 430
 And sprouts with such Variety of Snakes.
 To whom thus *Juno*, irritating, spoke.

This

*Reppulit, & geminos erexit crinibus angues ;
 Verberaque insonuit, rabidoque hæc addidit ore.
 En ego, victa situ, &c.
 Respice ad hæc ; adsum dirarum ab sede sororum :
 Bella manu, lethumque gero.
 Sic effata, facem juveni conjecit, & atro
 Lumine fumantes fixit sub pectore tædas.
 Olli somnum ingens rupit pavor ; effaque & artus
 Perfudit toto proruptus corpore sudor.
 Arma amens fremit, arma toro, testisque requirit ;
 Sævit amor ferri, & scelerata insania belli.*

In the second, (besides Some of | Those already cited) to These
 Ver. 327, &c.

*Odit et ipse pater Pluton, odere sorores
 Tartaræ monstrum ; tot sese vertit in ora,
 Tam sævæ facies, tot pullulat atra colubris.*

In the third, to Ver. 511. &c. which is the finest Passage of all:

*At sæva è speculis tempus dea nata nocendi
 Ardua testæ petit stabuli, & de culmine summo
 Pastorale canit signum ; cornuque recurvo
 Tartaream intendit vocem ; qua protinus omne
 Contremuit nemus, & silvæ intonuerunt profundæ.
 Audiit & Triviæ longe lacus, audiit amnis
 Sulphurea Nar albus aqua, fontesque Velini ;
 Et trepidæ matres pressere ad pectora natos.*

This Labour, Virgin, Off-spring of the Night,
 Indulge to me ; This Task for me perform ;
 To save my sinking Honour, and forbid 435
 Th' *Æneadæ* by Nuptials to amuse
 The *Latian* King, or seize th' *Italian* Coasts.
 Thou canst agreeing Brothers rouse to War,
 Engender Hate in Familys, and tofs
 Within their Walls thy Whips, and fun'ral Brands : 440
 Thou hast a thousand Forms, a thousand Arts

Of

Ver. 433. *This Labour, Virgin, &c.*] *Hunc mibi da proprium, &c.* *Servius*, and Others, interpret it *proprium tibi*: because it was her *Property* to do Mischief. But I rather take *mibi* to be referr'd to *proprium*, as well as to *da*: *Proprium mibi*: as my own, as belonging to me ; i. e. for my *Service*, or *Advantage*. Others will have it to signify *lasting*, or *perpetual*: And it sometimes does so ; as *propria hæc si dona fuissent*. But it would be scarce Sense in This Place.

Ver. 435. *To save my sinking Honour, &c.*] *Infra hæc, &c.* This Word (and some more in the Latin and other Languages) has quite contrary Significations: *Much broken*, and *Unbroken*. If the first be here meant, it is plain of it self: If the last, we must understand it with a *subaudi*: *Unbroken till now*. The same is to be said of That in the 1st Ver. of

the XIIth Book, *Turnus ut infractos, &c.*

Ver. 436. — *To amuse, &c.*] For That I take to be the exact Meaning of *ambire* in This Place.

Ver. 437. — *Seize th' Italian Coasts.*] The Words *obsideo*, and *obsido*, do not only signify to *beset*, or *besiege*, &c. but very often to *take Possession of*, to *overspread*, &c. Thus in the IIIrd Book, — *Salentinus obsedit milite campos*.

Ver. 439. *Engender Hate in Families, &c.*] *Odiis versare domos*. i. e. *evertere*. My Translation is not literal: But it is in effect the Sense of the Original.

Ver. 441. *Thou hast a thousand Forms.* — *Tibi nomina mille*. Perhaps it would not be amiss to render it literally *Names*. But it is commonly interpreted, as I have now render'd it. *Names* are founded upon *Things* ; and sometimes put for them.

Of Mischief: Ranfack all thy fertil Breast;
 Confound their Measures of concerted Peace;
 Sow deep the Seeds of Discord: Let the Youth
 At once desire, demand, and snatch their Arms. 445

Infectèd with *Gorgonian* pois'nous Blood,
 The Fiend to *Latium*, and the lofty Walls
 Of King *Latinus*, swift directs her Flight;
 And silent at the Queen's Apartment waits:
 Whom, on th'Arrival of the *Trojan* Fleet, 450

And *Turnus*' Nuptials, anxious female Cares,
 And Passions boiling, discompos'd. To Her
 The Fury from her grievously Tresses flings
 One of her Snakes, and to her inmost Breast
 Dispatches him; That, by the Monster urg'd 455

To Madness, all the Court she might embroil.
 The bloated Serpent, sliding 'twixt her Robes,
 And smooth sleek Bosom, rolls without a Touch,
 And, unperceiv'd, his vip'rous Breath inspires:

Hangs,

Ver. 442.—Ranfack all thy fertil Breast.] *Fœcundum concute pectus.* That, I am satisfy'd, is the Meaning of the Word: Tho' None of the Commentators take Notice of it. Search, rummage, turn, or tumble it over and over; to find out the best Means and Methods of Mischief. Next Ver. *Crimina* [quæ sunt causæ, & semina] belli.

Ver. 449. And silent, &c.] *Servius* and Others say *tacitum*, for *tacitè*. And then it must relate to *Alecto*, as I have render'd it. Tho' perhaps it may relate to the Queen's Apartment, and signify *private*, or *retir'd*.

Ver. 457. The bloated Serpent, sliding 'twixt her Robes, &c.] This is a most admirable Description.

*Ille, inter vestes, & lævia pectora lapsus,
 Volvitur attractu nullo, fallitque furentem,
 Vipeream inspirans animam: Fit tortile collo
 Aurum ingens coluber, fit longæ tæniæ vittæ,
 Inneclitque comas, & membris lubricus errat.*

Hangs, as a Chain of Gold, about her Neck ; 460
 As a long twining Fillet interweaves
 Her Hair ; and slipp'ry wanders o'er her Limbs.
 While the first Plague, beneath the pois'nous Juice
 Sliding, invades her Senses, and with Fire
 Her Vitals blends ; nor has as yet the Flame 465
 Seiz'd all her Soul : More softly she complains,
 And with a Mother's wonted Fondness speaks ;
 Much weeping for her Daughter, and the Scheme
 Of *Phrygian* Nuptials. Is *Lavinia* then,
 Great Monarch, to the Fugitives of *Troy* 470
 Yielded a Captive ? In your Breast remains
 No Pity for your Daughter, nor Yourself ?
 None for her Mother ? Whom the Pirate false,
 Perfidious, with the first fair Wind will leave,
 Launching to Sea, and with him bear away 475
 The Virgin ? Did not so the *Phrygian* Swain
 Pierce into *Lacedæmon*, and transport
Ledaean Helen to the *Trojan* Tow'rs ?

What

Ver. 463.——Beneath the
 pois'nous Juice, &c.] *Udo sub-*
lapsa veneno. The Poison, the-
 Cause, is suppos'd to be upper-
 most ; the Madness or Pain, the
 Effect, to be under it. The
 Operation of a Blistering Plaister
 will account for This. Yet
 the Commentators would not
 have ill spent a little Time ;
 if they had explain'd This
 Word *sublapsa*.

Ver. 470. Great Monarch,
 &c.] In the Original, it is,
O genitor. But the Word here
 could not well be literally

rendered in our Language : Be-
 cause He is not the Father of
 her who speaks, but her Hus-
 band, and her King. Yet *Ge-*
nitor (i. e. *Lavinia*) is very
 emphatical in the Latin ; She
 applies to him not as a King,
 or as a Husband, but as a Fa-
 ther ; because she herself
 speaks as a Mother.

Ver. 476.——Did not so
 the *Phrygian* Swain, &c.] *Pe-*
netrat for *penetravit*. So Book
 XI. 403.——*Phrygia arma*
tremiscunt, for *tremuerunt*,

What is your sacred Faith, your ancient Care
 For your own Subjects, and your Hand so oft 480
 Plighted to *Turnus*, Partner of your Blood?
 If from a foreign Race the *Latins* seek
 A Son-in-law; And so you still resolve;
 And if your Father *Faynus* press your Mind 484
 By his Commands: All Lands disjoin'd from Ours,
 And from our Sceptres free, in my Account
 Are foreign deem'd; And so the Gods intend.
 And *Turnus*, if his Pedigree be trac'd
 To it's first Fountain, from *Acrisius* Springs,
 From *Inachus*, and from *Mycenæ's* Realms. 490

When King *Latinus* Thus in vain explor'd
 Against her Purpose resolute she saw;
 And to her inmost Blood the Snaky Plague
 Had spread itself, and all her Soul possess'd:
 Then stung, unhappy, by the Monsters dire, 495
 O'er the vast City, with unbounded Rage,
 She roves distracted. Like a whirling Top,

Urg'd

Ver. 490.———*Mycenæ's*
Realms.] In the Original it is
mediæque Mycenæ. Mediæ, i. e.
inland, and surrounded with o-
 ther Countrys. Ver. 374. O-
 rig. *lapsum* [est.]

Ver. 497.—*Like a whirling*
Top, &c.] I have before, on
 Ver. 593. of Book I. made
 some Remarks upon the several
 Kinds of Similies; Those which
beighten, or *lessen*; and Those
 which only *explain*. Upon *This*
 see *M. Segrain's* Book VII. Rem.
 V. After all, it would have
 been better for *Us*; had the
 Word *Top* in English sounded
 as well as *Turbo* in Latin, or

even as *Sabot* in French. Yet
M. Segrain would not venture
 to use the Last mentioned: Mr.
Dryden is more bold, and makes
 no Scruple to use the *First*. I
 have done the same; but to
 say Truth, the Reason was be-
 cause I could not well do other-
 wise. For 'tis undoubtedly a
 scurvy Word in Heroic Poetry.
 In the Original *This* Simile is
 the Perfection of Elegancy:
 Nothing could be more finely
 described. Not a Word can be
 alter'd for the better; unless
 perhaps *Turbo*, and *Turba* stand
 too near together.

Urg'd by the twisted Thong, which Boys, intent
 Upon their Sport, the empty Cloysters round,
 In a wide Circuit exercise : The Wood, 500
 Driv'n by the Scourge, in spiral Eddys flies ;
 The stripling Throng in Ignorance admires
 The spinning Box ; The Lashes give it Life.
 Acted with such Rapidity she runs
 Thro' the mid Citys, and the madding Crouds. 505
 Ev'n on pretended *Bacchanalian* Rites,
 A greater Mischief, with more frantick Rage,
 Attempting, to the Woods she flies ; and There
 Her Daughter in the shady Mountains hides :
 To cheat the *Trojans* of the destin'd Spouse, 510
 And disappoint the Nuptials. Loud she cries,
Evøe! Bacchus! Who alone deserv't
 The Virgin Bride ; For Thee (so Fame reports)
 The Female Train the soft Vine-Jav'linus wield :

Thee

Ver. 502. *The stripling Throng, &c.*] Questionless *Impubesque manus* signifies here a Number, or Croud of Children : not that the Hand of a Boy is by Synecdoche put for a whole one : as Some have conceiv'd. That would be strange indeed ;

And lend their little Souls at ev'ry Stroke.

The Meaning plainly is, that the *Top* seems to be alive : *Plagæ dant animos* (or *vitam*, i. e. *motum rapidum*) *illi*, i. e. *Turbini*. Indeed Mr. Dryden's Sense may be included in *This*. They communicate their own Life to the *Top*. But he seems

especially since it is join'd with *mirata*, &c.

Ver. 503. — *The Lashes give it Life.*] Mr. Dryden seems to mistake the Sense of *Dant animos plagæ*, tho' it is in a pretty Verse ;

to take *Plagæ* for the Dative Case singular ; and *Illi* (understood) to be, the Nominative to *dant*. *Not here indeed.*

Ver. 506. *Ev'n on pretended Bacchanalian Rites, &c.*] This Incident of the Queen's running into the Woods and Mountains, with

BOOK 7. VIRGIL's *ÆNEIS*. 65

Thee they surround ; their consecrated Locks 515
 For thee they nourish. All the Matrons fir'd,
 With the same Furies in their Breasts, to seek
 New Dwellings, leave their Houses ; To the Winds
 They give their Necks, and Hair : Some fill the Sky
 With trembling Yells ; and clad in Skins of Beasts, 520
 Brandish their Spears with Viny Wreaths entwin'd.
 Her self inflam'd, and waving in the Midst
 A blazing Pine, the Hymenéal sings
 For *Turnus*, and her Daughter ; rolling round
 Her sanguine Eyes : And with a sudden Howl, 525
Io, Ye Latin Matrons, loud she shrieks :
 Hear me, where'er you are : If aught remains
 Within your pious Breasts of Care and Love
 For lost *Amata* ; if a Mother's Right
 Can move you ; Loose the Fillets of your Hair, 530
 And celebrate the Orgie-Feasts with Me.

Thus in the Woods, and desert Haunts of Beasts,
 With *Bacchus*' Rage *Alecto* goads the Queen,
 And hurrys her to Madness. When she thought
 That Fury, for the first, enough inflam'd ; 535
Latinus' Court, and Counsels all embroil'd :
 Thence the grim Goddess, rais'd on sooty Wings,
 Strait to the brave *Rutulian*'s Walls repairs ;

The

with her Fellow-*Bacchanals*, adds much to the Heightening and Swelling of the Confusion and Madness.

Ver. 515. *Thee they surround*, &c.] *Te lustrare choro*, say Some ; Some, *choris* ; and Others *choros*. The Sense is the

same: They danc'd round his Image. In the Original again here is an Ellipsis: *Fama volat* [Virgines] *molles tibi sumere*, &c. Ver. 399. *torvum* adverbially, for *torvo vultu*. Ver. 400. Orig. *ubi quæque* imports *ubicunque estis*.

The City built of old (so Fame reports,)
 By *Danaë*, (thither driv'n by boistrous Winds,) 540
 For her *Acrisian* Colony: The Place
 Was by the ancient Fathers *Ardua* call'd,
 And *Ardea* now th' illustrious Name remains.
 Here, in the lofty Palace *Turnus* slept
 (Such was his Chance) in gloomy dead of Night: 545
Aleto lays aside her griev'd Shape,
 And Fury's Visage; and her self transforms
 Into an aged Dame; with Wrinkles ploughs
 Her wither'd Front; with hoary Hairs assumes
 A Fillet; and an Olive-Wreath entwines: 550
 Chang'd to old *Calybe*, of *Juno's* Train,
 And Priestess of her Temple; and before
 The Youth, with Words like These, herself presents.
Turnus, Wilt thou endure so many Toils
 In vain to be exhausted? and resign 555
 Thy Sceptres to the Colony of *Troy*?
 Thy Nuptials, and thy Dowry bought with Blood
 The King denies thee; And a foreign Prince
 Is sought for, to succeed, and heir the Realm.
 Go now, Derided; and thy self expose 560
 To Perils which Ingratitude rewards:

Go,

Ver. 545. *Such was his Chance, &c.*] This *Sed fortuna fuit* is very unconnected; whether it be referred to the Words preceding, or following. But I chuse the latter. The *Sed* in This place is particular enough. One Commentator reads *Tum*; by what Authority

I know not. That is certainly better. Ver. 421. Orig. *fusus* thrown away. Ver. 430. *para* for *cura*. Ver. 435. *Orsa* for *Diſſa*.

Ver. 555. — And resign, &c.] *Transcribi*. See the Note on Ver. 952. of Book V.

Ver. 561. *To Perils which* In.

Go, rout the *Tuscan* Legions; and in Peace
 Protect the *Latins*. Me, while pleasing Sleep
 Relieves thee, *Juno's* self, th' Almighty Queen,
 Commands to thee This Message to relate. 565
 Then rise, and cheerful arm the Youth, and lead
 Their Squadrons thro' the Gates; dislodge the Chiefs
 Of *Troy*, now riding in our *Tyber's* Mouth:
 And burn their painted Ships: The Pow'rs Divine
 Command it: Let the King, *Latinus's* self, 570
 If he submit not, or refuse to grant
 Thy Rights of Nuptials, and the promis'd Bride,
 Experience *Turnus* terrible in Arms.

To whom the Youth with scornful Air replies,
 The Prophetess deriding: That their Fleet 575
 Within our *Tyber's* Chancel is arriv'd,
 Has not (as Thou supposest) 'scap'd my Ears:
 Imagine not my Soul can be alarm'd

With

Ingratitude rewards.] Tho' *in-gratis periculis* is very elegant in Latin, yet *ungrateful Dangers*, I doubt, would be too bold in English: Not that I know any Reason why it should. I have rendered the Sense; and endeavoured to keep up the Spirit of it by a sarcastical Expression.

Ver. 569. *And burn their painted Ships.*] ——— *Duces, pictasque exure carinas.* This *Duces* — *exure* may seem harsh. And it would be so, if there were not another Word [*carinas*] to which the Burning is referred. But in Poetry it is usual to join Words in This

Manner: Two being govern'd by a Third, if one of them properly agrees with it, both do. Thus, to omit many other Instances, in That of *Ovid. Metam. II. 312.* — *pariterque animaque, rotisque, expulit.* — *Expulit rotis* is very proper, but *expulit anima* would not be endured, if it were not joined with the other.

Ver. 571. *If he submit not, &c.*] *Fatetur* (i. e. promittit) *parere* (i. e. se paritutum) *dicto.*

Ver. 578. *Imagine not my Soul can be alarm'd,*
With Fears like These ———]
 For

With Fears like These: Nor is Heav'n's mighty Queen
Of me unmindful. 580

But Thee, O Mother Prophetess, o'ercome
With Rust of Age, and impotent of Truth,
Vain Cares disquiet; Thou among the Arms
Of Kings with causeless Terrours art deceiv'd.
'Tis thine to tend the Statues of the Gods, 585
And watch their Shrines: Leave War and Peace to Men;
To whom the Management of War belongs.

Such Words as these inflam'd *Alecto's* Rage;
Him, while he spoke, a sudden Trembling seiz'd
O'er all his Limbs; Fix'd stood his haggard Eyes; 590
The Fury hisses with so many Snakes,
So dire a Figure opens to his View.
Then, fiercely rolling round her fiery Orbs,
Him wav'ring, and attempting to reply
She back repels, and on her Hair erect 595
Uprears two Serpents, clangs her sounding Whip,
And rabid Thus with hideous Accent speaks.
Lo! I, who with the Rust of Age o'ercome,
And impotent of Truth, among the Arms
Of Kings with causeless Terrours am deceiv'd, 600
See! from th' Infernal Sisters' Seat I come:
War in my Hand, and Death I bear.

So saying, to the Youth she hurls a Brand;
And Torches smoking with a smould'ring Light

Fixes

For it is plain to me, that *Ne
tantos mihi finge metus* is thus
to be render'd; tho' *Ruæus* and
De La Cerda give it a Turn
somewhat different.

Ver. 582. *Impotent of Truth.*]

Verique effæta. The one is
poetically elegant in *Latin*;
and I see no reason why the
other should not be so in *English*.
The Meaning of both is, that
she was too old to judge truly.

Fixes beneath his Breast. With Horrour rous'd 605
 He starts from Sleep; O'er all his Body, Sweat
 Bedews his shudd'ring Limbs: For Arms he raves,
 Distracted; Arms upon his Bed demands,
 And o'er the Palace; madding with the Love
 Of Battles, and the barb'rous Rage of War. 610
 As when, with mighty Noise, the sputt'ring Flame

Of

Ver. 607. — *For Arms be raves, &c.] Arma amens fremit.* The Neuter again elegantly for the Active. So in the XIth Book — *fremet arma juvenus.*

Ver. 610. — *And the barb'rous Rage of War.]* In the Original, after *scelerata in-fania belli*, follows *Ira super*. It may seem a strange Climax to name *Anger* after *Madness*. I answer, The former relates to the *Hurry of his Thoughts about War in general*; and the latter to his *own Resentment and Jealousy in particular*. Anger and Jealousy against particular Persons are really more outrageous, than Warlike Fire and Fury. For These Things are very distinct; Soldiers commonly fight without personal Malice or Resentment. This, I believe, is the true Account of *Ira super*, (which some of the Commentators might have taken notice of:) But it cannot in This place be gracefully express'd in *English*; and so I have omitted it. Yet in the Original it is a full and noble Close of the Period; and stands well before the bright Simile

which follows it. *Ira super. Magno veluti cum flamma sonore, &c.*

Ver. 611. *As when with mighty Noise, &c.]* Monsieur Segrais mentions This Simile in Conjunction with That of the *Top* above-cited, as being Both of the *low Kind*. But there is manifestly a wide Difference between them. This is far more grand and heroical than That. Nay, I know not what can give us a greater and more terrible Idea of human Rage and Fierceness, than the Boiling of Liquor in a Cauldron. The whole Simile (the Hint of which, for it is no more, is taken from the XXI *Iliad of Homer*) is in every Part admirable: And there are few Beauties, even in *Virgil* himself, preferable to This. I will not transcribe the Whole; but refer to the last Line only. Let any Man consider how the Flakes of Smoke follow and seem to push forward one another, as they ascend into the Air; and then take notice of This Verse:

Nec

Of Wood, surrounds the boiling Cauldron's Sides ;
 The dancing Liquor bubbles with the Heat ;
 It's aqueous Fury roars, and smokes within,
 Exuberant and foaming : Nor does now
 The Water's bounding Tide it self contain ;
 The pitchy Vapour flying mounts in Air.

615

Therefore the Chiefs of all the Youth he sends,
 The Peace now broken, to *Latinus*' Court ;
 Wills him to arm, to guard th' *Italian* Coasts,
 And from his Territorys drive the Foe :

620

Him.

Nec, jam, se, capit, unda, volat, vapor, ater, ad, auras.

I have addel a Comma to every Word ; that the Reader may observe the *Cadence* and *seeming Length* of the Verse, plainly expressing the *long Spires* and *Wreaths* of Smoke. It seems almost as long as Two ; and yet does not all consist of Dactyls : So ingeniously judicious is the Disposition or Situation of the Words.

Ver. 612. — *Surrounds the Sides.*] *Suggestitur* is strictly *supponitur*, put under. Yet I have render'd it *surrounds* ; because *That* is more immediately true than *the other* : Tho' both are so in a *wide Sense*. It is *immediately under the Bottom*, not the *Sides*.

Ver. 614. *It's aqueous Fury, &c.*] I submit it to the Judgment of the Judicious, whether This Word *aqueous* be allowable here. It is an *English* Word ; and tho' hitherto, I think, it has been appropriated to *Philosophy*, I see no reason why it

may not be transferr'd to *Poetry* : Since it is *expressive* of clear *Sense*, and has a very good *Sound*. For the famous *various Reading* of This Place, [*aquai*, and *aquæ vis*] I refer to the Commentators, especially *Servius*, and *Pierius*. For my own Part, I am for the latter ; and agree with *Pierius*, that the Force of Eloquence is here wonderfully display'd in such a Variety of Words expressing the same Thing. — *Undantis abeni, Exultant latices, Furit aquæ vis, alte spumis exuberat amnis, Nec jam se capit unda* — all for the boiling of Water : Besides Those for the Noise, Fire, and Smoke ; — *Magno cum flamma sonore æstu* — *Fumidus* — *vapor ater*, &c. By This Redundancy of Words he expresses the Redundancy of the Thing he is describing : And yet all This is included in less than six Verses.

Himself would prove sufficient to engage
 Both with the *Trojan*, and the *Latin* Pow'rs.
 He said ; and to the Gods his Pray'rs preferr'd.
 With emulation the *Rutulians* rouse 625
 Each other to the War : His beauteous Youth
 On Some prevails ; on Some his Grandfire Kings ;
 On Some his Valour, and his Fame in Arms.
 While *Turnus* the *Rutulians* Thus inspires
 With Courage ; Swift, uprais'd on *Stygian* Wings, 630
Aleto to the *Trojans* speeds her Flight ;
 Having with new Sagacity espy'd
 The Place, where fair *Iulus*, on the Shore
 With Toils and Hounds the flying Deer pursu'd.
 Here the *Cocytian* Maid with sudden Rage 635
 Of keenest Appetite provok'd the Pack,
 (Tinging their Noses with th' accustom'd Scent,)
 To hunt a Stag : Which first th' Occasion prov'd

Of

Ver. 622. *Himself would prove sufficient, &c.*] *Venire for esse.* See the Note on the 54th Ver. of Book I. This He says by way of Menace to the King ; giving him to understand that he would fall upon *Him* as well as upon the *Trojans*, if his Demands were not comply'd with.

Ver. 638. *To hunt a Stag ; which first th' Occasion prov'd, &c.*] *Ut certum ardentis agent ; quæ prima malorum causa fuit.* De La Cerda and Monsieur Segrais take a great deal of Pains to vindicate *Virgil* from a supposed Objection of *Macrobius*, that it was trifling to make This Stag the Cause of the War. After all, *Macrobius* does not say so : He finds

fault indeed with the *initium belli*, as he calls it, *Saturnal.* Lib. V. Cap. 17. And says, that the Death of the Stag would have been *leve* and *puerile* ; had there not been a Concurrence of other Circumstances, some of which he mentions. The Truth is, he appears to have a mighty Appetite to find fault with *something* ; and That is all one can well make of it. But be That as it will : This Stag is only the Occasion of This Fray ; which it self is only one Cause of the War, among many others, and those far more important, viz. the Jealousy of *Turnus*, the Rage of *Amata*, both instigated by *Aleto*,

Of Woes, and fir'd the Peasantry to Arms.

A Stag there was, of comely Shape, and tall 640

With branching Horns: whom ravish'd from his Dam
The Sons of Tyrrheus nourish'd, and their Sire

Tyrrheus

Aleto, and she employ'd by
Juno. And then for an Occa-
sion of Quarrelling (after Mat-
ters were Thus prepared) there
never was any thing more proba-
ble, proper, or in all Respects

better adjusted than This In-
cident of the Stag-Hunting:
As never any thing was more
elegant or beautiful than the
Description.

Cervus erat forma præstanti, & cornibus ingens, &c.
——— *Affuetum imperiis soror omni Silvia cura*
Mollibus intexens ornabat cornua fertis,
Pectebatque serum, puroque in fonte lavabat.
Ille manum patiens, mensæque assuetus herili,
Errabat silvis, rursusque ad limina nota
Ipse domum sera quamvis se nocte ferebat.

But after This tame, domestick,
favourite Deer, being mistaken
for a wild one, is mortally

wounded; what Lines are These
which follow!

Saucius at quadrupes nota intra tecta refugit,
Succesitque gemens stabulis, questuque cruentus,
Atque imploranti similis tectum omne replebat.

One is ready to weep with Pity
for the imaginary Distress of a
Brute Creature: So exquisite is
the Art of the Poet describing
it. Another Instance of which,
much more at large, the same

Poet has shewn us (and Nobody
but He could have shewn it us)
in That inimitable Description
of the Mortality among Cattle
in the Third *Georgic*. Thus
for Example:

Non umbræ altorum nemorum, non mollia possunt
Prata movere animum, non qui per saxa volutus
Purior electro campum petit amnis; at ima
Solvuntur latera, atque oculos stupor urget inertes, &c.
Quid labor, aut benefacta juvant? quid vomere terras
Invertisse graves? Atqui non Massica Bacchi
Munera, non illis epulæ nocuere-repositæ:
Frondebis & victu pascuntur simplicis herbae;
Pocula sunt fontes liquidi, atque exercita cursa
Flumina; nec somnos abruptis cura salubres.

Tyrrheus himself, to whom was giv'n the Charge
Of all the Royal Herds, and spacious Fields.
This Beast, accustom'd to their gentle Rule, 645
Their Sister *Silvia* with uncommon Care
Adorn'd, and with soft Wreaths his Antlers crown'd,
And comb'd, and wash'd him in the limpid Stream.
He, patient of the Hand, his Master's Board
Attended; wander'd in the Woods; at Night, 650
Tho' late, spontaneous to his Home return'd.
Him, at a distance straying, in the Chace,
The eager Dogs of young *Iulus* rous'd;
As gliding down the Stream by chance he swam,
And on the grassy Bank allay'd the Heat. 655
Ascanius' self, inflam'd with Thirst of Praise,
Leve]d an Arrow from his bended Bow;
Nor was the God not present to direct

His

Ver. 658. *Nor was the God not present, &c.*] *Nec dextra erranti deus absuit.* There is a great Elegancy in This: 'He err'd even by hitting the Mark' i. e. considering the *Consequences*. And yet here is nothing of a Turn in Words, which *Ovid* upon such an Occasion would certainly have made, and which *Virgil* as carefully avoided. I have hitherto taken it for granted that This is the *Sense* of the Place; for to me nothing can be more plain. And yet all the Commentators give it another Meaning: *Erranti* for *incertæ*; or *Erranti*, i. e. *quæ errasset*, nisi *Deus non abfuisse*, &c. But what a strange un-

natural Interpretation is This, both in Grammar and Sense! Nor does any of them produce one Parallel Instance from any Author to justify it. Then if it were plain, (as it is quite otherwise) yet how bald and flat is it! Whereas the Other is both easy and elegant. At least it seems so to me; for I will not be positive, especially when I go against the Stream of Interpreters. Nor do I see any Necessity why *Deus* in This place must be understood of *Alecto*: On the contrary, I believe *Virgil* had no such Thought: *God* indefinitely, or *Fortune*, is, to my Apprehension, a much better Sense.

His erring Hand: The Shaft with hissing Sound
 Driv'n thro' the hollow Flank and Entrails flew. 660
 To his lov'd home the wounded Beast repairs;
 Bloody, and groaning, enters his known Stall,
 Like One imploring; and with plaintive Noise
 Fills all the House. Their Sister *Silvia* first,
 Shrieking with loud Laments, her Bosom beats, 665
 And calls the sturdy Peasants to her Aid.
 They (for the Fiend within the silent Woods
 Lies lurking) at the Summons strait appear:
 One with a Firebrand, with a knotty Stake
 Another arm'd; What-e'er they find in Search 670
 Rage makes a Weapon. *Tyrrheus* calls his Clan;
 As then by chance he riv'd an Oak in Four
 With Wedges inward forc'd, and puff'd amain,
 Wielding his Axe, and panting o'er the Blows.
 Then from her Spying-place the Hellish Pest, 675
 A Juncture fit for Mischief having gain'd,
 Ascends the Stall; and on it's Summit sounds
 The Rustick Charge, and thro' the crooked Horn
 Swells her *Tartarean* Voice: At which the Grove
 Suddenly trembled; And the Woods profound 680

All

Ver. 667. *The Fiend*.] *De La Cerda's* Interpretation is unaccountable: Who understands *Pestis* of the Rage of the Shepherds. Doubtless 'tis the Fury *Aletto* inciting them to Arms.

Ver. 680. — *The Woods* profound, &c.] Either in pro-

fundis vallibus, Woods in deep Valleys: Or rather, the inmost, the most retir'd, and thickest Parts of the Woods. This I take to be the more Poetical Meaning. Thus Mr. Dryden in his *Theodore* and *Monoria*:

More than a Mile immers'd within the Wood.

And even in common Discourse we use the Word *deep* in the same Sense. *Profundum* indeed

when apply'd to *Cælum* (see the Note upon Book I. 71.) may signify *high*. But here *That* In-

All thunder'd; *Trivia's* Lake at distance heard,
Velinus' Rivulets, and hoary *Nar*
 With sulph'rous Waves: And to their Bosoms press'd
 The frightened Mothers clasp'd their crying Babes.
 Swift to the Sound, where'er the Trumpet gave 685
 The direful Signal, snatching up their Arms,
 From ev'ry Part the hardy Peasants run:
 And, from their open Tents, the *Trojan* Youth
 Pour out their Forces to *Ascanius'* Aid.
 They form their Ranks; nor now in rustick Fray 690
 With knotty Clubs, or sharpen'd Stakes they fight,
 But with the two-edg'd Steel: And all around
 Rises a horrid Crop of Swords unsheath'd;

Their

Interpretation would be both
ijune and *unnatural*.

Ver. 691. ——— Sharpen'd
 Stakes, &c.] In the Original it
 is *sudibusve praustris*, i. e. har-
 den'd by the Fire, and then
 pointed.

Ver. 693. Rises a horrid Crop
 of Swords, &c.] *Atraque late*
Horrescit stristis seges ensibus.
Servius takes *Seget* for the
 Earth, and *atra* for fertil:
 meaning, I suppose, that the
 Field look'd dreadful with the

Swords, &c. But certainly the
 Poet means the same here as in
 the XIIth Book ——— *Strictisque*
seget mucronibus borret Ferrea.
 'Tis the same as if it were *seget*
ensium: And Thus all other
 Expositors understand it: *Hor-*
rescunt vibrati enses, instar sa-
getis fluctuantis. And what
Virgil here includes in one Word
 by a Metaphor, *Milton* has
 drawn out into a Simile, *Pa-*
rad. Lost, Book IV.

While thus he spake, th' Angelic Squadron bright,
Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned Horns
Their Phalanx; and began to hem him round
With ported Spears. As thick, as when a Field
Of Ceres ripe for Harvest waving bends
Her bearded Grove of Ears, which way the Wind
Sways them.

Atra indeed, as apply'd to
 drawn Swords, may seem very
 strange. *De La Cerda* refers it
 to the Horror which they oc-
 casion, more fully express'd in

the next Word *Horrescit*. I
 think That must be the Sense,
 because I know no better; and
 so have render'd it *horrid*.

Their Arms against the Sun reflected shine,
 And cast a brazen Light beneath the Clouds. 695
 As when the Waves first whiten with the Foam;
 The Ocean swells it self by just degrees,
 And lifts it's Billows higher; 'till at last
 It rises from the Bottom to the Sky.
 Here fell before the first embattled Line 700
Almo, the eldest Youth of *Tyrrheus*' Sons,
 Shot by a sounding Arrow: For the Wound
 Beneath his Weazon stuck, and with his Blood
 Clos'd up the Passage of the humid Voice,
 And choak'd the slender Life. Upon the Field 705
 Around

Ver. 694. *Their Arms against the Sun reflected, &c.*] *Sole la-cessita* here gives us a most strong and beautiful Image; as if there were a Kind of *Rivalry* between the Sun and the shining Metal: And the last strikes back the Rays of the first, being, as it were, provok'd by it: And so shines with greater Lustre; as a Man when he returns a Blow, exerts his Strength more than usually. I take This to be the true Sense of the Word *Laceffita* in This place. If I am wrong in my Conjecture, I hope it may be excus'd; because no Commentator instructs

me. They only render it by *percussa*; or *Solis reperiçu*: Which is true; but does not come up to the full Import, and Beauty, of the Word.

Ver. 696. *As when the Waves, &c.*] This Simile is much more proper, when apply'd to a considerable Number of Men, as it is here; than when apply'd (for it is the same in effect, tho' not in the very Words) to a single Bull, heightning his Rage by Degrees, as it is in the Third Georgic.

Ver. 702.—*For the Wound, &c.*] This is very elegant in the Original:

—*Hæsit enim sub gutture vulnus, & udae
 Vocis iter, tenuemque inclusit sanguine vitam.*

Ver. 541. Orig. *potens* for *compos*. Next Ver. *primæ commisit funera pugnae*; for *commisit primam funestam pugnam*. *Pugnam committere* is well known: but *committere funera* may seem odd. Next Ver. *con-*

vexa All say is for *convecta*. Why then is it not read so? Ver. 559. *si qua super fortuna laborum est*; for *si qua super est fortuna in [his] laboribus*. i. e. *negotiis*.

Around him many slain promiscuous lay;
 And old *Galeus*, while he interpos'd
 To offer Peace; Than whom more just was None,
 Nor wealthier in *Ausonian* Lands: To Him
 Five bleating Flocks, as many Herds return'd; 710
 And with an hundred Ploughs he till'd the Glebe.

While Thus the Fight with equal Fortune hangs;
 The Goddess, having now perform'd her Charge,
 Giv'n Death a Taste, and dipp'd the War in Blood,
 Forsakes *Hesperia*; and in Air sublime 715
 To *Juno* Thus with Pride and Triumph speaks.

See Discord by dire War for you complete;
 Bid them unite in Amity, and Leagues:
 Since with *Ausonian* Gore I have imbru'd
 The *Trojans*; if your Will concur with mine, 720
 This I will add: I'll rouse the neighb'ring Towns
 With Rumours to the Fight, and fire their Minds
 With mad Desire of Arms; that they may come
 Auxiliaries: Thro' all the Countries round
 I'll scatter War. Then *Juno* thus replies. 725

Abundant are the Terrours, and the Frauds:
 The Causes of the War stand fix'd; They fight
 In closest Battle join'd, with Arms which Chance
 At first supply'd; New Blood has ting'd Those Arms.
 Let King *Latinus*, and the precious Son 730
 Of *Venus* celebrate such Marriage-Rites,
 Such Hymenæals: Thee Heav'n's Lord supreme
 Permits not longer in th' Ethereal Air
 To rove licentious: From These Realms retire;
 Whatever Task, or Fortune yet remains, 735
 My self will manage. Thus *Saturnia* spoke:

The Fiend expands her snaky sounding Wings;
Seeks black *Cocytus*' Seat, and leaves the Sky.

Full in *Italia*'s Centre, underneath
The lofty Hills, there is a Place renown'd 740
By Rumour wide, and fam'd on various Coasts;
Amsanctus' Valleys: Which on ev'ry side
A gloomy Wood incloses, thick with Trees;
And in the Midst a rapid Torrent whirls
It's Waves, and tumbling foams among the Stones 745
With roaring Noise. A horrid Cavern here
Is shewn: Thro' whose black Tunnels breathes the Stench
Of griesly *Dis*; and burst from *Acheron*
A Gulph opes wide its pestilential Jaws:

Thro'

Ver. 737. — Her snaky, [sounding Wings.] *Stridentes anguibus alas*. I am persuaded (tho' I have no Authority to countenance my Conjecture) that, instead of *anguibus*, *Virgil* wrote *unguibus*. The Leather Wings of a Bat are divided by a Kind of Ribs, which end sharp, and spiky; and are of a horny Substance, like Nails, or Claws. And *stridentes unguibus alas* expresses the Clattering which These Fury's Wings might be suppos'd to make;

when they were expanded with Force and Violence. This will be somewhat the more probable: if it be considered how much Use the Poet has made of Snakes already, in the Description of This *Alecto*; and besides, to imagine them upon her Wings is an odd Idea.

Ver. 739. Full in *Italia*'s Centre, &c.] The Description of This Place thro' which the Fury returned into Hell is inferior to few Passages in the *Æneit*. Especially That

Medioque fragorus
Dat sonitum saxi, & torto vortice torrens.
Hic specus borrendum, & sævi spiracula Ditis
Monstrantur, ruptoque ingens Acheronte vorago
Pestiferas aperit fauces

Ver 748. — Burst from [Acheron.] In the Original, *Acheron being burst*, i. e. burst-
ing out, or finding a Passage here. The Sense is the same, either way.

BOOK 7. VIRGIL's ÆNEIS. 79

Thro' which the Fury plung'd her hideous Form 750
 Detested, and reliev'd the Earth and Skies.

Nor less mean-while *Saturnia* to the War
 Adds her last Hand : The Shepherds from the Field
 Rush to the City, bringing back their Slain,
 Young *Almo*, and *Galesus*' Face besmear'd ; 755
 Conjure *Latinus*, and implore the Gods.
 Them *Turnus* present joins ; and, in the Midst
 Of Crimes, and Slaughter, aggravates the Guilt,

Ver. 753.—The Shepherds from the Field, &c.] Here the Action thickens exceedingly, by a Coincidence of many very important Circumstances. The Peasants from the Country bring their Slain to the City :

—*Ruit omnis in urbem*

*Pastorum ex acie numerus, cæsosque reportant
 Almonem puerum, sædatique ora Galest;
 Implorantque Deos, obtestanturque Latinum.*

(Where *cæsos* agrees with what | Grammar.) *Turnus* from another Part joins them :

*Turnus adest ; medioque in crimine cædis & ignis
 Terrorem ingeminat ; Teuc. osque in regna vocari,
 Stirpem admisceri Phrygiam, se limine pelli.*

i. e. dicit *Teucros*, &c. Then the | increase the Tumult ;
 Sons of the Bacchanalian Ladies

*Tum quorum attonitæ Baccho nemora avia matres
 Insultant thiasis, (neque enim leve nomen Amata)
 Undique collecti coeunt, Martemque fatigant.*

All united insist upon the War :

*Ilicet infandum cuncti contra omina bellum,
 Contra fata deum, perverso numine poscunt ;
 Certatim regis circumstant testa Latini.*

It is impossible to give a more strong and lively Image of Tumult and Confusion, than This is.

Ver. 757, 758.—In the Midst Of Crimes and Slaughter &c.] — *Medioque in crimine cædis & ignis, Terrorem ingeminat.* This Passage is differently pointed by different Editors, and Commen-

tators. Some make a Comma at *crimine*, and none at *cædis & ignis* ; making Those Words to be the Genitive to *Terrorem*, as Others do to *Crimine*. Some read *Igni*, not *Ignis*. The Sense is in Substance the same either way : And I know not which is the more elegant. *Ignis*, for Sedition, Tumult, and Confusion.

Doubles the Terror, and inflames their Rage.
 Alledges, that the *Trojans* are receiv'd 760
 Partners to share the Realm; a *Phrygian* Race
 Incorporate; Himself expell'd from Court.
 Then Those, whose Mothers thro' the pathless Woods,
 With *Bacchanalian* Madness dancing, rov'd,
 (For great the Influence of *Amata's* Name) 765
 Come gather'd from all Parts, and urge the Fight.
 Against the Fates, and Prodigies Divine,
 And angry Gods, insatiate they demand
 The impious War; and obstinately croud
 With Tumult round the King *Latinus's* Court. 770
 He, like a Rock amidst the Sea, unmov'd,

Stands

Ver. 763. *Then Those, whose Mothers, &c.*] *Nemora avia*—The Pronoun *per* understood, *Insultant* [saltant] *thiasis*, Dances in the Honour of the Gods, especially *Bacchus*. Thus *Ecl. V.*—*Thiasos inducere Baccho*.

Ver. 766. — Urge the Fight.] — *Martemque fatigant*: i. e. *laccunt*, *provocant*.

Ver. 584. Orig. *perverso*; i. e. (according to all the Commentators) *irato*, understanding it of *Jupiter*, and the other Gods. After all, I much question whether it does not mean *perverso*, as we commonly speak; (and as *Virgil* uses it *Ecl. III. 13.*) being apply'd to *Juno*, and *Allecto*.

Ver. 771. *He, like a Rock amidst the Sea unmov'd, &c.*] I do not understand why *Mr. Dryden*, *M. Segrain*, and Others, agree in lessening the Character of This King *Latinus*; as

a weak, irresolute, and cowardly Prince, frightened by his Subjects, and govern'd by his Wife. 'Tis true, he is an old Man; but That ought to excuse, not to aggravate his Infirmities. He is indeed overborn by the Rage, and Tempest of the Times: But he judges well, and wisely; and even resists the Torrent for a long time: And is at last overruled by little less than downright Force, and Violence, and open Rebellion: Nor does it appear in This place, that he has so much as one Friend, to stand by him. *Virgil* here honours him with This noble Simile, *Ille velut pelagi rupes, &c.* And afterwards represents him as absolutely refusing to declare War by opening the Temple of *Janus*. His Speech in Council, Book XI. is extremely good; and That to *Turnus* in the XIIth is incom-

BOOK 7. VIRGIL's ÆNEIS. 81

Stands opposite, resisting: Like a Rock
 Amidst the Sea; Which, while the roaring Tide
 Encroaches, with it's Weight it self sustains,
 Among the noisy Waves: In vain the Cliffs 775
 Foaming rebellow loud; And all around
 The broken Sea-weed dashes on it's Sides.
 But when no Pow'r was left him to o'er-rule
 Their blind Resolves; And all th' Affair runs smooth
 By cruel *Juno's* Nod: The awful Sire, 780
 Protesting much, to witness calls the Gods,
 And empty Air; The Fates, alas! he cry'd,
 O'erpow'r us; And we drive before the Storm.
 Your selves, Ye Miserable, with your Blood
 Shall dearly pay the Forfeit of your Crime. 785
 Thee, *Turnus*, Thee a Penalty severe
 Awaits; And thou with Pray'rs too late preferr'd
 Shalt importune the Gods: For Me, my Rest
 Is found; And in the Port my Vessel rides:

An

comparable. And as for his extorted Compliances (so far as he does comply) younger Princes than He have been aw'd by their Queens and Subjects to act contrary to their Judgments, in difficult and stormy Times; and yet have not underwent so severe a Censure as has been pass'd upon This good, old, venerable Monarch. I dare say, it is a Censure to which *Virgil* never intended to expose him.

Ver. 782. *And empty Air.*] *De la Cerda* takes pains to make good Sense of This *auras testatus inanes*, by quoting several Proverbs: But I think

to little purpose. For 'tis one thing to *speak to the Wind*, or *Air*, i. e. to *speak in vain*, and quite another to *call the Wind or Air to witness*. For my part, I believe it should be read *aras*, instead of *auras*. He call'd to witness the Gods, and their *useless Altars*; because of the *League* which was made *religiously*, and is now broken. And I am confirm'd in This Conjecture by the following Words; *Ipsi has Sacrilego &c.* — to *venerabere feris*.

Ver. 789. — *In the Port my Vessel rides.*] I have a little receded from the Original,

An happy Fun'ral-Pomp is all I lose. 790
 He said no more ; but in his Palace-Walls
 Confin'd himself, and left the Reins of State.

An ancient Rite *Hesperian Latium* held ;
 Which all the *Alban* Cities still observ'd
 As sacred, Now Imperial *Rome* observes ; 795
 When first they fire the Martial God to Arms :
 Whether against the *Getae* they provide
 The Woes of War ; or to th' *Hyrceanians* bend ;
 Or to th' *Arabians* ; and the *Indian* East ;
 And from the *Parthians* re-demand their Spoils. 800
 Two Gates of War there stand (so call'd their Name)
 Tremendously religious, by the Dread
 Of horrid *Mars* : An hundred brazen Bolts,
 And everlasting Iron's solid Strength
 Secures them ; Nor does *Janus* ever cease 805
 To guard the Portal. Here, when certain War
 The Fathers by their Sentence have decreed ;
 The Consul, clad in his *Quirinal* Gown,
 And rich *Gabinian* Robe, himself unlocks
 The jarring Doors ; Himself calls forth the Fight : 810
 Then all the Forces follow ; And at once
 In shrill Assent the brazen Trumpets sound.
Latinus then, by This accustom'd Rite,
 They urge against the *Trojans* to denounce
 Defiance, and unbar the fatal Doors. 815

The

Omnisque in limine *portus*, i. e. near, or within view. The Expression (take it all together) seems a little forced and unnatural.

Ver. 794. — *Cities still observ'd*, &c.] In the Original,

the Word *protinus* signifies in Succession from the *Latins*. Ver. 610. Orig. *Robora*, i. e. *vires*. Ver. 619. *Cæcis umbris* ; i. e. in Privacy, or the most secret Retirements of his Palace : As before, *Sepfit se testis*.

BOOK 7. VIRGIL's ÆNEIS. 83

The King, averſe, deteſts their Touch, and flies
The odious Miniſtry; and hides himſelf
In cloſe retirement. Then the Queen of Gods,
From Heav'n deſcending, with her Hand impels
The ling'ring Bolts; and on their craſhing Hinge 820
Herſelf burſts ope the iron Gates of War.

Auſonia, peaceful, and unmov'd e'erwhile,
Now burns with Fury: Some on foot prepare
To take the Field; Some ſtorm in Clouds of Duſt,
High on their loſty Steeds: All Arms require. 825
Some ſcour their poliſh'd Shields, and pointed Spears,
And whet their Battle-Axes; pleas'd to wave
The Banners, and to hear the Trumpets ſound.

Five mighty Towns on Anvils rais'd renew
Their Arms; *Atina* potent, *Tybur* proud, 830

Ardea, and *Cruſtumeria*, and with Tow'rs
Antemnæ crown'd. They form their ſolid Caſques;

And Sallow Twigs for boſſy Targets bend:
Some brazen Corſlets, or ſmooth Cuiſſes beat
In ductile Silver: All the due Regard 835

To Tillage, all the Honour of the Plough,
And Love of Vintage, hither is transfer'd:

The Weapons of their Fathers they recaſt
In Forges: Now the Trumpet's Clangor ſounds;
The Word is giv'n: One ſnatches from the Roof 840
His Helm with eager Haſte; Another joins

His

Ver. 825. *High on their loſty Steeds, &c.*] *Pars arduus, &c.* The Regimen relates to the *Senſe*, not to the Grammatical Gender.

Ver. 826. *Some ſcour their, &c.*] I have omitted *Arvina pingui*; becauſe it is ungraceful in Engliſh. In the ſame Verſe *ſubigunt in cote muſt be acunt.*

His neighing Steeds in Harness, fits his Shield,
Laces his triple-tissu'd Coat of Mail,
And buckles to his Side his trusty Sword.

Now open *Helicon*, and Songs inspire,

845

Celestial

Ver. 845. *Now open Helicon, &c.*] As *Virgil* has Two Catalogues, or Mufters of Armies, *This* of the *Latins*, and *That* of the *Auxiliaries* to the *Trojans* in the Tenth Book; I have a View to them Both at once in This Remark. Upon the *Design in general* I cannot so well entertain my Reader by any Words of my own, as by *Mr. Pope's* upon the same Subject: What He says being equally applicable to *Homer's* and *Virgil's* Catalogues.

" We may observe first,
" What an Air of Probability
" is spread over the whole
" Poem by the particulari-
" zing of every Nation and
" People concerned in This
" War. Secondly, What an
" entertaining Scene he repre-
" sents to us of so many Coun-
" tries, drawn in their live-
" liest and most natural Co-
" lours; while we wander a-
" long with him amidst a
" beautiful Variety of Towns,
" Havens, Forests, Vineyards,
" Groves, Mountains, and Ri-
" vers; and are perpetually
" amused with his Observa-
" tions on the different Soils,
" Products, Situations, or
" Prospects. Thirdly, What
" a noble Review he passes be-
" fore us of so mighty an

" Army drawn out in order
" Troop by Troop; which,
" had the Number only been
" told in the Gross, had ne-
" ver filled the Reader with
" so great a Notion of the Im-
" portance of the Action.
" Fourthly, The Description
" of the different Arms, and
" Manner of fighting of the
" Soldiers, and the various At-
" titudes he has given to the
" Commanders. Of These Lea-
" ders, the greatest Number
" are either the immediate
" Sons of Gods, or the De-
" scendants of Gods: And how
" great an Idea must we have
" of a War, to the waging of
" which so many Demi-Gods,
" and Heroes are assembled?
" Fifthly, The several artful
" Compliments he paid by
" This Means to his own
" Country in general, and ma-
" ny of his Contemporaries in
" particular, by a Celebration
" of the Genealogies, ancient
" Seats, and Dominions of the
" great Men of his Time.
" Sixthly, The agreeable Mix-
" ture of Narrations from Pas-
" sages of History, or Fables;
" with which he amuses, and
" relieves us at proper Inter-
" vals." The last Reason he
" gives I do not transcribe, be-
" cause it does not affect *Vir-*
gil's

Celestial Muses : Say, what Kings were rous'd
 To Battel ; under ev'ry Chief what Troops
 Crouded the Fields ; in *Latium's* fertil Soil
 Ev'n Then what Heroes flourish'd ; With what Arms
 It kindled War: For You, Ye Pow'rs Divine, 850
 Can best remember, and record ; To Us

A

gil's Catalogues : But there is another in lieu of it, which does. *Homer's* is introduced with admirable Judgment in the Pause of Action : And *Virgil's* before the Action is begun. I speak of This first Catalogue : Tho' the same indeed may be said of the Other, with Respect to *That Part* of the Action, which is perform'd by the Heroes there mentioned.

Thus then, as to the Design in general. For the Comparison between *Homer's* and *Virgil's* ; I see not the Force of *Macrobius's* Reasons for the Preference of *That* to *This*. What if the *Roman* Poet does not, like the *Grecian*, pursue an exact *Geographical* Method ? He was writing an *Heroic Poem*, not making a *Map* : And perhaps it is more Poetical, and agreeable, to leap from Place to Place, than to name them in order exactly as they lie. His *direct* and *immediate* Business was to give an Account of *Persons*, not of *Countries* : The Last being but an accidental Circumstance belonging to the First. It was indeed proper to mention This Circumstance ; because it is exceeding

beautiful, and embellishes his Subject : And That was the chief Use he intended to make of it. Then what does it signify, that *Homer* having in his List named such and such Heroes, produces them afterwards All (except One) in the Field of Battle, and none but Them : Whereas *Virgil* drops Some of his whom he had named, and produces Others whom he had not named ? This to me is so far from being a Fault, that it is a Beauty : Because it gives Heroic Poetry the greater Air of Freedom, and an elegant Negligence of stiff Method. Why must such a Catalogue in an Epic Poem exactly resemble the *Dramatis Personæ* before a Play ? All whom he mentions, he tells us, were engaged in the War : But he does not afterwards shew them All in a fuller Light. And what if he does not ? He shews us Others whom he had not mentioned ; Which is so much the better ; because 'tis Variety, and Surprise. The Objection concerning more Persons than One having the same Name is of no more Force : And it is full as easy to prove that This is a Beauty,

A Breath of scanty Rumour scarce descends.

First, stern *Mexentius*, Scorner of the Gods,
To War advances from the *Tyrrhene* Coasts,
And arms his Troops : With Him his Son appears, 855
Lausus, than whom more beautiful was None,
Except *Laurentian Turnus*' graceful Form.

Lausus,

Beauty, as That it is a Fault :
But perhaps in reality it is Neither. *Homer* indeed in One respect seems to entertain us more than *Virgil* ; in that he musters Both Armies together, and draws them up against one another. And yet it is possible most Readers will think that *Virgil*'s Conduct is more judicious, in giving us his Two in different Parts of his Poem : Because Those Catalogues appearing both together might be too long, and a little heavy ; however diversify'd with particular Circumstances, and Po-

etical Decorations. With Regard to which, certainly *Virgil* has much the Advantage over his Master. He has several delicate Similes in his List ; The other has not One, I mean as to particular Persons. His Excursions into History and Fable are much longer, and more amusing ; tho' the Whole is much shorter. Then, whereas *Homer*'s are Both at Land ; One of *Virgil*'s is at Land, and the Other at Sea. And the adventitious Paintings in the last mentioned are admirable. Particularly That :

*Ingentem remis Centaurum promovet ; Ille
Instat aquæ, saxumque undis immane minatur
Arduus, & longa sulcat maria alta carina.*

And That :

*It gravis Auletes, centenaque arbore fluctum
Verberat assurgens ; spumant vada marmore verso.
Hunc vel it immanis Triton, & cæcula concha
Exterrens freta : cui laterum tenuis bispida nanti
Frons hominem præfert, in Pristin definit alvus :
Spumea semifero sub pectore murmurat unda.*

Moreover the Greek Poet mentions one of his chief Heroes (*Achilles*) in the Middle of his List ; and the other (*Hector*) in the Beginning. But *Virgil*

judiciously, and by way of Climax, reserves his *Turnus* till the last ; I mean among the Men ; for *Camilla* is a Heroine, not a Hero. And it was proper

Lausus, for *Horfes* tam'd, and *Beasts* subdu'd
Illustrious, from *Agylia's* City leads

In vain his Thousand; worthy to enjoy
 A better and a happier Sire; and He
 Unworthy of so good and brave a Son.

860

Next *Aventinus*, fam'd in War, and born

Of

proper to name *Her* even after
 Him: Because the Idea of a
Female Warriour is *New*, and
 gives an unexpected Turn to
 our Thoughts. And what a

Couple of Figures do These
 make in the Conclusion of the
 Catalogue! And what is there
 comparable to them in Either
 of *Homer's*?

Ipse inter primos præstanti corpore Turnus
Vertitur, arma tenens, & toto vertice supra est.
Cui triplici crinita juba galea alta Chimeram
Suffinet, Ætnæos efflantem faucibus ignes, &c.

Afterwards;

Hos super advenit Volsca de gente Camilla,
Agmen agens equitum, & florentes ære catervas,
Bellatrix. Non illa colo, calathisque Minervæ
Fæmineas assueta manus; sed prælia Virgo
Dura pati, cursuque pedum prævertere ventos.
Illa vel intactæ segetis, &c.
Illam omnis tectis agrisque effusa juventus
Turbæque miratur matrum, & prospectat euntem,
Attonitis inhians animis; ut regius ostro
Velet bonos læves bumeros, ut fibula crinem
Auro internectat, &c.

But then as the first Inventer,
Homer here, as every where else,
 uncontestably triumphs. And
 This Invention, among many
 Others, gives him an undoubted
 Right to That Honour which
 ever has been, and ever will be
 paid him. How in This he
 has been imitated by other
 Heroic Poets, as well as by
Virgil, *Mr. Pope* has observed:
 And I need add no more upon
 This Subject.

Ver. 860. — *Worthy to*
enjoy, &c.] — Dignus pa-
tritis qui lætior esset Imperiis.
 He deserved to be happier in a
 Father's Government and Au-
 thority: i. e. in a Father: For
 His was both wicked, and un-
 fortunate.

Ver. 863. — *Fam'd in*
War, &c.] Pulchro, as apply'd
to Hercules, cannot signify
beautiful in his Person. Be-
cause it ill agrees with the Idea
 we

Of warlike *Hercules*, upon the Plain
 His conqu'ring Horses and his Chariot shews, 865
 Crown'd with triumphant Palm; and on his Shield
 His Father's Impress bears, the *Hydra*, round
 Inclos'd, and hissing with an hundred Snakes.
 Him in the Wood of *Aventinus*' Mount
 The Priestess *Rhea*, by a stol'n Embrace 870
 A Woman mingling with a God, disclos'd
 To Light ethereal; when from *Geryon* slain
Tyrinthius Conqu'ror reach'd *Laurentum*'s Fields,
 And wash'd th' *Iberian* Herds in *Tyber*'s Stream.
 Piles in their hands, and goring Pikes they bear, 875
 And with round pointed *Sabine* Jav'lines fight.
 Himself on foot a Lion's monstrous Hide
 Throws o'er his Head, and Shoulders, with white Teeth,
 And shaggy Fur: Thus stalks into the Hall,
 Horrid, and with *Herculean* Terrour dress'd. 880
 Two Brothers next forsake *Tiburtian* Walls,
 Which from their Brother *Tiburs* took their Name,
 Brave *Coras*, and *Catillus*, *Argive* Youth;
 And in the Front, among the thickest Darts, 884
 Ad-

we conceive of That rough robust Hero; but illustrious, or renown'd by his Actions. And so I take *pulcher* in the same Sense, as apply'd to his Son *Aventinus*. Who likewise is afterwards describ'd as a horrid savage Champion; *Horridus, Herculeoque humeros innexus amictu*.

Ver. 867, 868. — The *Hydra*, round Inclos'd, and hissing with an hundred Snakes.] *Centum angues, cinctamque geris serpentibus Hydram*. This

is certainly the Figure *τὸ διὰ δυοῖν*. *Centum angues*, and *Serpentibus*, mean the same Snakes.

Ver. 870. — By a stol'n Embrace, &c.] *Furtivum partu* may be right; but had I good Authority for it, I would read *furtivo*.

Ver. 876. And with round, &c.] This is another Hendiad. *Mucrone*, and *veru* relate to the same Weapon; the *Veru* having the *mucro*. Ver. 669. *humeros innexus amictu*: i. e. *habens amictum innexum humeris*.

BOOK 7. VIRGIL's ÆNEIS. 89

Advance. As when two Cloud-born Centaurs leave,
 With rapid Pace, some airy Mountain's Height,
 From Omole, or Othrys' snowy Top
 Descending: To their Steps the Wood gives way,
 And crashing Trees on either side retire.

Nor was the Founder of Prænest's Tow'rs 890
 Not present; Cæculus, the King, believ'd,
 In ev'ry Age, among the rustick Herds
 Of Vulcan born, and found in Smoke and Fire.
 With Him a num'rous rustick Legion march'd;
 The Soldiers who Prænest's lofty Walls 895
 Inhabit, and Gabinian Juno's Fields,
 Cold Anienus, and the Hernic Rocks
 Water'd with Streams; whom rich Anagnia feeds,
 And Father Amasenus. These in Arms
 Appear not all, nor sounding Chariots drive, 900
 Nor Targets wear: The greatest part throw Balls

Of

Ver. 885. — *As when two Cloud-born Centaurs leave, &c.* | grand, and horridly antique in
 This, both as a Simile, and as
 There is something exceeding | a Description:

*Ceu duo nubigenæ cum vertice montis ab alto
 Descendunt Centauri, Omolen, Otbrynque nivalem
 Linquentes cursu rapido; dat euntibus ingens
 Silva locum, & magno cedunt virgulta fragore.*

They are compared to Centaurs, says Servius, to imply | it afterwards plainly appears
 that they were Horsemen. As | that they were; Book XI.
 465.

—— *Equites Messapus in armis,
 Et cum fratre Coras latius diffundite campis.*

Ver. 899, 900. — *These in Arms Appear not all.* | i. e. not
 in the common Arms, like
 Those which others used. For
 their Bullets and their Darts
 (of whatever Shape) were Weapons. Or, as Some say, not
 in Armour; making Clypei af- | terwards to be explanatory of
 Arms. Ver. 689, 690. Orig.
*Vestigia nuda sinistri Instituire
 pedis. Instituire: i. e. ex in-
 stituto (five more) patrio, ha-
 buere. For the rest, see Not.
 on Book V. ver. 709.*

Of livid Lead ; Part brandish in their Hands
 Two Darts : A yellow Cap of Wolf-skin made
 Covers their Heads ; Their left Foot bare ; Their right
 In the raw Leather of a Shoe inclos'd. 905

But from *Neptunian* Blood *Messapus* sprung,
 Tamer of Steeds, whom None with Sword, or Fire
 Could vanquish, suddenly to Battel calls
 His long unactive Subjects, and his Troops
 Unus'd to War ; and reassumes his Arms. 910

These lead the Forces from *Fescennium* drawn,
 And just *Faliscum* ; These possess the Hill
 And Lake of *Ciminus*, *Capena's* Groves,
Soraete's Mountains, and *Flavinian* Fields.

In even Lines they march'd, and sung their King : 915
 As when the snow-white Swans thro' liquid Air
 Return from Feeding, and melodious Strains
 Thro' their long Throats extend ; The River sounds ;
 And

Ver. 916. *As when the Snow-white Swans, &c.*] This Simile is most finely expressed ; and is in all Respects very good as a Simile. But why a Number of armed Men, tho' they were *singing*, should be taken for Birds rather than Soldiers, I confess I do not well understand. It were sufficient, one wou'd think, that they should be *so far like Birds*. *Homer's* Simile taken from Swans, *Iliad* II. has another Point of View ; and is very beautiful. That by *Asia* here is not meant the Country so called, is certain ; because of the Quantity of the first Syllable. Yet the *Lake* might be named so, for aught

I know : But This is not my Business, *Ruæus*, who has taken much Pains in the Geographical Part, calls it *Asia*, and so did *Servius* before him. Madam *Dacier's* Remark upon This Word may be seen in Mr. *Pope's* XXIII. Observation upon the II. *Iliad*. Notwithstanding which, I believe *Virgil* understood both *Greek* and *Geography* as well as *She* ; and was altogether as careful and exact a Writer. However it be, Mr. *Dryden* and I are Translators of *Virgil*, not of *Homer* ; and so are not mistaken in rendring it *Asia*, not *Asius*. Ver. 704. *Misceri* : i. e. *componi, consitui*.

And at a distance *Asia's* Lake returns
Their Warbling. 920

Nor any would have thought That num'rous Force
For brazen War assembled; but a Cloud
Of airy Birds, which from the gulphy Deep
Swift wing'd their way, and singing sought the Shore.

Lo! *Clausus*, from the *Sabines'* ancient Blood 925
Descended, leads a mighty Host, Himself
A mighty Host; from whom the *Claudian* Tribe
And Lineage now thro' *Latium* is diffus'd,
Since *Rome* in part was to the *Sabines* giv'n.

With Him the *Amiternian* Cohort wide, 930
The old *Quirites*, all *Eretum's* Band,
Mutuscæ Olive-bearing; Those who hold
Nomentum's Town, *Velinus'* dewy Fields,
Tetrica's rugged Rocks, *Severus'* Mount,
Casperia, *Foruli*, *Himella's* Stream; 935
Those who of *Fabaris*, and *Tyber* drink;
Those whom bleak *Nursia* sent, th' *Hortinian* Troops;
And *Latin* Clans; and Those whom (fatal Name!)

Allia

Ver. 933. — *Velinus' dewy Fields.*] *Rosea rura Velini.* Mr. Addison in his Travels renders *Rosea* by *Dewy*, and so have I; because it is imply'd in it, not directly signify'd by it. There is, no common Adjective from *Ros*, but *roscidus* and *roridus*: And as for *roseus* from *rosa*, the first Syllable is short. Here therefore *Roseus* is certainly a proper or patronymic Adjective, as all the Commentators and Geographers agree: But then (as they say too) it has it's Ety-

mology from *Ros*, because it is a very dewy Country. Some Copies have it *roscidus*. But the other Reading is the best: And the Word should be written with a Capital R, as it is in most Editions, tho' not in all. Ver. 716. Orig. The Word *Classis* sometimes relates to Land-Forces. Ver. 720. *Sole novo* means not the Spring: (because *torrentur aristæ* will not agree with That Season) but the Beginning of Summer. Ver. 732. Orig. *Falcis cominus enses* [sunt illis.]

Allia with intermediate Stream divides.

Num'rous, as Surges roll'd on *Libya's* Sea, 940

When rough *Orion* sets in wintry Waves ;

Or Ears of Corn scorch'd by the Summer's Sun,

On *Hermus'* Plain, or *Lycia's* yellow Fields:

Their Targets ring ; And with their trampling Feet

The Ground beneath them trembles, as they walk. 945

Halefus, born of *Agamemnon's* Race,

Foe to the *Trojan* Name, his harness'd Steeds

Joins to his Chariot ; and with rapid Haste

His furious Thousand brings to *Turnus'* Aid:

Those who with Harrows turn the *Massic* Soil 950

Fertile of Wine ; and whom th' *Auruncan* Sires

Sent from their lofty Hills ; and Those who live

Fast by the *Sidicinian* Seas ; and Those

Who *Cales* leave ; and near *Vulturnus'* Ford

Inhabit ; and the *Osian* Band ; and rough 955

Saticulans. Round missile Darts they throw ;

But These by Custom to a pliant Thong

Are ty'd : A Buckler on their Left they wear ;

And crooked Fauchions wield in closer Fight.

Nor shalt Thou, *Oebalus*, be in our Verse 960

Left unrecorded ; whom *Sebethus'* Nymph

(So Fame reports) to aged *Telon* bore,

When o'er *Teleboan Caprea's* Realms he reign'd.

But, with his Father's Limits not content,

The Son ev'n Then with more extended Sway 965

Rul'd the *Sarraftes*, and the Countries wash'd

By *Sarnus* ; Those who *Batulum* possess,

And *Rufæ*, and *Celenna's* Fields ; And Those

Whom

BOOK 7. VIRGIL's *ÆNEIS*. 93

Whom cloath'd with Trees *Abella's* Walls command ;
Accustom'd, by *Teutonic* Mode, to hurl 970
Huge pond'rous Jav'lins : Rind of Cork their Casques ;
And brazen Swords they wear, and brazen Shields.

Thee too the *Nursian* Mountains sent to War,
Ufens, renown'd by Fame for conqu'ring Arms ;
Whose Subjects all the Natives round excel'd 975
In Fierceness, harden'd in a harden'd Soil,
The savage *Æqui* ; us'd among the Woods
To ceaseless Hunting : Arm'd they till the Glebe ;
And evermore delight to bear away
Fresh daily Plunder : and by Rapine live. 980

Next, of *Marubian* Race the valiant Priest,
Sent by the King *Archippus*, *Umbro* came ;
(His Helm with happy Olive-Foliage wreath'd :)
Who with his Charms, or Touch, the vip'rous Race,
And Dragons, breathing pestilential Stench, 985
Could lull to Sleep, and mollify their Rage,
And heal with magick Art the Wounds they gave :
But could not cure the Wound Himself receiv'd,
Pierc'd by a *Dardan* Spear ; Nor aught avail'd
His lulling Charms, nor Herbs on *Marfian* Hills 990
Collected : Thee *Angitia's* Wood deplor'd :
Thee *Fucinus* within his crystal Stream ;

Thee

Ver. 969. *Whom cloath'd with Trees Abella's Walls command.*]
—*Maliferæ despectant mœnia Abellæ.* The Word *Malum* signifies not only an *Apple*, but many other Sorts of *Fruit*, and *Malus* many other Sorts of *Fruit-Trees*. And so I have render'd *maliferæ* indefinitely. To *command*, in *Prospect*, signifies to *overlook*;

Ver. 974. — *Renown'd by Fame for conqu'ring Arms.*]
—*Insignem fama, & felicibus armis* : i. e. *fama felicitum armorum*, ἡ δὲ διὰ δύοῦν again.

Ver. 983. — *With happy Olive-Foliage wreath'd.*] — *Felici comptus olivæ*, i. e. *ornatus*. So Book VIII. — *vittæ comptos voluit prætereare ramos*.

Thee mourn'd the liquid Lakes.

There *Virbius* march'd, illustrious, fam'd in Arms:
Whom to *Hippolytus Aricia* bore, 995

And sent to Battel; in *Egeria's* Woods

Nurs'd up, along the humid Shores; where stands
An Altar fat with Blood, and milder now,

Rais'd to *Diana*. For Tradition tells,

That when, torn piece-meal by the frighted Steeds,
Hippolytus had, by his Step-dame's Art, 1001

Glutted his Father's Vengeance with his Blood;

He rose again to vital Air, restor'd

By med'cinal Simples, and *Diana's* Love.

But Heav'n's high King, with Indignation mov'd 1005

That any Mortal from th' infernal Shades

Should to the Light of upper Life return,

Himself with Thunder to the *Stygian* Waves

Struck the Inventer of That med'cinal Art,

Apollo's Son. But in a Seat retir'd 1010

Propitious *Trivia* hid *Hippolytus*,

And to the Nymph *Egeria* and her Groves

Committed him; That in th' *Italian* Woods,

Lonesom, inglorious, he might waste his Days,

And by a Change of Name be *Virbius* call'd. 1015

Hence from the Temple and the sacred Groves

Of *Trivia* horny-footed Steeds are driv'n:

Because, by Sea-born Monsters scar'd, they flung

The Chariot and the Youth upon the Shore.

Yet not the less upon the spacious Plain 1020

His Son in Harness manag'd fiery Steeds;

And with his Chariot rush'd into the War.

But,

Ver. 998. *Milder now*] For | press'd: As appears from the
now is understood, tho' not ex- | History. See it in *Ruæus*.

But, by the Head entire, o'ertopping all,
Turnus himself with beauteous Form appears,
 High in the Van, and graceful shines in Arms. 1025
 Whose crested Helmet, with a triple Plume
 Tow'ring, sustains *Chimæra*, from her Jaws
 Breathing *Ætnean* Fires: The more the Fight
 Kindles in Rage, and rolls with Tides of Blood;
 The more she storms, and burns with baleful Flames.
 With Horns erected *Iō* cast in Gold 1031
 (Illustrious Argument!) his Buckler grac'd,
 An Heifer now, and all with Hair o'ergrown;
Argus her Watch; and *Inachus* her Sire,
 Pouring his River from his graven Urn. 1035
 A Storm of Foot succeeds; And shielded Troops
 O'er all the Fields stand thick: The *Argive* Youth,
 Th' *Auruncan* Forces, the *Rutulian* Bands,
 The old *Sicani*, and *Sacranian* Files,
 And gay *Labici* with their painted Shields. 1040
 Those, *Tyberinus*, who thy Woods manure,
 And Those who plough *Numicus'* sacred Shore;
 The Ridge of *Circe*, and *Rutulian* Hills,

The

Ver. 1028, 1030. — The more the Fight, &c. The more she storms, &c.] i. e. It seems to be so; because one Horrour, which is real, heightens another which is imaginary.

Ver. 1034. *Argus* her Watch.] In the Original, — *Custos virginis Argus*. The Word *Virgo* generally signifies a Maid, but sometimes a Woman indefinitely. 'Tis apply'd to *Pasiphaë*, Ecl. VI. 47. [See *De La Cerda* upon That Place.] The same is to be said of the Word

καρβένας in Greek. *Iō* was certainly no Virgin, when *Argus* had the Care of her.

Ver. 1036. A Storm of Foot succeeds.] *Insequitur nimbus peditum.* νέφος ἔπειτο πέλων. 'Tis hard to say, whether *Homer's* Original, or *Virgil's* Translation, be the more noble. Yet the latter could have render'd it *Nubes peditum*, if he had pleas'd; but he thought the other a better Sound, and a stronger Image.

The Fields o'er which *Anxurian Jove* presides,
 And with her verdant Grove *Feronia* pleas'd : 1045
 Where the black Pond of *Satura* lies deep ;
 And thro' low Vales cold *Ufens* seeks his Way,
 And in the Ocean hides his mingled Waves.

These of the *Volscian* Race *Camilla* joins,
 Leading her Horse-Brigade, and Troops with Brags
 Refulgent : Warlike Virgin ; in the Loom 1051
 And Baskets of *Minerva* (Female Arts !)
 Unpractis'd ; but inur'd to toilsom War,
 And with her Fleetness to outstrip the Winds.
 She o'er the Tops of untouch'd Corn would fly, 1055
 Skimming along, nor hurt the tender Grain ;
 Or run, supported on a swelling Wave,
 Thro' the mid Sea, nor tinge her nimble Feet.
 Her all the Youth, from Towns and Countries pour'd,
 And Crouds of Matrons, with insatiate Gaze, 1060
 Longing pursue ; and eagerly admire
 How on her smooth sleek Shoulders sits her Vest
 Of Regal Crimson ; how a Buckle strains
 Her Tresses, and confines them clasp'd in Gold ;
 How graceful She her *Lycian* Quiver bears, 1065
 And tip'd with Steel her rural Myrtle Spear.

Ver. 1051. *Refulgent.*] *Flo-*
rentes ære, for fulgentes. Flou-
ishing with Brags, instead of
shining may seem particular :
 But we must submit to *Virgil's*
 Authority. 'Tis plain he lik'd
 the Expression, for he uses it
 again in Book XI.

Ver. 1055. *She o'er the Tops*
of untouch'd Corn, &c.] I
 have in another * Treatise
 observ'd, that the *Verses* here

are very beautiful, but that
 the Thing is impossible : Because
 here is no Divine Power
 mentioned to save the Diffi-
 culty. But after all ; *Virgil*
 knew This as well as We :
 And there is scarce any Bold-
 ness of This Kind, which the
 peculiar Spirit and Privilege of
 Poetry will not, by way of
 Hyperbole, at least excuse, if
 not justify.

* *Præl. Poet.* p. 378.



VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

BOOK the EIGHTH.

THIS Book is distinguish'd from the Rest of the last Six, by the *Change of the Scene* from *Latinus's Country* to *Evander's*; but chiefly by it's being in so great a Measure *Episodical*. Indeed the Preparations of the *Latins* for War; And their sending Ambassadors to *Diomedes*; The Expedition of *Æneas* to *Evander*; His obtaining Auxiliaries, and going to join the *Tuscans*; are all Pieces of the direct Action. But all the rest is Episode: viz. The Genealogys of the *Trojans*, and *Arcadians*, and their Relation to each other; The ancient Facts related by *Evander* about *Anchises*, *Hesione*, &c. The Antiquitys of That Part of *Italy*, which was afterwards to be the more immediate Seat of the *Roman Empire*, and even of *Rome* it self; The Story of *Cacus*; And the Making, and Engraving of the Shield. All These Incidents and Recitals are excellent in their Kind; And the Book, taken all together, is one of the Noblest, most Elegant, and most Entertaining of the whole Twelve. And it is particularly so by it's being *Episodical*. When we are in the Height of

98 I N T R O D U C T O R Y R E M A R K S .

Expectation and Suspense for the Event of a most important War just ready to begin ; what an agreeable Transition of Thought is it, to be for a while diverted from Those Military Preparations, by such Narratives, and Facts, *of a quite different Nature*, as make us forget That about which we were before so curious, and impatient. Not that These Episodes are *separated*, or *disjointed* from the *main Subject* ; So far otherwise, that they are all Parts *of it*, except the Story of *Cacus* ; and even *That* is finely interwoven *with it*. The *venerable Simplicity of Manners* in *Those ancient Times*, and the *Royal Poverty* of *Evander*, and his Court, in a Place which was *afterwards* to be the Seat of *Rome*, the Mistress of the Universe, makes a most delightful Contraste of Ideas ; and is to the last degree affecting.

*Cum muros, arcemque procul, & rara domorum
Tecta vident, quæ nunc Romana potentia cælo
Æquavit ; tunc res inopes Evandrus habebat.
Hinc ad Tarpeiam sedem, & Capitolia ducit,
Aurea nunc, olim silvestribus horrida dumis.*

Afterwards :

*Talibus inter se dictis ad tecta subibant
Pauperis Evandri ; passimque armenta videbant
Romanoque foro, & lautis mugire Carinis.
Ut ventum ad sedes : hæc, inquit, limina victor
Alcides subiit, hæc illum regia cepit :
Aude, hospes, contemnere opes, & te quoque
dignum
Finge Deo ; rebusque veni non asper egenis.*

Who

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS. 99

Who that reads This does not *envy* the old *Arcadians*, and *pity* the old *Romans*; wish for the virtuous Poverty of the One, and fear the luxurious Greatness of the Other? The Images of *Antiquity* here likewise (as in the Seventh Book) are wonderfully pleasant, and amusing; especially where *Evander* explains them to *Æneas*.

—— Ibat rex oblitus ævo,
Et comitem Ænean, &c.
Miratur facilesque oculos fert omnia circum
Æneas, capiturque locis, & singula lætus
Exquirique auditque virum monumenta priorum.
Tum Rex Evandrus, &c.
Hæc nemora indigenæ Fauni, Nymphæque tenebant,
Gensque virum truncis, &c.
—— Dehinc progressus monstrat & aram,
Et Carmentalem, &c.
Hinc lucum ingentem, quem Romulus acer Asylum
Rettulit, & gelida monstrat sub rupe Lupercal, &c.
Hic duo præterea disiectis oppida muris,
Reliquias, veterumque vides monumenta virorum:
Hanc Janus pater, hanc Saturnus condidit urbem, &c.

And all This the more *artful* in the *Poet*, and the more *pleasant* to *Us*; because it is the very Spot of Ground upon which *Rome* stood: Some Parts of which are proleptically hinted at, before they are supposed to be in Being. Especially That of the Capitol; which strikes me more than any thing yet mentioned. He makes the *Rock* upon which the Capitol was to stand to be already regarded with Religious *Awè*, and *Horror*; and to be already inhabited by a *God*.

100 INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

Hinc ad Tarpeiam sedem, &c.

Fam tum Relligio pavidos terrebat agrestes, &c.

*(Quis Deus incertum est) habitat Deus: Arcades
ipsum*

*Credunt se vidisse Jovem, cum sæpe nigrantem
Ægida concuteret dextra, nimboſque cieret.*

I shall in my separate Notes be more particular upon This admirable Passage: As also upon *Cacus*, and the *Shield*; by which two Episodes This Book is most signally distinguished.

SOON as the Signal of the War, display'd
By *Turnus*, floated on *Laurentum's* Tow'r;
And the shrill Trumpet founded loud Alarms;
Soon as he fir'd the sprightly Steeds, and clash'd
The rattling Arms; Forthwith their Minds confus'd 5
With

Ver. 4, 5. *Soon as he fir'd the sprightly Steeds, and clash'd The rattling Arms.*] *Utque acres concussit equos, utque impulit arma.* It is agreed on all hands, that the Meaning of the Words is as I have rendered it; Tho' to Some they may be a little difficult. Concerning This Custom, or Ceremony, of declaring War, see the Commentators. It is finely alluded to by *Milton*: *Parad. Lost*, Book I. After the Conclusion of *Satan's* Speech,

—War then, War,
Open, or understood, must be resolv'd:

It follows Thus,

*He said; and to confirm his Words, outflew
Millions of flaming Swords, drawn from the Thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; The sudden Blaze
Far round illumin'd Hell: Highly they rag'd
Against the Higbest, and fierce with grasped Arms*

Clash'd

With Rage demand the Fight: All *Latium* leagu'd
 Trembles with Tumult; and the madding Youth
 With Fury storms: The Chiefs, *Messapus* first,
 And *Ufens*, and the Scorn of the Gods
Mezentius, from all Parts their Succours bring, 10
 And leave no Hinds to till the spacious Fields.
 Then to great *Diomedes*'s Imperial Walls,
 To sue for Succour, *Venulus* is sent,
 T' inform him, that the *Trojans* were arriv'd
 In *Latium*; That *Aeneas* with his Fleet 15
 Had brought his vanquish'd Gods, himself declar'd
 The King requir'd by Fate; That many Realms
 Espous'd the *Trojan*'s Int'rest; and his Name
 Thro' *Latium*'s Regions was diffus'd around:
 What was his End by such Attempts propos'd, 20
 What Issue of his Battles he desir'd,
 Should he succeed, to *Diomedes* himself,
 More plainly than to either of the Kings,
 To *Turnus*, or *Latinus*, must appear.
 In *Latium* Thus: All which the *Trojan* Chief 25
 Perceiving, fluctuates with a Tide of Cares;
 His

Clash'd on their sounding Shields the Din of War,
 Hurling Defiance toward the Vault of Heav'n.

Ver. 11. *And leave no Hinds,*
 &c.] *Vasant* [i. e. *spoliant*]
cultoribus agros.

Ver. 21, 22. *What Issue of*
his Battles he desir'd, Should he
succeed——] *Quem, si for-*
tuna sequatur, Eventum pugnae
cupiat. This, at first View,
 looks Absurd: What Issue he

desired, in case of his Success:
 i. e. (may one say,) what Event
 after the Event. But This is
 no Objection: There may be
 an Event of an Event: And the
 Meaning is, what he further
 desired, as a Consequence of his
 Success in This War, viz. The
 Enslaving of all Italy.

His wav'ring Mind alternately divides
 A thousand Ways ; now This, now That resolves,
 And turns on ev'ry side his shifting Thoughts.
 As when in brazen Vats the trembling Light 30
 Of Water, from the Sun's reflected Beams,
 Or from the Image of the radiant Moon,
 Flits all around, and now is whirl'd aloft
 To the high Roof, and dances in the Air. 34
 'Twas Night ; and ev'ry Creature, Beast, and Bird,
 O'er all the World, lay hush'd in soft Repose ;
 When Prince *Æneas*, on the Bank reclin'd,
 Beneath the open Canopy of Heav'n,
 And troubled in his Breast with Woes of War,
 Late Rest indulg'd. To Him the local God, 40
 Old *Tyberinus*, from his pleasant Stream,
 Among the Poplar Boughs, appear'd to rise :
 Thin azure Linen o'er his Shoulders flew ;

And

Ver. 30. *As when in brazen Vats, &c.*] The *Water* is contained within the *brazen Vessel* : And the *Light* is reflected from *Both*. Mr. *Dryden* attributes so much to the latter, (the shining Metal) that he mentions *That only* ; and leaves out the *Water*. Which was certainly very wrong : For *That* is the chief Cause of the *trembling Reflection*. This Simile again is of the *low and little Kind* : but extremely *elegant and beautiful* ; very *proper*, and by no means *unheroical*. Instead of *repercussum*, I would rather read *reper-*

cussu. As it is ; the *Light* of the *Sun* is suppos'd to strike the *Light* of the *Water* : and *repercussum* has the force of *sæpe percussum*. But the Other, the *Sun being reflected*, is much better : And so all the Commentators understand it, tho' they adhere to the present Reading. Ver. 33. Orig. *Visus* [est.] Ver. 40. *Terræ* : The Imperative passive, not the Infinitive active.

Ver. 40. — To Him the local God, &c.] This is a most lovely Description.

*Huic Deus ipse loci, fluvio Tyberinus amæno,
 Populeas inter senior se attollere frondes
 Visus : Eum tenuis glauco velabat amictu
 Carbasus, & crines umbrosa tegebat arundo.*

BOOK 8. VIRGIL'S *ÆNEIS*. 103

And shady Reeds entwin'd his hoary Head.
 Then Thus he spoke, and Thus reliev'd his Cares. 45
 O born of Race celestial, chos'n by Fate
 To bring the *Trojans* from amidst the Foes
 To Us restor'd, and eternize thy *Troy*;
 O long expected by the *Latian* Realm;
 Here is thy Mansion, here thy fix'd Abode. 50
 Desist not Thou, nor fear the Threats of War:
 The high-swoln Anger of the Pow'rs Divine
 Is all abated.
 And now, for proof that no illusive Dream
 Deceives thee with a visionary Scene, 55
 Thou shalt beneath the Willows on the Shore
 Find a white Sow, and round her Teats her Young
 Of the same Colour, lying on the Ground,
 Thirty in number: That shall be the Place
 To build thy City; There thy certain Rest 60
 From Labours. From That time, in thirty Years,
Alba, so call'd from hence, shall rise renown'd
 Built by *Ascanius*. Certain are th' Events
 Which I predict: At present (mark my Words)
 How what th' immediate Strefs of Things requires 65
 Thou

Ver. 61.—From That Time
 in thirty Years, &c.] *Ex quo*
ter denis, &c. *Servius* renders
ex quo by *qua ratiocinatione*:
Ruæus, by *ex quo præfagio*. I
 take it (with *De La Cerda*, and
 Others) in the plain, and com-
 mon Sense for *ex quo tempore*.
 And This, notwithstanding the
 Niceties of *Ruæus* in point of
 Chronology, agrees well enough
 with what is predicted by *Ju-*

piter in his Speech to *Venus*
 Book I. Ver. 50. Orig. *Victor*
 [futuraus.] Ver. 52. *signa* [illi-
 us.] Ver. 58. *sub-vestus* means no
 more than *vestus*. I have often
 observed that *sub* in Composi-
 tion does not always imply *un-*
der. It is often (in *Virgil* espe-
 cially) the direct contrary; and
 sometimes *neither*, as in this
 place.

Thou may'st accomplish, I'll in brief unfold.
 Th' *Arcadians*, from the Blood of *Pallas* sprung,
 To King *Evander* and his Banners join'd,
 Have Here their Mansion chose, and on the Hills
 Founded their City *Pallentium*, nam'd 70
 From ancient *Pallas*. These perpetual War
 Wage with the *Latins*: Add Thou to thy own
 Their Martial Bands, and ratify a League.
 My self along the Banks, and River, strait
 Will speed thy Course; that wasted thou may'st pass 75
 With Oars the Stream adverse. Rise, Goddess-born,
 With the first setting Stars make solemn Vows
 To *Juno*, and by suppliant Pray'rs o'erpow'r
 Her Rage and Threats; To Me, when Victor, pay
 Due Honours: He I am, whom here thou see'st 80
 Rolling between the Banks with plenteous Tide,
 And cutting with my Train the fertile Glebe;
 Cerulean *Tyber*, fav'rite Stream of Heav'n:
 My stately Palace here, in future Times,
 Empress of Tow'ring Cities shall arise. 85

The

Ver. 71, 72. *These perpetual War Wage with the Latins—*
 How then were the *Latins* in

Peace? as we are told they were Book VII. 45, &c.

— Rex arva *Latinus*, & urbes,
Jam senior, longa placidas in pace regebat.

The Answer, I suppose, must be (for the Commentators take no notice of the Objection) that they were at Peace among themselves; and that This War with the *Arcadians* did not much disturb them.

Ver. 81. *Rolling between the Banks, &c.* Stringentem (i. e. radentem, or leviter tangentem) ripas.

Ver. 84, 85. *My stately Palace here in future Times Empress of tow'ring Cities shall arise.*

The River spoke, and plung'd into his Flood :
 Sleep leaves *Æneas* ; and the Night retires.
 Rising, he turns him to the rising Sun ;
 And from the River in his hollow Hands,
 By solemn Rite accustom'd, Water takes, 90
 And Thus prefers his Suit in open Air.
 Ye Nymphs, *Laurentian* Nymphs, from whom the Birth
 Of Rivers springs ; and Thou, Supreme of Floods,
 O Father *Tyber*, with thy sacred Stream ;
 Receive *Æneas*, and relieve his Toils. 95
 Thou, who with Pity do'st regard our Woes ;
 In whate'er Soil thy beauteous Head is rais'd,
 Where-e'er thy Source : For ever shall by Me
 Thy Deity be honour'd, Horny God,
 King of *Hesperian* Rivers. Only grant 100

To

arise.] *Hic mihi magna domus celsis caput urbibus exit.*
 This difficult Passage is interpreted Two ways. One is That, according to which I have render'd it: And *De La Cerda*, *M. Segrais*, *Mr. Dryden*, and *Lord Lauderdale* are of the same Opinion: Which is likewise mentioned as probable by *Servius*, and *Ruæus* ; tho' by Them not entirely approv'd of. The great Objection against This is the Word *exit* ; the present for the future: But That is not considerable ; especially in a *prophetical*, or *oracular* Sentence. The Other is ; This is my *Palace* ; my *Source* or

Fountain rises near great Citys : Which seems to me very jejune and poor Sense ; Whereas the other is very grand and noble. According to This latter Interpretation, there must be a Comma at *Domus* ; and none, according to the former. For my Part, I am clearly of Opinion that *Virgil* chiefly intended the Sense I have render'd ; yet not excluding the other : and that he on purpose expressed it *ambiguously* ; because it is *prophetical*, and *oracular*, as I said before. That the other Sense is not excluded, seems probable from what *Æneas* afterward says ; Ver. 75.

—*Quocunque solo pulcherrimus exit.*

I must confess, after all, *exit* | apply'd to a Building.
 for *surgit* is a strange Word as

To Us thy nearer Succour, I implore,
And ratify the Promise thou hast giv'n.

He said; And from his Fleet two Gallies chose;
New rigg'd them, and supply'd his Friends with Arms.
When to their Eyes a Prodigy appear'd 105
Wond'rous, and sudden; In the Wood a Sow
Of milk-white Colour, with her milk-white Young,
Together lying on the verdant Shore.

Them good *Æneas* to Thy Altar brings,
Great Queen of Gods, a Sacrifice to Thee. 110
All That Night long propitious *Tyber* calm'd
His swelling Stream, and refluent still'd his Waves,

Smooth

Ver. 109. — *To thy Altar brings, &c.* *Tibi enim, tibi maxima Juno, &c.* "I could not (says Mr. Dryden) turn the Word *Enim* into English with any Grace. Tho' it was of such Necessity in the Roman Rites; that a Sacrifice could not be performed without it. 'Tis of the same Nature (if I may presume to name That sacred Mystery) in our Words of Consecration at the Altar." I am here utterly ignorant of Mr. Dryden's Meaning: His Explanation makes *Virgil's Enim* more mysterious to me, than it was before. That it was of such Necessity in the Roman Sacrifices, I never heard: Nor does any Commentator that I have seen upon This Place give us any such Information. What there may be like it in the Words of Consecration in Mr. Dryden's Religion, I know not: I am sure there is no such

Thing in Ours. *Servius* (and no other Expositor that I have seen takes any notice of it) says This *Enim* in *Virgil* is redundant, and purely ornamental: But what Ornament there is in it, or to what Purpose it was inserted, I confess I do not understand.

Ver. 111. *All That Night long, &c.* *Ea, quam longa est, nocte, &c.* So in the Fourth Book — *Hyemem inter se luxu, quam longa, fovere.*

Ver. 112. — *Refluent still'd bis Waves.* *Refluens ita substitit, &c.* He went backward, that the Trojans might not go against the Stream. But how could he go back, and yet stand still? Why, *substitit* cannot mean strictly standing still; but being so gentle, that its Motion was not perceived. Which we know is confirmed by the Experience of all, who have seen the *Thames*, or almost any other River.

Smooth as a standing Lake, or glassy Pond ;
 That no Obstruction might retard their Oars.
 Therefore their destin'd Voyage they pursue, 115
 With prosp'rous Omen : Down the River floats
 The new-pitch'd Fir ; The Woods and Waves admire
 A Sight so unaccustom'd on the Tide,
 The painted Vessels, and the shining Shields.
 Lab'ring they ply their Steerage Night and Day ; 120
 And various Windings pass, thro' various Trees
 Imbow'ring ; and along the gentle Stream
 Cut the reflected Groves, and verdant Shades.

Now in his full Meridian blaz'd the Sun :
 When at a distance they beheld the Walls, 125
 The

Ver. 116. *With prosp'rous Omen.*] For That is certainly imply'd in *Rumore secundo* ; And is indeed the Meaning of it at the Bottom : Upon This Omen of the white Sow the Soldiers had a current Report among them that the Event would be prosperous.

Ver. 117. *The Woods and Waves admire, &c.*] The Attributing of human Passions to inanimate Things is perfect Poetry. *Insuctum* here signifies unaccustom'd to such Sights.

Ver. 120. *Lab'ring they ply their Steerage Night and Day.*] In the Original, *Remigio noctemque diemque fatigant*. The Sense is as I have render'd it ; but cannot be literally express'd in English.

Ver. 123. *Cut the reflected Groves, &c.*] So All explain *viridesque secant placido æquore sylvas*. The Water was so

clear, that the Trees were reflected in it ; And so the Ships are said to cut or divide them in the Water. Tho' it is possible that This may be meant of the real Woods themselves ; which might be said to be cut, while the Ships sail'd between them. Perhaps the Word *secare* will bear That Interpretation. But then *placido æquore* will not be altogether so proper, tho' it may be allowable too : They sail between the Trees, upon the Stream. But they cut or divide them *placido æquore*, i. e. in the River, is certainly a more literal Construction, and a more poetical Image. I hope, *verdant Shades* in my Version is not too bold. The first Word is in the Original, tho' not the other. For the Expression itself, see (if you think it worth while) Note on Book 1. 830.

The Fort, and Tops of Houses thinly rang'd ;
 Which Now the *Roman* Pow'r has rais'd to Heav'n ;
Evander Then possess'd the poor Domains :
 They turn their Prows, and soon approach the Town.
 It chanc'd that on That Day, th' *Arcadian* King, 130
 Before the City, in a Grove's Recess,
 'To great *Alcides*, and the Gods, perform'd
 A solemn Sacrifice : At which his Son
Pallas assist'd, and the chosen Youth,
 And wealthless Senate : Clouds of Incense rose, 135
 And at the Altars smok'd the tepid Blood.
 When the tall Ships among the shady Woods
 Gliding they saw, with lab'ring, silent Oars ;
 Scar'd at the sudden Sight all leave the Boards :

Bold

Ver. 130. *It chanc'd that on That Day, &c.*] There is something very engaging in the Disposition of This Scene. A Sacrifice performed in a Wood, by the King, the Prince, and all the Court. In the Midst of so peaceful a Solemnity, they are suddenly encounter'd with the Sight of Ships, and arm'd Men just ready to land upon them, &c. This is likewise a fine and natural Introduction to the noble Epifode of *Cacus* :

Whose Death was the Occasion of the Festival which they are now celebrating. Ver. 107. Orig. *Ut celfas vidēre rates, atque [cas] — Allabi — & [viros] — incumbere &c.*

Ver. 139. Scar'd at the sudden Sight, &c. to Ver. 146. — *bring you hither Peace or War ?*] Two Things are remarkable here: The sprightly Courage and Fire of young *Pallas*, who is hereafter to make so shining a Figure ;

*Terrentur visu subito, cunctique relictis [vos]
 Consurgunt mensis ; audax quos rumpere Pallas
 Sacra vetat, raptoque volat telo obuius ipse :*

And the elegant and judicious Brevity of what follows ;

*Et procul è tumulto : Juvenes, quæ causa subegit
 Ignotas tentare vias ? quo tenditis ? inquit.
 Qui genus ? unde domo ? pacemne hic fertis, an arma ?*

Qui [estis quoad] genus ? Unde domo ? for ex quâ domo ?

Bold *Pallas* wills them not to interrupt 140
 The sacred Feast ; and, snatching up a Dart,
 Himself flies obvious : On a rising Ground
 Then speaks from far. Say, Strangers, for what Cause
 Explore you Ways unknown ? Or whither tends 144
 Your Voyage here ? Whence come you ? From what Race
 Deriv'd ? And bring you hither Peace, or War ?

Then Prince *Æneas*, from the lofty Deck
 Waving the peaceful Olive in his Hand,
 Replies : The *Trojans* you behold, and Arms
 Hostile to *Latium* ; *Trojans* thence expel'd 150
 By impious War. *Evander's* Court we seek :
 To Him this Message bear ; To Him relate,
 That chosen Chiefs are here arriv'd from *Troy*,
 To ask his Friendship, and Confed'rate Arms.

Struck at so great a Name, young *Pallas* stood ; 155
 Approach, he cry'd, whoe'er Thou art ; approach
 My Father's Presence, and with him confer,
 And to our hospitable Court proceed.
 He said ; embrac'd ; and hung upon his Hand :
 They leave the River, and ascend the Grove. 160
 Then Thus the *Trojan* Chief with friendly Words
 Bespeaks the King. O Best of *Grecian* Race,
 Whom Fortune wills me to address with Pray'r,

Ex-

Ver. 150. *Trojans thence*,
 &c.] The Word *Trojugenas*
 must be understood as repeated,
 to agree with *quos*. Ver. 143.
 —4. Orig. *non legatos* [misi]
neque Tentamenta tui pepigi ; i. e.
fruxi, composui ; as *pangere Ver-*
sus. That is the best I can
 make of it : For the rest, see
 the Commentators ; who make a
 dark Story of it, in my Opinion.

Ver. 156. *Whoe'er Thou art*.]
 This must relate to the Person
 of *Æneas* only ; who had not yet
 told them his Name. That they
 were *Trojans* he had told them.
 Therefore Those Words, just
 Before, *tanto percussus nomine*,
 must relate to the *Trojans* in
 general, not to *Æneas* in par-
 ticular. Ver. 141. Orig. *generat*
for generavit. Ver. 151. *rebus*
 [bellicis, or gestis.]

Extending in my Hand the Olive-Branch
 With Fillets wreath'd ; To Me no Cause of Fear 165
 Was your Extraction ; tho' *Arcadian* born,
 A *Grecian* Leader, and ally'd in Blood
 To both th' *Atridæ*, You their Lineage share.
 But me my Piety, and Heav'n's Commands,
 Our Kindred Parents, and your Fame diffus'd 170
 Thro' all the World, have urg'd by Fate's Decree,
 Well pleas'd, to join Our Colony to Yours.
Troy's first great Founder, *Dardanus*, the Son
 (So *Greece* relates it) of *Electra*, sprung
 From *Atlas*, on the *Trojan* Coasts arriv'd. 175
Electra's Birth from mighty *Atlas* came,
 Who on his Shoulder turns th' *Ethereal* Orbs.
 Your Sire is *Mercury* ; and Him conceiv'd
 On cold *Cyllene's* Top fair *Maia* bore ;
Maia, the Daughter (if we credit Fame) 180
 Of the same *Atlas*, who sustains the Sky :
 Thus from one common Stock both Stems divide.
 Trusting to This, no Embassy I sent,
 Nor at a distance artfully explor'd
 Your Counsels ; but my self expos'd, and came 185
 In my own Person, suppliant to your Court.
 The same fierce *Daunian* Race, which You alarms
 With cruel War, if Us it can expel,
 Thinks ev'ry Bar remov'd ; and to it's Yoke
Hesperia all must bend, and all the Sea, 190
 Which washes it on either side. Accept,
 And give alternate Faith : We want not Strength,
 Nor Courage firm, nor Youth well try'd in War.

He said ; And, while he spoke, th' *Arcadian* King
 Gaz'd stedfast on his Face, and Eyes ; and all 195
 From

BOOK 8. VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS. 111

From head to foot survey'd his Person o'er :
 Then Thus in brief reply'd. With what Delight,
 Bravest of *Trojans*, Thee do I receive,
 And recognize ! How recollect in Thee
 The Visage and the Accent of thy Sire, 200
 The great *Anchises* ! For I well remember,
 When *Priam* came to *Salamin*, where reign'd
Hesione his Sister, in his Way
 He visited *Arcadia*'s frozen Coasts. 204
 The first gay Bloom of Youth then flush'd my Cheeks ;
 The *Trojan* Leaders I admir'd, admir'd
Priam Himself : But high above the rest
Anchises walk'd ; With youthful Fire I burn'd,
 Longing to greet That Prince, and join our Hands.
 Him I accosted, and with fond Desire 210
 To *Pheneum*'s Walls conducted. Parting thence,
 A costly Quiver fill'd with *Lycian* Shafts

He

Ver. 197. *Then Thus in brief reply'd.*] *Tum sic pauca refert.* Yet This Speech is none of the shortest : *Servius* says, *non pauca ; sed paucis, valde breviter.* Yet *Virgil* says *pauca* : And besides, I do not see the Difference. Or if there were any ; 'tis not *briefly*, nor in a few Words : For here are above twenty Verses. *De La Cerda* therefore gives a somewhat better Account of it ; Short, or little, in Comparison of the Greatness of the Subject. After all, if *Virgil* had liv'd, I believe he would either have shorten'd the Speech, or chang'd the Word *pauca* : But rather the latter. For had the Speech been longer upon This Occasion,

it would not have been improper. There is nothing redundant in it. The Recital of Those ancient Facts is not only Natural, but almost Necessary. Old Men always talk in This Manner to the Sons of their Old Friends and Acquaintance : *I knew your Father : He was, &c.* And then it was particularly proper here ; to prepare the Way for the sudden Friendship between *Evander* and *Æneas*, and to give an Air of Probability to so important an Incident.

Ver. 203, —4. *In his Way he visited.*] In the Original 'tis *protinus*, i. e. *continue itinere ; dum pergit.*

He gave me, and a Cloak with Threads of Gold
 All interwoven, and two Bridles rich
 With bossy Gold; which still my *Pallas* keeps. 215
 Therefore the plighted Faith you ask is giv'n:
 And when to-morrow's Sun with rising Beams
 The World illumines; I'll dismiss you safe
 With my Assistance, and supply'd with Arms.
 Mean-while, since here in Amity you come, 220
 Join You, well pleas'd, to celebrate with Us
 These annual Rites, which must not be defer'd;
 And share ev'n Now the Banquet of your Friends.

This said, he strait commands them to replace 224
 The Meat and Bowls remov'd; and seats his Guests
 Along a Grassy Bed; above them all,
 Invites *Æneas* to his Maple Throne,
 Upon a Lion's shaggy Hide repos'd.
 The chosen Youth, industrious, and the Priest
 Bring roasted Flesh of Bulls, distribute Bread 230
 In Baskets pil'd, and minister the Wine.
Æneas, and, with Him, the Trojan Youth
 Feed on a solid Steer's perpetual Chine,
 And hallow'd Entrails for Lustration fry'd.

Soon as the Rage of Hunger was appeas'd; 235
 The King *Evander* spoke. These solemn Rites,

This

Ver. 236. The King *Evander* speaks; These solemn Rites, &c.] This justly famous and admired Episode is introduced with the greatest Solemnity.

*Postquam exempta fames, & amor compressus edendi;
 Rex Evandrus ait: Non hæc solennia nobis,
 Has ex more dapes, hanc tanti numinis aram,
 Vana superstitio, veterumve ignara Deorum,
 Imposuit: sævis, Hospes Trojane, periculis
 Servati facimus*—————

Either

This Feast accustom'd, and This Altar rais'd,
 Brave Trojan Guest, to so renown'd a God,
 No Superstition, no ungrounded Fear,
 Nor Ignorance of the ancient Pow'rs Divine 240
 On Us impos'd: From direful Perils sav'd,
 This Sacrifice, in Gratitude, we pay;
 And Honours justly merited renew.
 Here first behold That Cliff on craggy Piles
 Suspended;

Either *facimus* [hoc] in the most usual Sense of the Word: Or (which I rather think) *sacrificamus*. The Beginning of the Description, pointing at the very Place where the Monster inhabited, awakens our Attention, and fills us with an agreeable Horrour.

*Jam primum saxis suspensam hanc aspice rupem,
 Disjectæ procul ut moles, desertaque montis
 Stat domus, & scopuli ingentem traxere ruinam.
 • Hic spelunca fuit, vasto submotâ recessu,
 Semibominis Caci, &c.*

The Whole is one of the most perfect Pieces of Poetry in Being. I can only hint at a few Particulars. Ver. 215. Orig.

*Discessu mugire boves, atque omne querelis
 Impleri nemus, & colles clamore relinqui.*

Hercules having discover'd the Theft; Who does not see his sudden Swiftneſs, the Vengeaſe of his Soul, and the Motions and Actions of his Body, in These Lines?

*Hic vero Alcida furiis exarſerat atro
 Felle dolor: rapit arma manu, nodisque gravatum
 • Robur, & aërii cursu petis ardua montis.*

The Description of the Rock, which he tore up by the Roots, is singularly good.

*Stabat acuta flix, præcisâ undique saxis,
 Speluncæ dorſo inſurgens, altiffima viſu,
 Dirarum nidis domus opportuna volucrum.
 Hanc, ut prona jugo lævum incumbēbat ad omnem,
 Dexter in adverſum nitens concuſſit, & imis
 Avulſam ſolvit radicibus, &c.*

Suspended ; How the Rubbish scatter'd lies ; 245
 Yon Cave stands empty in the Mountain's Side,
 And all in Ruins hang the broken Rocks.
 Here, in a vast Recess, withdrawn from Sight,
 A Den there was impervious to the Sun,
 Inhabited by *Cacus*, half a Beast, 250
 Monster of hideous Aspect: Still the Ground
 With recent Slaughter smok'd ; and human Heads,
 To his proud Portal fix'd, and smear'd with Gore,
 Hung pale, and ghastly. *Vulcan* gave him Birth ;
 Expiring from his Mouth his Father's Flames, 255
 With Bulk immense he stalk'd. At length the Course
 Of Time revolving to our Wishes brought

The

The surprizing Simile which follows shall be taken notice of in its proper place: But some | Lines a little after shall be cited in This.

*Ille autem (neque enim fuga jam super ulla periculi est)
 Faucibus ingentem fumum (mirabile dictu!)
 Evomit, involvitque domum caligine cæca,
 Prospectum eripiens oculis ; glomeratque sub antro
 Fumiferam noctem, commixtis igne tenebris.
 Non tulit Alcidis animis : seque ipse per ignem
 Præcipiti jecit saltu, quæ plurimus undam
 Fumus agit, nebulaque ingens specus æstuat atra.
 Hic Cacus in tenebris incendia vana vomentem
 Corripit, in nodum complexus ; & angit in hærens
 Elisos oculos, & siccum sanguine guttur.*

Every Word almost deserves a | thing can exceed This ; and
 particular Remark. Scarce any | very few things can equal it.
 Ver. 250 *Inhabited by Cacus, &c.]*

Semibominis Caci facies quam dira tenebat.

It is a peculiar Elegancy in Poetry to put a Person's most remarkable Quality in the Substantive for an Epithet to him in the Adjective. Thus *Sapiencia Læli*, *Wise Lælius* ; *Crispi jucunda senectus*, *Old jolly Crispus* ; *Vis Herculis*, *Stout Hercules* ; and here, *Facies dira Caci*, *Ill-favour'd Cacus*.

BOOK 8. *VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.* 115

The Presence, and the Succour of a God.
 For when, from three-form'd *Geryon* slain, with Spoils
 Victorious, to our Coasts *Alcides* came; 260
 Hither the great Avenger drove his Herds
 Of lofty Bulls, and Heifers; which possess'd
 The Valley, and along the River graz'd.
 The brutal Robber *Cacus*, mad in Guilt,
 That nothing unattempted he might leave 265
 Of Villany, or Fraud, four stately Steers
 As many beauteous Heifers from their Stalls
 Averts: And left their Footsteps, in a Track
 Direct imprinted, should reveal the Theft;
 He drags them by their Tails into his Cave, 270
 Forc'd backwards, with th'Impression of their Feet
 Revers'd, and hides them in the gloomy Rock.
 No Traces aid the Hero in his Search,
 Or guide him to the Den: And now, prepar'd
 To seek a Change of Pasture, from their Stalls 275
 He moves his fodder'd Kine; The lowing Herds,
 At their Departure, with complaining Noise
 Fill all the Wood, and bellowing leave the Hills.
 One of the Heifers in the Grot confin'd
 Returns the Sound; and, from the spacious Cave 280
 Loud roaring, disappoints the Felon's Hope.
Alcides' Gall with Vengeance burns; His Arms
 He snatches, grasps his pond'rous knotty Oak,
 And, running, gains th' ærial Mountain's Height.
 Then first our Friends saw *Cacus* in his Eyes 285
 Confessing Fear: He trembling, swift as Wind,
 And wing'd with Terrour, to his Cavern speeds.
 When, There inclos'd, he burst the Chains, and o'er
 His

His Head let down the massy Rock, which hung
 Fasten'd with Iron by his Father's Art, 290
 And all the Entrance with strong Bars secur'd ;
 Lo! raging with Revenge, *Tiryntbius* came,
 Exploring ev'ry Passage round he gaz'd,
 Gnashing his Teeth: Thrice, hot with boiling Ire,
 All *Aventinus'* Mountain he survey'd ; 295
 Thrice at the rocky Portal tugg'd in vain ;
 And Thrice sate down to rest him in the Vale.
 A sharp high Cliff there stood, on ev'ry side
 Shatter'd, and rising o'er the Cavern's Back,
 Apt for the Nests of dire ill-omen'd Birds : 300
 This Ridge, as tow'rds the River, on the left,
 It lean't inclining, He upon the right,
 Lab'ring with mighty Vigour, push'd adverse,
 And from the Roots uptore ; and all at once
 Impel'd it: With That Impulse Heav'n resounds, 305
 The Banks leap backwards, and the frighted Stream
 Retreats: The roomy Den, all *Cacus'* Court,
 And darksom Caverns to the Sight appear ;

As

Ver. 291. *And all the Entrance with strong Bars secur'd.*] *Posset* can here signify nothing but the Door, or Entrance. And as for *fultos*, *Servius* tells us 'tis a ὤρεσπον πρότερον, *fulsit* ut *muniret* : But still he does not tell us how *fultos* comes to be here us'd in an unusual Sense, for *barricado'd*. For the Mouth of a Cave cannot be *propp'd* or *supported*. The Word *fulcire* must here, and I believe does in other Authors, (tho' seldom) signify to *keep close*, or *secure*.

Ver. 299. *Shatter'd.*] *Præ-*

cis, at first View, may seem to signify *cut round*. But it is not always so; and here it is the same as *præruptis*. So Interpreters explain it; and the Nature of the Thing shews it.

Ver. 301. *This Ridge, &c.*] *Hanc, ut prona*, (i. e. *leaning, or shelving*) *jugo, upon, or above, the Side of the Cave*.

Ver. 306. *The Banks leap backward.*] *Diffultare* is literally the same as *diffilire*, to *fly all in pieces*. But That is impossible here; and therefore it must be as I have render'd it, for *resultant*, or *resilient*.

As if the Earth, by some vast Force convuls'd,
Wide yawning should unlock th' infernal Realms, 310
Those pallid Regions, by the Gods abhorr'd,
Disclose the fathomless Abyss, and fright
The *Manes* with the rushing Glare of Day.
Him, now surpriz'd in unexpected Light,
Shut in his hollow Rock, and braying loud 315
With hideous Yell, *Alcides* from above
Presses with Darts, collecting all his Arms,
And with huge Trunks, and Mountains' Fragments plies.
The Wretch (for now no Hope of Flight remains)
Vomits a pitchy Vapour from his Throat, 320
(Wond'rous to tell!) involves the House in Clouds,
Blind-

Ver. 309. *As if the Earth, &c.*] This is one of the noblest Similes that ever was made; nor is it properly taken from *Homer*, as Some pretend. For He relates it as Matter of Fact in the Course of his Narration, *Iliad XX*. That *Pluto* trembled, &c. and even then it was not *because* the Earth was open'd, but *for fear* it should be: But he no where makes use of This Image for a *Simile*, as *Virgil* does; and the Application is excellent. Then here is only one piece of a Verse translated from *Homer*. For

Ver. 311. *By the Gods abhorr'd.*] *Dits inuisa*, is plainly taken from *Homer's* *δυσησθεσσι θεοις*. Which makes me the more wonder at *Ruæus*, and Others, who render *inuisa* by *inaspecta*.

Ver. 315. *Braying loud.*] In-

justa rudentem. Not only the singular, but the plural, Number of Adjectives Neuter are by the Poets often put for Adverbs. For *rudentem*, see the Note on the 21st Verse of Book VII. In *English Poetry* likewise the Word *Bray* is not appropriated to *Asses*; tho' it is never apply'd to *Lions*. Thus, to omit many other Instances, in *Milton's Paradise Lost*, Book VI. — *Bray'd* — *Horrible Discord*.

Ver. 318. — *Trunks, &c.*] In the Original 'tis *Ramis*, Boughs. But I presume it means (by a common Figure) Trees with Boughs upon them. Because *Boughs* only would be too weak an Idea. *Molare*, tho' strictly signifying a Millstone, is often us'd for any Stone of a large Bulk and Weight. Ver. 251. Orig. *Super ulla est*, for *ulla superest*. *Tmesia*.

Blinding the Eyes ; and tumbles thro' his Cave
 Black smoky Night, and Darknefs mix'd with Fire.
 These Arts enrag'd *Alcides* could not bear ;
 But with a furious Leap into the Flames 325
 Flings himself forward, where the wavy Smoke
 Thro' the vast Den in blackest Volumes rolls.
 Here *Cacus* belching useless Fires in Clouds
 Of Darknefs, with close Grasp into a Knot
 He cramps ; scoops out his Eyes ; and with dire Gripe
 Throttles his Gullet, now undrench'd with Blood. 331
 The Doors wrench'd open to the Sight disclose
 The gloomy Mansion, and the Theft abjur'd,
 And Cattle forc'd away ; And by the Feet
 The hideous Corps is dragg'd : With wond'ring Gaze
 They view, insatiate, his half-brutal Form, 336
 His dreadful Eyes, his Face, and shaggy Breast,
 And in his smoking Jaws th'extinguish'd Fire.
 Since That, due Honours to the God are paid ;
 And by Posterity with holy Mirth 340
 This solemn Day observ'd : *Potitius* first,
 And

Ver. 326. *Where the wavy Smoke, &c.]*

———— *Quà plurimus undam*
Fumus agit. ————

This is a noble Metaphor. So
 (but not quite so bold and strong)
 Book II. *undantem pulvere fu-*
zum. The huge Flakes and
 Volumes of Smoke roll like
 Waves. *Agit undam*, i. e.
 throws, or forms it self into
 the Shape of a Wave. Ver.
 260,—1. Orig. *Angit* cannot
 equally relate to *elisos oculos*,
 and *guttur*. The Sense is, eli-

dit oculos, & angit guttur. See
 Note on Book VII. 569.

Ver. 331. *Undrench'd.]* As
 Thirst or Drought implies
Want ; the Word *siccus* is here
 elegantly made to govern an
 Ablative Case, like *vacuus*. So
 Book IX. 64. *siccæ sanguine*
fauces.

Ver. 341.—*First.]* In the
 Original, *Auttor* : i. e. Ad-
 viser, Instituter, Inventer.

And the *Pinarian* Family, which keeps
Deposited th' *Herculean* sacred Rites,
Here in the hallow'd Grove this Altar built ;
Which great thro' Ages ever shall be call'd 345
By Us ; And great thro' Ages it shall be.

Come on then, gallant Youths ; and, to reward
Such mighty Merit, bind your Hair with Boughs ;
Extend your Goblets in your Hands ; invoke
Our common God ; and cheerful crown the Wine. 350

This said ; The double-colour'd Poplar veils
His Temples with *Herculean* Shade, and hangs
In twining Leaves ; A consecrated Bowl
Fills his left Hand : All joyous on the Board
Pour the Libations, and invoke the Gods. 355

Mean-while the Ev'ning to the Sky convex
Rolls near : The Priests, *Potitius* at their Head,
Bear lighted Torches ; and, begirt with Skins
Accustom'd, in Procession walk, restore
The Banquets, bring the Second grateful Cheer, 360
And with fill'd Chargers pile the sacred Hearths.
The *Salii* next, with Poplar Garlands wreath'd,
To tuneful Measures round the Altars dance,
A youthful This, as That an aged Quire.

These

Ver. 348. *Merit.*] Original, *Laudum*, i. e. *Virtutum*. See Note on Verse 548. Book I.

Ver. 356. *Mean-while the Ev'ning, &c.*] *Ruæus* interprets *Devexo* by *Occiduo* ; and makes That and *Olympo* to be the Dative Case govern'd of *propior*. For This, see the Note on Book II. 306, *Servius* and O-

thers make *Devexo Olympo* the Ablative Case absolute ; so *propior* must relate to the *People* or *Climate* : *Devexo*, say they, (i. e. *inclinante*) in *noctem*. *Devexus* properly is *declivis* : but I take it here for *convexus*. Ver. 288. Orig. *ferunt* for *referunt* : i. e. *memorant, canunt*.

These sing the Praises, and the God-like Deeds 365
 Of *Hercules*: How first two monstrous Snakes,
 His Step-dame's Vengeance, in his Hands he crush'd;
 How Cities he demolish'd sam'd in War,
Troy, and *Oechalia*; how a thousand Toils,
 Decreed by cruel *Juno*, he endur'd 370
 Under the King *Eurystheus*. By Thy Hand,
 Invincible, the Cloud-born *Centaurs* fell,
 Huge *Pholus*, and *Hyleus*; By Thy Hand,
 The Prodigy of *Crete*; And in his Cave
Nemea's vast Lion: Thee the *Stygian* Lake 375
 Fled trembling; Thee th' infernal Mastiff, stretch'd
 On Bones half eaten in his gory Den.
 No Face of Peril e'er could shake Thy Soul,
 Not ev'n *Typhæus* in Gigantic Arms:
 Thee not deserted of Thy present Mind 380
 The Snake at *Lerna* with his Croud of Heads
 Surrounded. Hail! undoubted Son of *Jove*,

New

Ver. 365. *These sing the Praises, &c.*] This Hymn to *Hercules* is very remarkable for its elegant *Majesty* and *Brevity*. No less than ten important Particulars of his Exploits are crowded into twelve Lines; and yet here are several Beauties. The short Descriptions thro' the Whole, and the Transition from the Third Person to the Second, Verse 293.

—*Ut duros mille labores, &c. Pertulerit. Tu nubigenas, invictæ, bimembres, &c. without the Interposition of dicunt, or any such Word, are very delightful.*

Ver. 366. *Two monstrous Snakes, &c.*] *Monstra manu geminosque premens eliserit angues, i. e. monstrosos angues. εὐ δὲ διὰ δυοῖν.*

Ver. 380, 381, 382. *Thee, not deserted of thy present Mind, The Snake at Lerna with his Croud of Heads Surrounded.*]

I take *Rationis* here to signify Presence of Mind. With his Croud of Heads surrounded, may be thought too bold, or some-

what harsh. But it is no more so, than *Turba capitum circumstetit* in the Original.

BOOK 8. VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS. 121

New Honour to the Gods! Be present here
 Propitious, and Thy Sacrifice adorn.
 Thus They in Songs: But chiefly *Cacus*' Den 385
 They added, and Himself expiring Flames:
 The Grove all rings, the echoing Hills resound.
 The holy Feast now ended, All repair
 Back to the City: Slow, beset with Age,
 The King moves forward, grasping in his Hands 390
 The *Trojan* Hero, and his youthful Son;
 And with Variety of long Discourse
 Deceives the Way. *Æneas*, wond'ring, throws
 His nimble Eyes around; with vast Delight
 The Places views; enquires, and hears explain'd 395
 The ancient Monuments. Then Thus the King
Evandrus, Founder of the *Roman* Tow'r;
 These Woods the native Nymphs, and *Fauns* possess'd,
 And Men from Trunks of solid Oak disclos'd.
 No Custom, These, nor Civil Culture knew, 400
 Unskill'd to yoke the Steers, and hoard their Store
 By Parsimony; nourish'd with the Food
 Which savage Hunting, and the Trees supply'd.
 First, exil'd from *Olympus*, *Saturn* came,
 Flying his Kingdoms, and the Arms of *Jove*; 405
 The untaught Race, on These high Hills dispers'd,
 He first imbody'd, and compos'd with Laws;
 And

Ver. 390. *Grasping*, &c.]
 For sure (tho' no Commentator
 takes it so) *tenebat* means more
 than that he *had* them *comites*.
Tenebat manu; He sometimes
 took One by the hands, some-

times the Other; sometimes
 Both. Ver. 339. Orig. *Quam*
memorant [esse] *Nymphae*, &c.
 Ver. 394. *Nimble Eyes*.] *Fac-*
ciles, i. e. *faciles motu*, *agiles*.

And *Latium* rather chose to call the Land,
 Because in Safety Here he lay conceal'd.
 Under That King (as ancient Fame relates) 410
 The Nation flourish'd in an Age of Gold;
 So govern'd He the State in pleasing Peace.
 At length an Age discolour'd, and corrupt,
 The Love of Having, and the barb'rous Rage
 Of War succeeded. Next th' *Ausonian* Bands, 415
 And the *Sicanian* Colony arriv'd:
 And *Saturn's* Realm has often chang'd it's Name.
 Then Kings, and *Tybris* of Gigantick Size;
 From whom th' *Italian* Stream was *Tyber* call'd;
 And ancient *Albula* has lost it's Name. 420
 Me, banish'd from my Native Soil, and forc'd
 To tempt the utmost Perils of the Sea,
 Almighty Fortune, and resistless Fate,
Phæbus my Guide, and She who gave me Birth,
 The Nymph *Carmenta*, by their high Commands 425
 Plac'd in This Seat, and fix'd my Mansion here.

He said; and, moving on, the Altar shew'd,
 And the *Carmental* Gate, (a *Roman* Name)
 The Honour, 'tis reported, of the Nymph
Carmenta, who Prophetick first foretold 430
 The future Glory of th' *Æneian* Race,
 And noble *Pallantium*. Next he shews
 The spacious Grove, where warlike *Romulus*
 Th' *Asylum* fix'd; and underneath the Brow

Of

Ver. 422. To tempt the ut-
 most Perils of the Sea.] *Pelagi*
extrema; either the *extremest*
Dangers and *Hardships*, or the
remotest Parts. I am for the
 first; because the other is not

true in Geographical Fact.

Ver. 434. Th' *Asylum* fix'd,
 &c.] *Asylum* retulit, i. e. (say
 Interpreters) *fecit, ad imita-*
tionem; nempe Asyli Atheni-
ensis.

Of a bleak Cliff, the Place *Lupercal* nam'd, 435
 Where by *Arcadian* Rites *Lycaean Pan*
 Was worship'd. Hated *Argiletum*'s Wood
 He shews him next, attests the conscious Place;
 Tells, and abjures, the Guilt of *Argus*' Death.
 Hence to the Capitol, *Tarpeian* Seat, 440
 He leads, now rich with Gold, then rough with Thorns.
 Ev'n Then the sacred Horrour of the Place
 The trembling Rusticks aw'd; even Then the Wood
 And

Ver. 436. *Where by Arcadian Rites, &c.*] *Lupercal*, dictum, i. e. nominatum, de more *Parrhasio* [i. e. *Arcadico*] *Panos Lycaei*. See *Ruæus*, and other Geographical Commentators. 'Tis impossible to render This literally in a Translation.

Ver. 437. *Hated.*] *Sacri*, i. e. *execrandi*. Next Verse but one. *Abjures*. For That is plainly imply'd in *Testaturque locum*. He calls the Place to witness, that whoever did it, He did not. Ver. 350. *Orig.* *Dira* signifies no more than awfully and religiously dreadful.

Ver. 440. *Hence to the Capitol, &c.*] i. e. to the Hill where the Capitol was to be built.—*Prolepsis*.

Ver. 442. *Ev'n Then the sacred Horrour of the Place, &c.*] I have in my Introductory Observations taken notice of This wonderful Passage: And I here add, that there is something marvellously grand and awful in the Image, both as it is in it self; a Hill cover'd with a Wood, supposed to be at some Times the peculiar Residence of the Supreme Deity.

—*Jam tum sylvam saxumque tremebant.*
Hoc nemus, hunc, inquit, frondoso vertice collem
(Quis Deus incertum est) habitat Deus—

And also as to its Connexion with what is to follow; The Capitol is to be built upon it. The God had already chosen it for his Residence. Like That of the Holy Scriptures: *Ye shall serve God upon This Mountain.* Exod. 3. 12. And in another Place, *The Lord hath cho-*

sen Sion to be an Habitation for himself, he hath longed for her. This shall be my Rest for ever; here will I dwell, for I have a Delight therein. Psal. 132. 13. 14. The Heathen Religion was in a great Measure a corrupt Imitation of the Jewish.

And Rock with holy Rev'rence they survey'd.
 This Grove, he said, This Hill with leafy Top 445
 (What God 'tis doubtful, but) a God there is
 Inhabiting : Th' *Arcadians* think that *Jove*
 Himself they oft have seen, when Storms he rous'd,
 And shook his dreadful *Ægis* from the Clouds. 449
 These two, besides, These Towns with shatter'd Walls
 The Monuments of ancient Kings you see ;
 This nam'd *Janiculum*, *Saturnia* That ;
 One by old *Janus*, one by *Saturn* rear'd.
 With mutual Talk like This at length they came
 To poor *Evander's* Court ; and round them saw 455
 O'er proud *Carinæ's* Street the Cattle graze,
 And lowing in the *Roman Forum* stray.
 When to the Seat they came, These Gates, he said,
Alcides enter'd ; Him This Court receiv'd : 459
 Dare to scorn Wealth, brave Guest ; Presume thy self
 Worthy to emulate a God ; and come
 Not supercilious to our little State.
 He said ; And underneath his homely Roof
 Conducts the great *Æneas*, on spread Leaves,
 And on a *Libyan* Bear's rough Hide repos'd. 465

Night

Ver. 455, 456, 457. — And round them saw
 O'er proud *Carinæ's* Street the Cattle graze,
 And lowing in the *Roman Forum* stray.]

There is at once much *Majesty*,
 and *Elegancy*, in This *Prolepsis*,
 which the Poet makes use of
 by joining together the *contrary*
Images of the suppos'd *present*,
 and the *future* ; what the Thing
 is, and what it is to be. Such

Confounding of *Ideas* as This
 (it were well, if there were no
 other) is not only allowable, but
 an Excellence. It tends to *Delight*,
 but not to *Error* ; It pleases
 all, but deceives none.

Night hastes, and wraps the World with sable Wings :
When *Venus*, with no causeless Fears alarm'd
By threat'ning *Latium*, and new rising War,
Thus, in his golden Bed, to *Vulcan* speaks ;

And

Ver. 466, 467. *Night hastes*, &c. *When Venus*, &c.] Editors differ in the placing and pointing of These two Lines. *Nox ruit*, &c. *At Venus*. Some make the first conclude a Paragraph : Others make it begin one. It is very proper either way : but I am rather for the latter ; according to which, *At* should in English be rendered *When*, not *But* ; tho' in Strictness it does not so signify.

This incomparable Episode of the *Shield*, and other *Arms*

of *Æneas*, consists of Three Parts. First, The *Conversation* between *Venus* and *Vulcan* upon That Subject. Secondly, The *Casting* and *Forging* of them by the *Cyclops* ; with the inimitable Description of the *Place* in which That Work was performed. Thirdly, The *Sculptures* upon the *Shield*, containing a considerable Part of the *Roman History*. We are now upon the First of These. And was ever any thing so sweetly soft as *Venus's* Speech ?

Dum bello Argolici vastabant Pergama reges, &c.

Nothing, except the Lines which immediately follow it :

*Dixerat, & niveis hinc atque hinc Diva lacertis
Cunctantem amplexu molli fovet. —*

And how strongly expressive is That Which describes the Ef- | fect of her Caresses !

————— *Ille repente
Acceptit solitam flammam, notusque medullas
Intravit calor, & labefacta per ossa cucurrit.*

The Objection against This Passage is the *Confidence* of *Venus* in desiring her Husband to make Arms for her *Bastard* Son. I answer : First, By lamenting the abominable Corruption of the Heathen World, in making such Profligates of their Gods and Goddesses ; and heartily wishing that Those Heathens had been more pious

and chaste in their Notions ; and warning all good Christians, in reading even the Best of their Poets, to separate the Gold from the Dross ; to be improved by the *Learning* and *Elegancy* of their *Writings* and not to be corrupted by, their *Manners*. Secondly, by observing that This Difficulty is cleared (according to the Principles of
G 3 Heathen

And with her Words inspires Celestial Love. 470
 While with destructive War th' *Argolick* Kings
 Wasted the *Trojan* Walls, and Tow'rs decreed
 To fall by hostile Fires; No Arms from You,
 My dearest Lord, no Succour from your Art
 For wretched *Ilion* did I Then desire; 475
 Nor would have exercis'd your Skill in vain:
 Tho' much I ow'd to *Priam's* Sons, and oft
 With Tears bewail'd *Aeneas's* hapless Toils.
 Now, since on *Latium's* Coasts he is arriv'd
 By *Jove's* Command; Suppliant to you I come, 480
 The Mother for her Son, and sue for Arms;
 And Thus implore your Deity, by me
 So much rever'd. You yielded to the Tears
 Of *Nereus's* Daughter, and *Titbonus's* Wife:
 Behold what Nations from all Parts unite, 485
 What Cities shut their Gates, and whet their Swords,
 All leagu'd to conquer Me, and ruin Mine.

She said; And round him threw her snowy Arms,
 And

Heathen Poetry) by the *Power* | it upon That Foot; as may be
 which the *Goddeſs* of *Love* and | ſeen from what we have al-
Beauty might be ſuppoſed to | ready remarked; and moreover
 exert. For *Virgil* plainly puts | from This which follows:

Tum pater æterno ſatur devinctus amore.

(*Pater*, by the way, here ſignifies no more than a God; as it often does, when apply'd to any of the upper Deities) *Virgil* we may be ſure was aware of This Objection; and has therefore taken this Care to guard againſt it.

Ver. 470. *Inſpires.*] In moſt Copies it is *aspirat*, tho' ſome have it *inſpirat*: Either is very proper in Latin. But in Eng-

liſh it muſt be *inſpire*: becauſe *aspire* has a quite different Senſe. Ver. 375. Orig. *Debita ſubaud. ſibi.*

Ver. 486. ——— Shut their Gates, &c.] I do not underſtand *Servius's* Reason for *clauſis*, that it was for *Haste*. Sure it was for *Security*: Cities in a State or Poſture of *War* ſhut their Gates of Courſe.

And warm'd him, wav'ring, with a soft Embrace :
 He soon receives the wonted Flame, which flies 490
 Swift thro' his Marrow, and his melting Bones ;
 As when in Thunder, lanc'd along the Sky,
 A Streak of Fire runs streaming thro' the Clouds.
 Pleas'd with her Wiles, and conscious of her Charms,
 She silently perceives it ; And involv'd 495
 In Love's eternal Bond the God replies.
 Why, Goddess, seek you Reasons from afar ?
 Or whither is your Confidence in Me
 Withdrawn ? Had Then your Purpose been the same ;
 Ev'n Then I might have arm'd the Trojan Chiefs : 500
 Nor did th' Almighty Father, nor the Fates,

De-

Ver. 492. *As when in Thunder, &c.*] I have remark'd upon This fine Simile in another Treatise *, to which I refer the Reader. I take *corusco* for *darted*, or *brandish'd*, with *Servius* ; not for *shining*, with *Ruæus*. *Lightning* shines, but not *Thunder*.

Ver. 501. *Nor did th' Almighty Father, nor the Fates, &c.*] Commentators have remark'd upon This and some other Passages in *Virgil*, That tho' the Fates could not be changed they might be deferred. The Contrary will appear from what is said by Mr. *Dryden* ; to whom I have referred in my general Remarks. Other Places alledged to support This Opinion may be seen,

as cited by Him, together with the Answers. The general Answer is, (and That is sufficient ; the Reasons for the contrary Assertion being in themselves of greater Weight than Those which are alledged on the other Side :) that This very deferring was it self determin'd by Fate ; and that the Time for the Execution of it's Decrees was not yet come. And so These Words of *Vulcan* are to be understood Thus: *Troy* indeed *did* fall at such a Time ; but it was not necessary that it *should*. The Fates would have permitted me to defer it's Doom for ten Years longer ; and I would have done it, if You had desired it. They decreed that it should stand *no longer*

* *Præl. Poet.* Vol. II. p. 39.

Decree that *Troy* no longer should remain;
 And *Priam* ten years more might have surviv'd.
 And now if War you meditate, and such
 Be your Design; Whatever by my Art 505
 Can be perform'd, whatever can be cast
 In Steel, in Silver, or in running Gold,
 The utmost Pow'rs of Bellows, and of Fire,
 I promise: Spare Intreaties; nor distrust
 Your Int'rest in my Soul. This said; He gave 510
 The wish'd Embrace, and sunk to pleasing Rest.

When, Night now sliding in her middle Course,
 The first Repose was finish'd; When the Dame,
 Who by her Distaff's slender Art subsists,
 Wakes the spread Embers, and the sleeping Fire, 515
 Night

than *ten Years* more; but yet that, if we had us'd such and such Means, which we were at Liberty to do, it's Fall should so long have been deferred; otherwise not.

Ver. 505, &c. *Whatever, &c. I promise.*] *Quicquid curæ—possum promittere* [promitto.] Or *possum promittere quicquid [est] curæ, &c.* [& promitto.] But the Other is better. One of them must be allow'd, to make out the Sense.

Ver. 507. *In Silver, or in running Gold.* *Electrum*, when it signifies *Metal*, (for sometimes it signifies *Amber*) is a Composition of Gold and Silver; and so I have used both the Words in my Translation.

Ver. 508. *Bellows.*] *Anima*: i. e. the Wind, or Breath, of Bellows.

Ver. 512. *When Night, &c.*] *Inde, ubi prima quies, medio jam noctis abactæ Curriculo, expulerat somnum, &c.* Rest is said to expel Sleep; because after we have taken Rest, Sleep is unnecessary. Those Words sometimes signify the same Thing; but not here. *Abactæ* is here put for *transactæ*; and in the Sense, tho' not in the Grammatical Construction, is to be apply'd to *Curriculo*, rather than to *Noctis*: For Night was not pass'd, but only *Mid-night*.

Ver. 514. *Who by her Distaff's, &c.*] *Tolerare* for *sustentare*, or *tolerabilem reddere*. *Tenui Minerva*; because *Minerva* was the Goddess of these female Arts. *Cui [mos est] tolerare, &c.*

Night adding to her Work ; and calls her Maids
To their long Task, by lighted Tapers urg'd ;
Thus spotless to preserve her Husband's Bed,
And educate her little prattling Babes :
From his soft Couch not less industrious rose. 520
The fiery God, to ply his forging Toils.

Close by *Sicania*, and th' *Æolian* Coasts.
Of *Lipare*, an Island rises high
With smoking Rocks ; Beneath it thunder loud
Th' *Ætnean* Caverns, by the *Cyclops*' Forge 525
Shatter'd and torn : Here beaten Anvils found
With pond'rous Hammers ; Bars of hissing Steel
Roar in the hollow Mount ; And Flakes of Fire
Burst thro' the rattling Tunnels : *Vulcan*'s Sear,
And

Ver. 522. Close by *Sicania*,
and th' *Æolian* Coasts, &c.]
Homer places *Vulcan*'s Forge in
Heaven ; *Virgil* upon *Earth* :
And whatever other Reasons
may be given to prefer *This*
before *That*, (see *De La Cerda*
upon the Place) I am sure there
is This ; that it has given
Occasion to a far better De-
scription, indeed to one of the
noblest Descriptions that ever
was made. Let any Man
but read These Lines : and it
is Proof sufficient.

*Insula Sicanium juxta latus, Æoliamque
Erigitur Liparen, fumantibus ardua saxis :
Quam subter, specus & Cyclopum exesa caminis
Antra Ætnæa tonant, validique incudibus istus
Auditi referunt gemitum, striduntque cavernis
Stricturæ Chalybum, & fornacibus ignis anelat.*

As the Eruptions of *Ætna* are
Matter of plain Fact ; nothing
could be more ingeniously or
more poetically imagined, than
to make a Place adjoining to
That Mountain the Shop of
the *Cyclops*.
Ver. 527, 528, 529. Bars of
hissing Steel, &c. from the rat-
tling Tunnels.]

——— *Striduntque cavernis
Stricturæ Chalybum, & fornacibus ignis anelat.*

And from his Name the Land *Vulcania* call'd. 530
 Hither the fiery God from Heav'n descends;
 The *Cyclops* in their vast capacious Cave
 Work'd the tormented Iron; *Brontes* huge,
 And *Steropes*, and with his naked Limbs
Pyracmon. In their Hands before them glow'd 535
 The unform'd Thunder; Bolts which *Jove* to Earth
 Profusely hurls from all the Welkin round:
 Part finish'd, part imperfect yet remain'd.
 Three Forks of darted Hail, of watry Cloud

Three

Striaturæ, Masses of Iron: Or Sparks flying from it. The First is the Best. *Anelat*, or expires, bursts or breathes out with Force and Noise. *Fornax* sometimes signifies a Chimney, or Funnel; sometimes a Furnace. I chuse the First here; according to That in the First *Georgic*, where it is plainly so used:

Vidimus undantem ruptis fornacibus Ætnam.

Afterwards indeed in This very Description Ver. 446. it must mean a Furnace:

Vulnificusque cœlybs vasta fornace liquefcit.

Ver. 426. Orig. Here *informatum* is for *nondum formatum*. And Ver. 447. *Informant* for *formant*.

Ver. 537. *Profusely hurls*, &c. *Fulmen erat* [ex iis, or inter ea] *qua plurima*, &c. Ellipsis.

Ver. 539. Three Forks of darted Hail, &c.] *Torti* expresses the Force and Violence with which Hail in a Storm is hurl'd, and as it were, darted. *Radios*: Not Rays, as Mr. *Dryden* renders it; but Forks, or Spikes, with which Lightning is always painted and described. See the Figure of it

in *De La Cerda's* Note upon the place. *Imbris torti* is by all Interpreters, particularly *Servius*, understood of Hail: And therefore I wonder Mr. *Dryden* should translate it *Three Rays of writen Rain*: Words, which, notwithstanding their very good Sound, are, in my Opinion, strangely put together. It sometimes *Ligtens* when it *Hails*, tho' not when it *Snows*; And *Rain* is afterwards express'd in *Nubis aquosæ*. For These Ingredients of Thunder and Lightning thus admirably described with a Mixture

of

Three more they added; Three of glaring Fire; 540
 As many of the winged Southern Wind;
 Then dreadful Flashes, and the roaring Noise,
 And Rage, and Terrour, and avenging Flames.
 Some in a different Quarter of the Grot
 Labour'd the Chariot, and the rapid Wheels 545
 Of Mars, with which vast Cities he alarms,
 And rouses Heroes. Others carve in Gold,
 With Scales of Serpents, angry Pallas' Shield,
 The dreadful Ægis; and the twisted Snakes,

And

of Poetry and Philosophy, see the Commentators at large. But still a Difficulty remains: However philosophically These Materials may be chosen, and however poetically mixed together; what Idea have we of Hail, Rain, Fire, and Wind, Flashes, Fear, Rage, and Noise, all beaten in a Forge, and hammer'd upon an Anvil? 'Tis an Objection of my own; and the Answer I think must be, that, whatever Force it may have,

it does not affect Virgil: He is not accountable for it. We have just as good an Idea of These Materials being forged, and hammer'd, as of Lightning and Thunder being so: Which was no Invention of Virgil's; but he found it made to his Hand, and passing current among the Poets. And This being so; we can never sufficiently admire his Genius and Judgment in improving and adorning it.

*His informatum manibus, jam parte polita,
 Fulmen erat, &c.*

*Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
 Addiderant, rutili tres ignis, & alitis Austri:
 Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque, metumque
 Miscebant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras.*

i. e. miscebant iras flammis sequacibus. I have elsewhere observed, that *sequax* sometimes signifies pursuing, persecuting, or avenging: And so it does here.

Ver. 545. Labour'd the Chariot.] *Instat* governs an Accusative Case by an elegant Li-

cance purely Poetical.

Ver. 547, 548. Carve in Gold With Scales, &c.] *Squamis, aurique.* i. e. aureis squamis, by the Figure so often mention'd.

Ver. 549. Twisted Snakes.] *Connexos*: i. e. implicatos, or insertos.

And in the Goddess' Breast the Gorgon's Head, 550
Turning it's Eyes, and terrible in Death.

Then *Vulcan* Thus: Set all These things aside,
Ætnean Cyclops; From your Work begun
Desist awhile, and hither bend your Thoughts.
Arms for a Hero must be made: Now all 555

Your Vigour is requir'd; Now all your Speed,
And masterly Invention: Break Delay.
He said no more: They all with eager Haste
Bend to the Labour; and their sev'ral Tasks
Divide: Brass flows in Rivers; Liquid Gold, 560

And wounding Steel, in the vast Furnace boils.
A mighty Shield they form, alone oppos'd
To all the *Latian* Darts; Sev'n Orbs involv'd,
Orb within Orb: In breathing Bellows Some
Receive, and render back th' included Air: 565

Others in Water tinge the sputt'ring Brass;
The Cave with batter'd Anvils groans around:
They with vast Strength in equal Measures raise
Their Arms; and turn the Mass with griping Tongs.

While in th' *Æolian* Coasts the *Lemnian* God 570
This

Ver. 551. *Turning it's Eyes,*
—*in Death.*] *vertentem lumina.* *Servius* puts two other Senses upon That Word, which the Reader may see at his leisure; but both forced and unnatural: Whereas This is plain, and obvious, and extremely elegant, and poetical. And Thus all other Expositors understand it. Her Eyes turn'd in her Head obliquely with Rage, as if she were endeavouring to look be-

bind her, and see who it was that cut it off.

Ver. 557. *Masterly Invention.*] *Arte magistra*: i. e. *præcipua.* *Rem Personæ* (says *Servius*) in *Artem transtulit.*

Ver. 563. *Sev'n Orbs involv'd.*] *Impediunt.* i. e. *intexunt,* or *involvunt.*

Ver. 568. *In equal Measures.*] *In numerum*; at equal Distance, like beating Time in Musick,

BOOK 8. VIRGIL's ÆNEIS. 133

This Work precipitates ; the cheerful Light,
 And early chirping Birds, beneath his Roof,
 Awake *Ewander* in his humble Bed.
 The Senior rises : with his homely Coat
 His Body cloaths, and fastens to his Feet 575
 The *Tyrrbene* Sandals ; then th' *Arcadian* Sword
 Girds to his Side, and Shoulders ; on the left
 A Panther's Hide retorts : Two trusty Dogs,
 From the high Gate, attend their Master's Steps.
 Strait to his Guest's retir'd Apartment goes 580
 The Hero, not unmindful of his Word,
 And promis'd Aid ; Him no less early meets.
Æneas : With the One young *Pallas* came,
Achates with the Other ; Hands they join ;
 Then in the Middle of the Court they fit, 585
 And freely now their former Talk resume.
 Then first the King :
 Brave *Trojan* Leader, while whose Life remains,
 I never shall confess that *Troy* is fall'n ;
 Small are our Succours for so great a Cause : 590
 Here

Ver. 571. *The cheerful Light.*] The Transition is most agreeably made, from the Smoke, Fire, and Noise of *Vulcan's* Cave, to the sweet Morning Air, and Chirping of Birds.

Ver. 577. *Girds to his Side and Shoulders—*] *Lateri atque bumeris.* The Sword hung at his Side, and the Belt across his Shoulder.

Ver. 578. *Two trusty Dogs, &c.*] This doubtless will make as good Sport to a mere Modern, as That of *Tobit* and his Dog ;

which is the standing Subject of so much Merriment, among Those who *imagine* themselves to be *Wits*. But it appears from *Homer*, who makes *Telemachus* followed by two Dogs, and from many other Passages of Antiquity [see *De La Cerda* upon the Place] that in the Heroic Age These faithful domestic Animals were the constant Attendants of the greatest Princes and Heroes.

Ver. 590. *For so great a Cause.*] *Pro nomine tanto. Servius*

Here by the *Tuscan* Stream we are confin'd;
 There the *Rutulians* press us, and with Arms
 Clashing surround our Walls. Yet Nations great,
 Pow'rful, and opulent, I now prepare
 To join with Yours: This way to Safety leads, 595
 By unexpected Fortune shewn; And call'd
 By sure Decree of Fate you here arrive.
 Not far from hence, *Agylla's* City stands,
 Founded with aged Stone; Where heretofore
 The *Lydian* Colony, in Wars renown'd, 600
 Settled it's Mansion on th' *Etrurian* Hills.
 This Nation, flourishing for many Years,
 At length the King *Mezentius*, proud with Sway,
 Possess'd, and govern'd by Tyrannick Arms.
 Why should I name the Murders of his Reign 605
 Unutterable? and his barb'rous Deeds?
 Ye Gods, return them all on Him, and His.
 Ev'n Living Bodies to the Dead he bound,
 Composing Hands to Hands, and Mouths to Mouths,
 (Species of Torture!) and with loath'd Embrace 610
 Them, bath'd in Stench, and putrifying Gore,
 By a slow, ling'ring Death, at length consum'd.
 Quite weary'd out at last his People round
 With Arms inclose his Court, and Him with Rage
 Enor-

vius and *De La Cerda* understand it of the Glory and Greatness of the *Trojan Name*: *Ruæus* renders it by *Causa*; to which I rather incline: The Sense is in effect the same.

Ver. 602, 603. *This Nation, &c.*—*At length the King Mezentius.*] This is a Narrative of great Importance to the Po-

em; and it is very properly and judiciously inserted in This place. The Action very much turns upon *Mezentius*, and his Concerns. For without the Auxiliary Forces of the *Tuscans*, which his Tyranny occasion'd, *Æneas* could not have carry'd on the War.

Enormous storming; kill his Friend, and fire 615

His Palace. He amidst the Slaughter flies

To the *Rutulian* Confines, entertain'd

By *Turnus*, and defended by his Arms.

Therefore with just Revenge *Etruria* fir'd

All rises; and with present War demands 620

Her King, for Punishment. Thee, *Trojan* Prince,

Their Leader, to These Thousands I will join;

For thick o'er all the Shore their Vessels croud,

Impatient to behold the Banners wave.

Them with predicted Fates the aged Seer 625

Represses: Hear, Ye choice selected Youth

Of *Lydia*, You the Excellence, the Flow'r

Of ancient Heroes; whom against the Foe

Just Vengeance urges, and with honest Rage

Mezentius fires; 'Tis not by Fate allow'd 630

To any of *Italian* Race to quell

So great a Nation: Foreign Leaders chuse.

Then in These Fields th' *Etrurian* Bands encamp'd,

Aw'd by the Warnings of the Gods: To Me

Tarchon himself Ambassadors dispatch'd, 635

The Crown, the Sceptre, and Regalia sent;

Strait

Ver. 624. *Impatient to behold the Banners, &c.*]

— *fremunt condensæ littore puppes,*

Signaque ferre jubent.

The *Ships* by a Metonymy for
the *Men* belonging to them.

Ver. 631. *To quell, &c.*] *Sub-*
jungere, i. e. *subjugare*.

Verse 636. *Regalia sent.*]

Mandat for *mittit*; and *That*
again for *mist*: which is the
very Word preceding it. This
looks a little exceptionable;

— — — *Coronam*

Cum sceptro mist, mandatque insignia Tarchon:

In the next Line, *Succedam*, &c.
rogans ut understood. Ver. 542.

Orig. *sopitas ignibus aras;*
for *sopitos ignes aris*. Hypal.

Ver. 552. *exertem*; i. e. *exiva*
sortem, i. e. *ordinem*. So we say
in English; *Extraordinary*.

Strait to their Tents implor'd me to repair,
 And in the *Tuscan* Kingdom to succeed.
 But Me the Impotence of freezing Age,
 Unequal to the Labours of the Brave, 640
 Envies new Empire: Him I would advise,
Pallas, my Son; but that his Mother, born
 Of *Sabine* Blood, has mingled in his Veins
 Part of This Country. Thou, Whose Age, and Race
 By Fate are favour'd whom the Gods demand, 645
 Proceed to Empire, valiant Chief, at once
 Chief of the *Trojan* and th' *Italian* Pow'rs.
 Him too, the Hope, and Solace of my Age,
Pallas to Thee I join, that he may learn,
 Under so great a Master, to endure 650
 The Toils and rigid Discipline of War;
 Accustom'd to behold Thy God-like Deeds,
 And taught t'admire Thee from his tender Years.
 To Him two hundred Horse I give, the Flow'r
 Of our *Arcadian* Youth: As many more 655
Pallas to Thee, in his own Name presents.
 He scarce had spoke; *Æneas*, and his Friend,
 Faithful *Achates*, fix'd in silence stood;
 Much Grief revolving in their pensive Thoughts.
 When *Cytheria* in the open Air 660
 A Signal gave; and suddenly from Heav'n
 A darted Flash with Thunder came: All seem'd
 To

Ver. 660. *When Cytheria, &c.*]

—————putabant;
Ni signum cælo Cytheræa dedisset aperto.

Putabant, says *Servius*, for *pu-* | but it must be so, or an El-
assent; by a *Figura per Tem-* | lipsis. Otherwise *N. dedisset*
pora. This is harsh enough; | set will be quite disjointed.

To tremble round them : And along the Sky
 The *Tyrrbene* Trumpet's Clangor sounded loud.
 Upwards they look ; Again, again the Crash 665
 With mighty Noise redoubles : Shining Arms
 In a bright Region of the Sky serene
 They see ; and hear them rattling thro' the Clouds.
 The rest amaz'd ; *Æneas* knows the Sign,
 And Promise, which his Goddess Mother gave : 670
 Then Thus : Enquire not, Royal Host, what Fate
 Is meant by These Presages, I by Heav'n
 Am call'd : This Signal was to Me foretold
 By my Celestial Parent, to be sent,
 Should threat'ning War approach ; and She her self 675
 Promis'd to aid me with *Vulcanian* Arms
 Brought thro' the Air.
 What Deaths alas ! What Slaughters are decreed

To

Ver. 663. *To tremble, &c.*] *Ruere* for *ruitura* ; to tremble as if they were ready to fall.

Ver. 668. *They see, and hear them rattling thro' the Clouds.*] This is another Instance of what I observ'd, Book VII. 569. *Rutilare vident, & pulsa*

tonare. One cannot see a Sound ; Yet *vident* being join'd with *rutilare*, as well as *tonare* ; That solves the Difficulty. This is a fine Preparation to the *Tuscan* Auxiliaries, and the Bringing of the *Vulcanian* Arms afterwards describ'd :

—*Improvise vibratus ab æthere fulgor
 Cum sonitu venit, & ruere omnia visa repente,
 Tyrrbenusque tubæ mugire per æthera clangor.
 Suspiciunt : iterum atque iterum fragor intonat ingens :
 Arma inter nubem, cœli in regione serena,
 Per sudum rutilare vident, & pulsa tonare.
 Obstupuerunt animis alii : sed Trojæ viros
 Agnovit sonitum, & Divæ promissa parentis.*

Ver. 671, *Enquire not, &c.*] *Ne quare profecto*. That *profecto* I do not like.

Ver. 673. *Foretold.*] *Cecinit*. The Word *cantare* is often

apply'd to Oracles. And This being the Promise of a Deity, tho' not a solemn Oracle, it is by Analogy apply'd to This.

To wretched *Latium*! *Turnus*, for thy Crimes
 To Me what bloody Forfeit shalt Thou pay! 680
 How many Warriour-Bodies, Helms, and Shields
 Shall in thy Torrent, Father *Tyber*, roll!
 Let them demand a War, and break their Leagues.

He said; And from his lofty Seat arose:
 And first upon th' *Herculean* Altar wakes 685
 The sleeping Fires; and joyfully renews
 The Sacrifice of Yesterday; the *Lar*,
 And little Country-Gods invokes; and kills
 Choice Sheep by Rite accustom'd: With him join
 The King *Evander*, and the *Trojan* Youth. 690
 Then to his Vessels, and his Friends he goes;
 From whom the Chief in Valour he selects,
 To follow him in War; The others, sent
 To inform *Ascanius* of his Father's State,
 And Posture of Affairs, fall down the Stream, 695
 And slowly on the gentle River glide.
 Steeds to the *Trojans*, for the *Tyrrhene* Fields
 Dispatch'd, are giv'n; But One, above the rest
 Distinguish'd, to *Æneas* is assign'd,
 All cover'd with a Lion's tawny Hide, 700
 With golden Claws refulgent. Sudden Fame
 Diffus'd thro' all the little City flies,
 That to the Palace of the *Tyrrhene* King
 A Band of Horse was marching swift in Arms:
 With Fear the Matrons iterate their Vows; 705
 Danger more imminent augments the Dread,
 And greater now appears the Face of War.
 Then old *Evander*, at their Parting, grasps
 His Hand, and Thus, with endless Weeping, speaks.

696.] O! *legimus* does not refer to
 motion, but *chirped* *several* *times* *that*

O ! would but *Jove* restore my former Years ; 710
 And make me what I was, when ev'n beneath
Præneste's Walls, I fell'd the foremost Rank,
 And Victor burnt a Heap of Shields ; and sent
 With This Right hand King *Herilus* to Hell.
 On Him, her Son, *Feronia*, at his Birth, 715
 (Prodigious to relate !) three Lives bestow'd ;
 Three Suits of Arms he wielded ; thrice by Death
 He was to be subdu'd : Yet this Right hand

De-

Ver. 710. *O would but Jove,* is perfectly natural to old Men :
 &c.] This Speech is excellent Thus *Nestor* brags in *Homer*.
 in all it's Parts. His reci- But the Conclusion relating to
 ting the Exploits which he per- his Son is incomparably pathet-
 form'd, when he was young, tical.

*At vos ô superi, & Divûm tu maxime rector,
 Jupiter, Arcadii quæso miserescite regis,
 Et patrias audite preces. Si numina vestra
 Incolumem Pallanta mihi, si fata reseruant :
 Si visurus eum vivo, & venturus in unum ;
 Vitam oro : patiar quemvis durare laborem.
 Sin aliquem infandum casum, Fortuna, minaris ;
 Nunc ô, nunc liceat crudelem abrumpere vitam :
 Dum curæ ambiguae, dum spes incerta futuri ;
 Dum te, chare puer, mea sera & sola voluptas,
 Complexu tenco: gravior ne nuncius aures
 Vulneret.*

And the Speech it self is ex- | moving Lines:
 cellently introduced by Those |

*Tum pater Evandrus, dextram complexus euntis,
 Hæret in expletum lacrimans, ac talia fatur.
 O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos ! &c.*

Euntis certainly relates to *Pal-* unusual Sort of Fuel ; But *Ser-*
las, not to *Æneas*. His Son *vius* says it alludes to a Piece
 must be the dearest Person of History : *Tarquinius Priscus*
 there : And besides, the Word burnt the Shields of the *Sabines*
Pater implies it. Ver. 561. in Honour of *Vulcan*. Shields in
 Orig. (*& efficeret me talem*) Those Days were made chiefly
qualis eram, &c. of Wood ; and Leather : With
 Ver. 713. Burnt a Heap of only a plate of Iron. See *Lib.*
Shields.] Shields may seem an *VII. 632, 633. Orig.*

*but it signifies a less active warrior
 & is opposed to prestantes viribus & chief
 in valour which go with the road.*

Depriv'd him, in That Field, of all his Lives,
And strip'd him of as many Suits of Arms.

720

Were I but Such; I should not now, my Son,
Be torn from thy Embraces; nor o'er Me
Insulting, should *Mexentius*, near my Coasts,
Have made such barb'rous Ravage with the Sword,
Nor rob'd the City of so many Lives.

725

But You, Ye Gods, and Thou, Almighty *Jove*,
Great Sov'reign of the Gods, commiserate
Th' *Arcadian* King, and hear a Father's Pray'r.

If Fate and You preserve my *Pallas* safe;

If Him I live to meet, and see restor'd:

730

Life I implore; With Pleasure I submit

To any Toils. But if some dire Mishap,

Fortune, by Thee is threaten'd: Now, O! now

Rid me of cruel Life; while yet my Cares

Are doubtful, and our future Lot unknown;

735

While Thee, dear Youth, my late, my only Joy,

I strain in this Embrace: That such harsh Tidings

May never wound my Ears. With Sobs and Groans

The aged Sire Thus breath'd his last Farewel:

The Servants bear him fainting to his Court.

740

And now forth issues from the open Gates

The Horse-Brigade: *Æneas*, and his Friend

Faithful *Achates*, in the foremost Rank;

In order next the other Lords of *Troy*.

Pallas himself advances in the Midst,

745

Conspicuous in his Cloak, and painted Arms:

As when the Star by *Venus* most belov'd,

Bright

Ver. 730. *If him I live to*
meet, &c.] Venturus in u-
num: i. e. in unum locum cum
illo.

Ver. 747. *As when the Star,*
&c.] This Simile is justly ad-
mir'd by Scaliger: It is most
beautiful.

BOOK 8. VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS. 141

Bright *Lucifer*, just wash'd in Ocean's Waves,
 Upraises in the Sky his sacred Head,
 And dissipates the Shades. The trembling Dames 750
 Stand on the Walls, and follow with their Eyes
 The Cloud of Dust, and Troops with polish'd Brass
 Refulgent. Thro' the Thickets they pursue
 The nearest Way in Arms: A Shout is rais'd;
 And, in a Body form'd, with sounding Hoofs 755
 The Horses gallop swift, and shake the mould'ring Soil. f
 Near the cool Stream of *Cære* stands a Grove,
 By the Religion of the ancient Sires
 Held venerable; spacious in Extent,
 With hollow Hills, and gloomy Fir inclos'd. 760
 The old *Pelagii*, (so Tradition tells)
 The first Possessors of the *Latian* Coasts,
 This Grove devoted to the Rural God
Sylvanus, and a sacred Day assign'd.
 Not far from hence the *Tyrrhenes* lay entrench'd 765
 In a safe Post, with *Tarchon* at their Head:
 And now the Legions from a Mountain's Height
 Appear'd in View, encamp'd upon the Plains.
 To these *Æneas*, and the Youth for War
 Selected, join their Body; and fatigu'd 770
 With Toil, their Horses, and Themselves repose.
 But lovely *Venus*, thro' th' Ethereal Clouds
 Bearing

Ver. 756. *The Horses, &c.*]

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

That galloping Verse is known to a Proverb. As we have no *DaSykes* in English; I was forced to insert an *Alexandrine* even in Blank Verse, to make something like an Imitation: Tho', I doubt, 'tis but a sorry one.

Ver. 772. *But lovely Venus thro' th' ethereal Clouds, &c.*]

At Venus æthereos inter Dea candida nimbo

Dona ferens aderat.—

+ This verse sounds more of prancing & trotting than swift galloping. With which, all have been more and better.

Bearing her Present came : When She her Son
 From the cool River at a distance saw,
 And in a Vale retir'd ; with easy Grace 775
 Her self discov'ring, Thus the Goddess spoke.
 Behold, my Son, the long-expected Gift,
 Completed by my Consort's promis'd Art ;
 That Thou the proud *Laurentians* may'st defy,
 And challenge daring *Turnus* to the Fight. 780
 She said ; embrac'd him, and beneath an Oak,
 Full opposite, the radiant Armour laid.
 Proud of such Honour, and the Gift Divine,
 Round all the Work he rolls his wond'ring Eyes,
 Infatiate ; turns and poises in his Hands 785
 The dreadful crested Helm, which vomits Flames ;
 The fatal Sword ; the Corslet stiff with Brass,

San-

The Suit of Arms and Armour
 wrought by *Vulcan*, and so long
 promis'd and hinted at, is now
 brought. And what a Description

of them is here given us! It
 is elegantly introduced by the
 Hero's Admiration and Joy at
 the Sight of them :

*Ille, Deæ donis & tanto lætus honore,
 Expleri nequit, atque oculos per singula volvit ;
 Miraturque, interque manus & brachia versat
 Terribilem cristis galeam, flammæque vomentem,
 Fatiferumque ensẽ, lorica ex ære rigentem
 Sanguineam, ingentem : qualis cum cœrula nubes
 Solis inardescit radiis, longeque refulget.
 Tum læves ocreas electro auroque recocto,
 Hastamque, & clypei non enarrabile textum.*

I cannot imagine what Reason
 there is to prefer *Homer* before
Virgil upon This Subject, (as
 Some do) because the former
 gives his Hero only *defensive*
Armour, the latter gives his
 both That, and *offensive Arms*.
 Is not a Soldier to offend his

Enemy, as much as to defend
 himself ?

Ver. 774. *From the cool Ri-
 ver, &c.*] In the Word *egeli-
 dus* the Compound *e* is sometimes
privative, and sometimes *height-
 ning* : 'Tis the latter in This
 place. *Secretum*, i. e. *separa-
 tum, segregatum, remotum*.

Sanguine, immense; As when an azure Cloud
Glow, gilded by the Sun, and burns from far:
The polish'd Cuisses next, of Gold refin'd, 790
And ductile Silver; and the Spear; and last
Th' unutterable Texture of the Shield.

There, not unknowing in the Schemes of Fate,
And

Ver. 788. *As when an azure Cloud, &c.*] This is a most noble and beautiful Simile.

Ver. 790.--*Gold refin'd, &c.*] *Recocto, i. e. repurgato*: Several times purify'd and refin'd.

Ver. 793. *There, not unknowing in the Schemes of Fate, &c.*] We are now come to the last Part of This admirable Book, (which, all Things consider'd, is perhaps but little, if at all, inferior to any of the

whole *Æneis*;) and never certainly was Book more nobly finished. It is the famous, and never enough to be applauded, Description of the *Sculptures* upon the *Shield*. The Poet, after having given us the Particulars of the Arms and Armour in the Verse before cited, and having concluded with the Shield, *clypei non enarrabile textum*, by a delicate Transition proceeds Thus:

*Illic res Italas, Romanorumque triumphos,
Haud vatum ignarus, venturique inscius ævi,
Fecerat Ignipotens: illic genus omne futuræ
Stirpis ab Ascanio, pugnataque in ordine bella
Fecerat.*

To describe the Engravings of a Shield, is *Homer's* Invention; but to give us, by way of *Prophecy*, a most important Piece of *History* in *Those Engravings*, and by That Means to make Them one of the most important Parts of the whole *Poem*, thus by an unexampled Art to make the very *Ornaments* and *Decorations* one of the strongest and most necessary Parts of the *Building*, is entirely *New*, and

entirely *Virgil's*. It is from This Shield that all the modern *Advices to Painters, Engravers, Stone-cutters, and Weavers of Hangings*, have been borrow'd; and so often repeated as to become nauseous. Then how amazingly elegant and beautiful is the Description of the first Particular mention'd by our Poet, That of *Romulus* and *Remus* suckled by the *Wolf*!

—*Viridi fœcæm Mæwrtis in antro
Procubuisse lupam; geminos buic ubera circum
Ludere pendentis pueros, & lambere matrem*

And coming Times, the fiery God had form'd
 The future Annals of th' *Italian* Realms,
 And *Roman* Triumphs; all the Race deriv'd
 From young *Ascanius*; and the Battles fought
 In Order. In the mossy Cave of *Mars*
 A female Wolf lay suckling; At her Teats

795

Two

*Impavidos; illam tereti cervice reflexam
 Mulcere alternos, & corpora fingere lingua.*

To do Justice to This Passage, one must read a Lecture upon almost every Word of it. I cited a Description in the Sixth Book, which I said I thought the best in the whole World: But I now believe This to be equal to That. It is Perfection,

as far as any Thing Human can be said to be so.

To remark upon all the Excellencies of *This Piece* would be (as I have said of others) to transcribe the Whole. Yet I cannot but observe how delicate That is of *Metius*;

*Raptabatque viri mendatis viscera Tullus
 Per sylvam, & sparsi rorabant sanguine vepres:*

How noble and grand That of *Porfenna*;

*Illum indignanti similem, similemque minanti
 Aspiceres, &c.*

As also That of *Manlius*;

*In summo custos Tarpeia Manlius arcis
 Stabat pro Templo, & Capitolia celsa tenebat: &c.*

How strong and striking the Opposition of Ideas between *Cati-*

line and *Cato*:

—Hinc procul addit
*Tartareas etiam sedes, alta ostia Ditis;
 Et scelerum pœnas: & te, Catilina, minaci
 Pendentem scopulo, furiarumque ora trementem:
 Secretosque pios; his dantem jura Catonem:*

Especially, the Majestic Sublimity of the last Clause. But as if These were only little preparatory Hints to introduce

something more prodigiously glorious, the immortal *Battle of Actium* follows: And upon *This* the Poet enlarges, and ex-

ex-

Two sporting Infants hung, and lick'd their Dam, 800
 Intrepid: She her sleek round Neck reclin'd,
 Smooth'd them by turns, and form'd them with her
 Next *Rome* he added, and the *Sabines* seiz'd [Tongue.
 By Rape enormous, at the solemn Sports,
 Within the spacious Cirque; Thence mighty War 805
 Sud-

exerts himself, with the utmost | *great Augustus.* The previous
Vigour and Energy; to eternize | Description of the Sea is such
the Honour of his Master, the | Painting, as nothing can excel.

*Hæc inter, tumidi late maris ibat imago
 Aurea, sed fluctu spumabant cœrula cano:
 Et circum argento clari delphines in orbem
 Æquora verrebant caudis, æstumque secabant.*

Then for the Battle in general;

*In medio classes æratas, Ætæa bella,
 Cernere erat: totumque instructo Marte videres
 Fervere Leucaten, auroque effulgere fluctus.*

And how are *Cæsar's* Forces | consisting of *Romans*, to ag-
 drawn up, on the One Side, | grandize his Glory!

*Hinc Augustus agens Italos in prælia Cæsar,
 Cum patribus, populoque, Penatibus, & magnis Diis,
 Stans celsa in puppi: geminas cui tempora flammæ
 Lætæ vomunt, patriumque aperitur vertice sydus, &c.*

And *Anthony's*, on the other, | gravate his Infamy!
 consisting of *Foreigners*, to ag-

*Hinc ope barbaricâ variisque Antonius armis
 Viſtor, ab Auroræ populis, & litore rubro,
 Ægyptum, viresque Orientis, & ultima secum
 Bactra vehit: sequiturque, nefas! Ægyptia conjux.*

The Descriptions of the Battle, | from *Una omnes rucere, &c.* to
 the Rout, and the Triumphs, I | the End. Yet I cannot avoid
 must pass over; and refer them | transcribing Those charming
 to the Admiration of the Rea- | Images of the conquer'd Rivers,
 der. For there is not a Line | *Nile, and Euphrates.*
 which is not truly admirable,

Sudden betwixt the *Romans*, and the King
 Old *Tatius* and his rigid *Cures* rose.
 Then the same Chiefs (their bloody Feuds at length
 Suspended) arm'd before *Jove's* Altar stood,
 Each with a Charger in his Hand; a Sow 810
 They sacrific'd, and ratify'd the League.
 Not far from thence the rapid Chariots driv'n
 Flew diverse, and the Traytor *Metius* tore;
 (Thou, *Alban*, should'it have kept thy plighted Faith :)
 Him *Tullus* thro' the Woods rent piecemeal drag'd, 815
 The sprinkled Brambles dropping with his Blood.
Porfenna next attempts to reinstate
 Ejected *Tarquin*; and surrounds the Walls
 With pressing Siege: In Liberty's Defence
 Th' *Æneadae* undaunted rush to Arms. 820

Him,

*Contra autem magno mœrentem corpore Nilum,
 Pandentemque sinus, & tota veste vocantem
 Cœruleum in gremium latebrosaę flumina victos.*

And

—*Euphrates ibat jam mollior undis.*

The Whole is clos'd with such | Lines, that nothing can be ima-
 strong, full, and expressive | gin'd beyond them.

*Talia, per clypeum Vulcani, dona parentis,
 Miratur, rerumque ignarus imagine gaudet,
 Attollens humero famamque & fata nepotum.*

I cannot apprehend why a great
 Man, (Mr. *Addison*, I think)
 should say (as he does, tho' I
 have forgot where) that the
 last Verse is a Piece of Wittic-
 ism in *Virgil*. In my Opini-
 on, Nothing can be farther
 from it. 'Tis only a common
 Metonymy of *Signum pro re*

signata, perpetually used by all
 the Poets: And is so far from
 being *light* or *little*; that no-
 thing can be more *ponderous* with
Sense, more *grand*, *noble*, or
majestick.

Ver. 814. Thou, *Alban*,
 shouldst have kept, &c.] Ma-
 neres, for debuisti manere. Ma-
 nere,

Him, in the Sculpture, with a storming Air,
And terribly indignant, you might see;
That *Cocles* had presum'd to burst the Bridge,
And *Clelia* freed from Bonds had swom the Stream.

High on *Tarpeia*'s Tow'r brave *Manlius* stood, 825
Defender of the Temple; and possess'd
The lofty Capitol: Here rough appear'd
The Palace, recent with *Romulean* Straw;
And, in the golden Cloysters flutt'ring round,
A silver Goose betray'd th' approaching *Gauls*: 830
Th' approaching *Gauls* along the Thickets came;
And now had seiz'd the Fort, by gloomy Shades
Protected, and by favour of the Night.
With golden Hair they shine, with golden Vests, 834
And chequer'd Cloaks; Their milk-white Necks entwined
With Chains of Gold: each brandish'd in his Hand
Two *Alpine* Jav'lins; with a Length of Shield

Their

here, and *stare* are used in Latin like *stand* in English, and the same may be said of μένειν in Greek, to abide by, or stand to one's Word, or Bargain. So *Ovid*; *Stemus, ait pacto*. Ver. 646. Orig. *jubebat* [Romanos.]

Ver. 827, 828. *Here rough appear'd The Palace recent with Romulean Straw.* This *Regia* [Palace] cannot be understood of the Capitol itself. For That, when it was besieg'd by the *Gauls*, was far from being thatch'd with Straw; tho' it might not be so magnificent, as in *Virgil's* Time; and the Portico's of it are after-

wards describ'd as being *Golden*, or *Gilded*; and Thatch and Gold do but ill agree. By *Regia* therefore (as all concur) is meant the *Casa Romuli*, the old rural Palace of *Romulus*, kept and preserv'd in the Capitol as a *Relick*. But how then is the Thatch of it here said to be *fresh*? Either in the *Sculpture*, not in it self; or (which I rather think) it is spoken not of the *Original* House, but of *Another* made by the *Romans* in Imitation of it: For That (as *De la Cerda* says) was from Time to Time actually done by them,

Their Bodies cover'd o'er. He added next
 The dancing *Salii*; And with naked Limbs
 The mad *Luperci*; and the Caps of Wool; 840
 And Targets drop'd from Heav'n: The Matrons chaste
 In downy Litters to the Temples rode,
 And thro' the City bore the sacred Rites.
 Distant from hence th' Infernal Realms he drew,
 And *Pluto's* Court; the Tortures of the Damn'd; 845
 Thee, *Ca'iline*, suspended on a Rock,
 And trembling at the Furies: And the Elefs'd
 Apart; To These just *Cato* giving Laws.

Among

Ver. 843. *And thro' the City bore the sacred Rites.*] *Ducchant sacra per urbem.* I am sensible that *ducere sacra* often signifies the same as *celebrare sacra*, or *ire ad sacra*: and I doubt not but the latter is here meant: But That which I have render'd is impli'd in it. They carried with them Things necessary for the Sacrifice. The Word *mollibus*, here applied to *Pilentiis*, is by Some render'd *penfilibus*, hanging, or swinging, as a Coach upon its Braces: which They think *Virgil* means by *mollibus*, because it makes the Motion *soft*, or *easy*. And it may be so; but I rather

chuse to translate it *dowry*. *Juvenal* joins them both together: *Vegetur Penfilibus plumis.* Sat. 1st.

Ver. 848. *To these just Cato giving Laws.*] *His dantem jura Catonem.* In translating and remarking upon This Passage, *M. Segrain* has fallen into the most unaccountable *Bevue* that ever was heard of. Nothing can be plainer than that *Virgil* makes a clear Distinction between the Mansions of the Damned and Those of the Blessed, and places *Cato* among the Latter, giving Laws to Them;

Secretosque pios, his dantem jura Catonem.

To what can *his* possibly relate but to *pios*, the Word immediately before it? *Secretos* is manifestly the same here as *discretas* in *Horace*, *Sedesque discretas piorum: Segregatos, se-*

paratos, i. e. *ab impiis*, whom he had mention'd in the Words preceding. And yet *M. Segrain* will have it that *Cato* is giving Laws to the *Damn'd*, and appointing their Punishments as a

Judge;

Among the various Figures, rolling wide
 Th' Effigies of the Ocean swells in Gold, 850
 Whiten'd with curling Foam; and all around
 The Dolphins, bright in Silver, lash the Brine
 With

Judge; like *Æacus* and *Rhadamanthus*. And in his Note upon it he very largely answers an Objection of M. *Balsac*; who, it seems, was in the same Blunder, and indeed talks most absurdly even upon That Supposition. I cannot think with *Servius* that *Virgil* here means the elder *Cato*: The Younger [*Uticensis*] is much better oppos'd to *Catiline*, in whose Time he liv'd. I am astonish'd at the Turn which *De La Cerda* (who seems to be in the same Errour with M. *Segrais*) gives to This Passage. He understands it indeed of *Cato* the younger, but will have it said *in gratiam Augusti*; it being suppos'd a Reflection upon *Cato* to make him a Judge in Hell. Whereas were it to be understood even in his Sense; was the Office of *Minos*, *Æacus*, and *Rhadamanthus*, esteem'd vile, and dishonourable? But take it in the other Sense, which undoubtedly is the true; it is evidently the greatest Compliment that ever was paid to a Mortal, to make him the Lawgiver to all the happy Spirits in the other World. To say that This would be an Affront to *Augustus*, is vain and idle. It appears from many other Passages that *Virgil* was a Republican in his

Heart, as all honest Men, among the *Romans* then were; because a Republick was the ancient establish'd Form of their Government. But, because he found that Government utterly overturn'd, he wisely endeavour'd to conciliate the Affections of the People to That of *Augustus*. Which he might very well endeavour to do, and yet speak with the utmost Honour of brave and virtuous Men who dy'd in the contrary Cause. Nay it was doing Honour to *Augustus* himself, to suppose that the just Praises of a gallant Enemy would not only be pardon'd by him, but be agreeable to him. Or if *Virgil* might not be an exact Courtier, certainly *Horace* was. And yet we very well know his — *Catonis nobile Letbum*; and his *Cuncta terrarum subacta Præter atrocem animum Catonis*. If the last be a little doubtful, and may seem to imply rather *Obstinacy* than *Bravery*; the first is a Comment to it: For in That, *Cato* is mention'd in the same List with the greatest Gods and Heroes. What a paultry Jest *Virgil* would make according to the Sense of the other Interpreters, is too plain to be insisted upon, and too trifling to be regarded.

With their broad Tails, and wheeling cut the Waves.
 Full in the Midst the brazen-beaky Ships,
 And *Actium's* Battle rises to the View ; 855
 All mount *Leucate* hurry'd with the Rage,
 And regular Confusion of the War ;
 And Billows radiant with the Gleam of Gold.
 Here to the Fight *Augustus Cæsar* leads
 His *Romans* ; with the Fathers, and the State, 860
 His Country Deities, and mightier Gods ;
 On the tall Deck sublime : Whose Temples, fir'd
 With lambent Glory, flash two Flames, and all
 His Father's Star burns open'd on his Crest.
 High on another Deck *Agrippa* heads 865
 His

Ver. 862. *Whose Temples*
fir'd.] However bright and
 piercing the *Eyes* of *Augustus*
 might be ; I cannot think that
Virgil here intends to describe
Them : Nor only the Shining of

his *Helmet* and *Diadem*. He
 certainly means a Glory of
 Fire round his Head to denote
 his future Deity. *Læta* for
fulgida, as Book I.

—— *latos oculis afflarat honores.*

Patrium sydus ; the Star of
Julius Cæsar his Adoptive Fa-
 ther, who was suppos'd to be
 Deify'd by the Appearance of a

Star at his Death. *Aperitur*,
 is open'd, or discover'd, i. e.
apparent. Thus Book III.

—— *Formidatus nautis aperitur Apollo.*

Even in English, when in Pro-
 spect an Object *appears*, or is
discover'd, it is said to *open*,
 or *be open'd*, to us. But why
geminas flammæ ? No Inter-
 preter answers the Question.
 I take it to mean no more than
 the Emission of Rays on *both*
Sides : For the same Reason
 that *Horns* are in Scripture used
 to express such Glories. Thus

Exod. 34. 29. in the Original,
 and *Habak.* 3. 4. Which gave
 Occasion to the Custom of
 Painting *Moses* with *Horns*,
 absurdly enough in my Opi-
 nion ; the Hebrew Word in
 Those places implying no more
 than the *shooting* or *streaming*
 of Light two different ways ;
 as it were in the Shape of
Horns.

His Squadron, with auspicious Winds, and Gods ;
His Temples shiing with a beaky Crown,
The Recompence, and Pride of Naval War.

Antonius Victor, with Barbarian Aids,
And Arms promiscuous, from the reddend'd Shore, 870
And Nations of the Morning, comes adverse ;
Brings *Ægypt* with him, and the Eastern Force,
And distant *Bactrians* ; and (reproachful Sight !)
His Shame attends him, his *Ægyptian* Wife.
All rush at once ; And all the Ocean foams 875

Con-

Ver. 875. *All rush at once, and all the Ocean foams, &c.* If *Virgil* has work'd up a *Sea-Fight*, as it was manag'd by the Ancients, to such a Pitch of Sublimity, and Horrour ; What would He have done, had the Use of Cannon, and *Five-Ships* been known in his Time ? A modern Writer has by the Advantage of *The* outdone even *Virgil* himself in *That* Respect. Indeed the whole Description (it is of the Battel

at *La Hague*) is such as *Virgil* (had he had Those Advantages) would have made, setting aside a Word, and Expression, or two ; which more resemble *Claudian's* Manner, than *His*. It is in a Poem entitled *Prælium Navale*, written by a Gentleman of *Magdalen College Oxon*, in the 11d. Vol. of *Musæ Anglicanæ*. I will transcribe the Passage for the Entertainment of the Reader.

*Longa raturum series utrinque excurrit in æquor,
Fæta viris : Subterlabenti plurima quercus
Incumbit late pelago, ingentesque carinæ,
Silvarum spolia. Explosa tormenta metallo
Continuo furere, & gravidæ concurrere turres,
Ventorum labor, & tota æquora fervere bello.
Una super reliquis Gallorum puppibus ingens
Eminet, ipsa nemus ; subjectos pondere fluctus
Opprimit ignoto, velisque tumentibus omnem
Includit Boream, & centeno fulminat ore.
Hanc petit uncta pice, & sæcunda bitumine puppis,
Cui flagrans onus, & flammæ dira supellex
Ventre lateet, nigrisque furit tota Ætna cavernis.
Rursus instant Galli, & longe detrudere certant*

H. 4

Hærentem

Convuls'd with dashing Oars, and trident Beaks.
 They hoise to Sea : The *Cyclades* upturn
 You would have thought were floating on the Deep ;
 Or lofty Hills encountring Hills : So huge
 The Tow'ring Vessels, rigg'd and mann'd for War. 880
 Fire-Balls of Tow, and missile Jav'lin's fly ;
 The recent Gore discolours *Neptune's* Fields.
 The Queen her Forces rallies in the Midst,
 Shaking her Country Timbrel ; nor as yet
 Perceives her two attending Asps behind. 885
Anubis, barking Deity, and all
 The Monster-Gods of ev'ry Kind advance,
 'Gainst *Neptune*, *Venus*, and *Minerva*, rang'd.
 Amidst the thickest Battle *Mavors* storms
 In Iron Sculpture ; and the *Diræ* sent 890
 From Heav'n ; and *Discord*, with her Mantle torn,
 Marches exulting : With her bloody Scourge
Bellona follows arm'd. To see the War,
Ælian Apollo hovers in the Clouds,
 And bends his Bow : By Him with Terrour struck 895
 All *Ægypt's*, *India's*, and *Sabæa's* Lines,
 And all *Arabia's* turn their Backs in Flight.
 The Queen herself, inviting all the Winds,
 Swift hois'd her Sails, and loos'd the twisted Cords.

Her

*Hærentem lateri pestem : circum ignea sævit
 Tempestas, spargitque incendia, & evomit atrox
 Undantes fumos, & olentem sulphura nubem.*

Ver. 884, 885. Nor as yet
 Perceives, her two attending
 Asps behind.] That is, say
 Expositors, *nondum sensit mor-
 tem imminentem*. As She was
 to die by the Bites of Asps,

it is here elegantly supposed
 that *Vulcan* had engrav'd Them
 behind her ; to shew what was
 to be her Destiny ; tho' she was
 not then apprehensive of it.

BOOK 8. *VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.* 153

Her pale, amidst the Slaughter, at th' Approach 900
 Of future Death, the fiery God had wrought,
 Wafted by Eastern Breezes down the Tide :
 Full opposite great *Nilus* mourning rolls
 His Fluent, into his cerulean Lap
 Invites the vanquish'd Troops, and opens all 905
 His wavy Garment to receive their Flight.
 But *Cæsar*, riding to the Walls of *Rome*
 With triple Triumph, to th' *Italian* Gods
 Devotes three hundred stately Temples, Vow
 Immortal : With rejoicing Shouts, and Sports, 910
 And festival Applause the Streets resound :
 In all the Temples Quires of Matrons croud ;
 Altars in All erected ; On the Ground
 Before Those Altars slaughter'd Oxen fall.
 Himself, high seated in the marble Porch 915
 Of *Phæbus*' Dome, reviews the People's Gifts,
 And sits them fatten'd to the lofty Doors.
 The conquer'd Nations in long Order go,
 Various in Language, as in Garb, and Arms.
 There *Mulciber* the *Nomades* had drawn, 920
 The *Libyans* loosely clad, the *Lelages*,
 The *Cares*, and *Gekoni* arm'd with Darts ;
Euphrates drawing now a gentler Train ;

Th'

Ver. 908. *With triple Tri-*
umph.] i. e. Three distinct
 Triumphs upon as many Days.
 One over the *Illyrians*, &c.
 Another over *Cleopatra* defeated
 in This Battel : A Third over
 all *Ægypt* afterwards entirely
 reduced. See *Rhans*. For he

did not triumph over *Anthony*,
 because he was a *Roman* : as
Julius Cæsar did not over *Pem-*
pey ; but only over *Foreigners*.

Ver. 923. *Euphrates draw-*
ing now a gentler Train.] So
Horace,

Th' extremest *Morini*, the two horn'd *Rhine*;

The untam'd *Dabæ*, and *Araxes*' Stream

925

Indignant with a Bridge to be confin'd.

Such Figures on the broad *Vulcanian* Shield,

His Mother's Gift, the Hero pleas'd admires

In Ignorance; And on his Shoulder high

Upheaves the Fame and Fortune of his Race.

930

*Medumque flumen, gentibus additum
Victis, minores volvere vortices.*

This is Poetry in the *strictest*
and most *peculiar*, Sense.

I know not whether it be worth while to take notice of an Objection urged by Some against the whole Conduct of This Episode, *viz.* That all these Figures are enough to fill a *large Gallery*; and therefore cannot be conceived to be engraven upon a *Shield*. *M. Segrais* has answer'd it at large in his Remarks upon This Book. He proposes three ways of accounting for it, but chiefly insists upon This; That it is not necessary to suppose they were All engraven; It is enough that Some were; The Range of the Poet's Fancy may be allow'd to save the Rest. But in This I cannot agree with him; especially since there is no Occasion for it; and All here described might be strictly true; considering the imaginary Stature of Those Heroes (far greater than That of

Those *Qualia nunc hominum*, &c.) and consequently the Breadth of their *Shields*, on the one hand, and the *lessening*, and *grouping* of Figures, on the other. For as to the three hundred Temples here mention'd (which seem to stick with *M. Segrais*) it is neither said, nor can it be suppos'd, that they were engraven upon the Shield; but *sacrabat* may imply no more than *vowing*, or *devoting* them, or *repeating* the Vow he had formerly made. And accordingly I have render'd That Word by *devoted*, not *consecrated*. For three hundred Temples could not be so soon built, as actually to make a Part of These Triumphs. And This devoting or *vowing* might very well be express'd, not by the Figures of all Those Temples; but by two or three Words in a Label over the Figure of *Augustus*.

The End of 1b: Eighth Book.



VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

BOOK the NINTH.

WE observed that in the preceding Book the Scene *changed* from *Latinus's* Country; but now it *returns* thither.

*Atque ea diversa penitus dum parte geruntur,
Irim de cœlo misit Saturnia Juno
Audacem ad Turnum, &c.*————

But what most particularly distinguishes This Book from the rest, is the famous Episode of *Nisus* and *Euryalus* so often mentioned; which is beautiful almost to a Proverb, and is one of the most celebrated Pieces of Antiquity. How justly it deserves That Character, shall be consider'd in it's proper Place, when I come to descant upon it's particular Excellencies. It is likewise distinguish'd (as by the greatest *Beauty*, so perhaps) by the greatest *Fault*; I mean the *Transformation* of the *Ships* into *Nymphs*. What is to be said *for* and *against* That Incident, shall be taken notice of hereafter. It is farther distinguish'd by the total *Absence* of the *Hero*, and by the *Beginning* of the
Warlike.

156 INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

Warlike Action. Thro' the whole Course of which, in This Book, there are a Multitude of other Beauties. We have an admirable Description of a *close Siege*; and the *Obstinacy* both of the *Assault* and of the *Defence* is such, and represented in so lively a Manner; that we seem not to *read* it, but to *see* it. After the Damp which was struck into the *Trojans* by the Lamentations of *Euryalus's* Mother;

*Hoc fletu concussi animi, mœstusque per omnes
It gemitus, torpent infractæ ad prælia vires;
Illam incendientem luctus Idæus & Aëtor,
Ilionei monitu, & multum lacrimantis Iuli,
Corrumpunt, interque manus sub tectâ reponunt:*

How are *They* and *We* roused and *fired* by This sudden Turn in the very next Line;

*At tuba terribilem sonitum procul ære canoro
Increpuit———*

The Trumpet sounds in the very Words, and the Verse it self pierces our Ears.

———*Sequitur clamor, cælumque remugit.*

And so to the Hurry and Fierceness of the Fight on both Sides.

*Accelerant acta pariter testudine Volsi,
Et fossas implere parant, & vellere vallum.
Quærit pars aditum, & scalis ascendere muros, &c.
———Telorum effundere contra
Omne genus Teucris, ac duris detrudere contis, &c.
Saxa quoque infesto voluebant pondere, &c.*

The

The *Burning* and *Fall* of the *Tower*; The Heroic Action of young *Ascanius*; The Giant-Brothers *Pandarus* and *Bitias*; The Variety of Opening the Gates to the Enemy, and then Shutting them, and including *Turnus*; His amazing Exploits among his Enemies, and his safe Arrival among his Friends; are Particulars, every one of which deserves our distinct Admiration. This Book has the most *Fighting* of Any; and by That Circumstance likewise is distinguished from the rest.

WHILE Schemes like These in distant Parts are form'd;

Saturnian Juno Iris sends from Heav'n
To daring *Turnus*: In the sacred Vale,
And Grove of old *Pilumnus*, then by chance
The Hero sate: To him *Thaumasias* spoke, 5
And from her rosy Mouth These Accents fell.

Turnus, What none of all the Gods could dare
To promise to thy Wishes, see, the Course
Of rolling Time spontaneous has bestow'd.
Æneas, from his Town, and Friends, and Fleet, 10
Absent, to *Palatine Evander's* Realms
Is now repair'd; and not content with That
To *Coritus'* most distant Towns has pierc'd,
And arms the *Lydian* Rusticks for the War. 14
On

Ver. 7. *What none of all the Gods could dare, &c.*] Because they could not imagine it to be in the Fates: Who (as we have seen) were according to the Heathen Notions superior to the Gods. This, however, is as bold an Expression, as it is a famous one. *Volvenda*, for *volubilis*: *Dies* for *Tempus*; as it often signifies, especially in Poetry.

On What demur thy Thoughts? 'Tis now the Time
To mount thy Steeds, and Chariot: Break Delay,
And swift surprize their unprovided Camp.

This said, on even Wings uprais'd she flew,
And cut her spacious Arch beneath the Clouds.
The Youth soon knew her, list'd to the Stars 20
His Hands, and with These Words pursu'd her Flight.
Iris, the Pride of Heav'n; Who sent Thee down
To Earth, and Me? From whence This sudden Light
Diffus'd? I see the op'ning Sky divide,
And the Stars straggling round the Pole: Portents 25
So wond'rous I obey; whoe'er Thou art
Who summon'st me to Arms. This said, he skims
Pure Water from the Surface of the Stream;
Invokes the Gods, and loads the Sky with Vows.

Now all the Army march'd upon the Plain, 30
Rich in proud Steeds, in broider'd Vests, and Gold.
Messapus leads the Van, the Rear the Sons
Of *Tyrrheus*; In the Centre *Turnus* moves,
Chief, by the Head entire above them all,

And

Ver. 25. *And the Stars straggling round the Pole, &c.*] *Palantesque polo Stellas*. That the Stars should at all appear in the Day-time, was prodigious; but that they should appear notwithstanding the additional Light brought by *Iris*, was much more so. This therefore confirms him in his Opinion, that it was something *Præternatural* and *Divine*: *Sequar omnia tanta*, are therefore his next Words. In Those before us, *Tempestas* is for *Cælum*, the

Air, or Weather: *Discedere*, for *biare*, or *dividi*: *Palantes*, straggling, and, as it were, losing Their Way; *Tempore & loco* (says *Servius*) *non suo apparentes*.

Ver. 26. — *Whoe'er Thou art, &c.*] How could he say so; when he knew her to be *Iris*, and had before call'd her by her Name? The Answer is, That *Iris* was but a *Messenger*; and he did not know whether she was sent by *Jupiter* or *Juno*; she being a *Servant to Both*.

And tow'rs in Arms. Slow, without Noise they march :
 As, by sev'n Rivers swell'd, in silence flows 36
Ganges profound; or with his fruitful Stream
Nilus, when ebbing from the Fields, he draws
 His Train, and in his Chancel glides confin'd.

The *Trojans* here a sudden Cloud of Dust 43
 Discern, and Darkness rising o'er the Field.
 First from the Mound adverse *Caicus* cries;
 What Globe, Ye Citizens, is yonder roll'd,
 Black'ning in Air? Stand to your Arms, Dispatch, 44
 Quick, draw your Weapons, and the Ramparts crown;
 The Foe approaches: Haste, with Clamour loud
 The *Trojans* shut their Gates, and fill the Walls:
 For so *Aeneas*, most expert in Arms,
 Parting, had giv'n Command, that in the Fight

(If

Ver. 35, 36. *Slow, without Noise they march: As, by sev'n Rivers, &c.* The Words in the first Verse are not in the Original; and yet they are certainly imply'd: And it was necessary to add them in a Translation: Because otherwise an English Reader would not understand the Simile which follows; nor be able to make Sense of the Whole. The Simile (which is very beautiful) is intended to express the Majestick Slowness and Silence of the March; as also their being reduced into Order, after having been scatter'd and dispers'd; As Those Rivers glide within their Chancels, after having overslow'd the Country. I have often remark'd upon the Elliptical Passages of *Virgil*. No Writer abounds in them more,

and yet he is very seldom obscure by them. Even here (and I think it is the most remarkable Passage of the Kind) he is not obscure to us, after some Attention. His Ideas rise even out of his Silence, and his Omissions. The Simile explains the Application; tho' the Application is not here mention'd. This Art is most exquisite and delicate. He knew so well how to manage his *Points of View* in his Paintings; that not only his *Shadows* set off his *Lights*; but his very *Vacancies* and *Intervals* are Beauties. But then This must be to an attentive Observer: Otherwise the thing is impossible. Ver. 30. *Orig. surgens for ausus*. Ver. 31. *Per tacitum* [locum, or campum] Adverbially for *tacite*.

(If any Fortune should mean-while present) 150
 They should not dare, nor trust the open Field;
 But man their Trenches, and defend the Camp.
 Therefore, tho' Shame and Indignation fire
 Their Souls to Battle; mindful they obey
 His Orders, to the War their Gates oppose, 55
 And in their Turrets arm'd expect the Foe.
 Before his tardy Squadron *Turnus* flies,
 With twenty chosen Horse; and to the Town
 Sudden approach'd: Whom with white Spots distinct
 A *Thracian* Courser bore; with crimson Plumes 60
 A golden Helmet glitt'ring round his Head.
 What Youth, he cry'd, with Me will first advance
 Against the Foe? See there: Then hurls a Dart
 Into the Sky, the Prelude of the War;
 And spurs with stately Port along the Field. 65
 With terrible Acclaim his Men concur,
 And shouting follow. The degen'rate Souls
 Of the dull dastard *Trojans* they admire;
 Admire that none should dare to trust the Plain
 In equal Fight, nor obvious rush in Arms, 70
 But all within their Trenches lurk confin'd.
 He

Ver. 58. *And to the Town,*
 &c.] — *Et urbi, &c.* This
et is redundant; unless we sup-
 pose *et* to be understood in *co-*
mitatus: as it certainly is. And
Virgil has numerous other In-
 stances of the same Kind. I
 have taken notice of very ma-
 ny; but it would be endless, as
 well as needless, to take notice
 of them all. Ver. 51. Orig.
primus [ibit] in hostem?

Ver. 71. — *Within their*
Trenches lurk confin'd.] Castra
fovere. Veteres (says *Servius*)
fovere, pro habitare, & diu in-
colere, dicebant. It is Meta-
 phorical: To cherish, hug, or
 embrace, which *fovere* strictly
 signifies, implies sticking close
 to, or keeping warm. It is pre-
 ty odd that neither *Minellius*,
 whose only Business it is to
 teach Boys to construe, nor
Rugus,

He, turbulent in Ire, surveys the Walls,
 This Way, and That, and on his lofty Steed
 The Passes inaccessible explores.
 So raves the prouling Wolf around the Cotts, 75
 Infidious to invade the crouded Fold,
 At Midnight, passive from the Winds and Rain:
 The tender Younglings bleat beneath their Dams
 In safety: He, malicious in his Rage,
 Gnashes his Teeth against the distant Prey: 80
 Hunger, long since contracted, goads him on,
 And Jaws undrench'd with Gore. Not less incens'd
 (His Blood with Indignation boiling high)
 The fierce *Rutulian* storms, as he beholds
 The guarded Walls, and Bulwarks of his Foes; 85
 Doubtful which Post to try, and how to draw

The

Ræus, who in his *Interpretation* proposes no more, takes the least notice of This Word: Which is far enough from being easy to Beginners. One may indeed observe the same upon Them, and the rest of the Commentators, in many other Instances. They explain many Things, which need no Explanation even to Boys; and omit many which are really Difficult to more understanding Readers.

Ver. 75. *So raves the prouling Wolf, &c.*] The Propriety and Beauty of this Simile is obvious at first Sight: And it is all along finely express'd; especially That—*Ventos perpassus, & imbres*, has something very emphatical, and elegant. In *absentes* here implies no

more than that (as we say in English) he could not *come at them*. I mean the same by *distant*: Not that they are far from him; but *separated*, and *protected* by the Fold. For *siccæ sanguine fauces*, see the Note upon the 33^d Verse of Book VIII.

Ver. 83. *His Blood with Indignation boiling high.*] It is impossible to give a literal Translation of *duris dolor ossibus ardet*. And the same may be said of some other Instances of the like Nature.

Ver. 86. *Doubtful.*] For some such Word must be understood to govern *Qua tentet, &c.* Ver. 67. The Quantity will not permit *via* to be the Ablative, tho' by the Sense one would think

The *Trojans* from their Trenches to the Field:
 Their Fleet, which near the Fortrefs cover'd lay,
 Fenc'd by their Ramparts, and the River's Stream,
 He strait invades; excites his shouting Troops 90
 With Fire to fill their Hands; and waves, himself,
 A flaming Pine. By *Turnus*' Presence urg'd
 They ply the Work industrious; All the Youth
 Rife the Hearths, and arm themselves with Brands:
 The smouldring Torches throw the pitchy Light 95
 Aloft, and *Vulcan* sparkles to the Stars.
 What God, Ye Muses, from the *Trojan* Ships
 Averted such a fiery Tempest? Say:
 Ancient the Fact, but constant is the Fame.

On

think it should agree with *quâ*.
 As it is, it must be *quâ* [*ratione* again] *via aliqua Excusiat*, &c.

Ver. 99. *Ancient the Fact, but constant is the Fame.* *Prisca fides facta, sed fama perennis.* I had once render'd it *Faith* instead of *Fact*; and perhaps I have not alter'd it for the better: Tho' This is the Sense according to the Generality of Interpreters. They take *prisca fides facta* for *priscum factum*, with an Addition indeed of being long believ'd: As if it were *Factum creditum*. I presume the Reason for That Interpretation is This; that were we to take it, strictly and literally, for it has been anciently, or long believ'd; the Word *sed* would be improper; because it makes no Opposition in *Fama perennis*: For what

Sense is it to say, it has long been believ'd, *but* the Fame is immortal? Is there any Disjunction, or Opposition between Those two Things? Nay, are they not perfectly consistent? But then *Servius*, among other Expositions, has This: *Prisca* signifies *obsolete*, or *worn out*, not *ancient*; i. e. it was once believ'd, but now it is not; Yet the Report continues. Make but This Alteration, The Belief of it is so old, that it is almost worn out; It was once fully, but now is very faintly believ'd; Yet the Fame of it continues, and is like to be immortal: And That, I am persuaded, is the true Sense of the Place. For to put *fides facta* for *factum*, tho' with the Addition of *Belief*, is very harsh and untoward. However it be; I believe *Virgil* design'd, to express

On Phrygian Ida when Æneas built

100

His Navy, and prepar'd to stem the Deep;
Thus *Berecynthia*, Mother of the Gods,
To mighty *Jove*, 'tis said, her Suit address'd.
Grant me, my Son, what thy lov'd Parent asks

OF

press himself ambiguously; considering it was to introduce so *strange*, not to say so *ridiculous* a Story. And by using That Word, I do not intend to blame, or dishonour *Virgil*; as will appear from what follows.

Ver. 100. On Phrygian Ida, &c.] M. *Segrais* tells us that a certain Italian Critick has vindicated *Virgil* from the Objections of *Servius*, and Others, against This Transformation of Ships into Nymphs. As he only refers us to That Author, whom I never saw, and know not how to procure; I must be content to be ignorant of the Arguments he urges. Whatever they be; I believe they do not justify the *Fiction*, however they may defend the *Poet*: For This last, I am satisfied, is all that can be attempted with Success. What M. *Segrais* himself alledges, I do not recite; because I think a great Part of it is not true, and the rest but of little Force. *De La Cerda*, who is just such an *Idolater* to *Virgil*, as Some are to *Homer*, and can acknowledge no Blemish in Him, cites several Instances of This Kind (as he supposes) against *Servius*; who says This Transformation is without Example.

But None of his Instances come up to This. *Homer* changes a Ship into a Rock; and No body is disgusted at it. As for the Ships in *Apollonius Rhodius*, which *speak*, and *prophecy*, That indeed is even more shocking than the Instance now before us: But still it is no Transformation. That which Monsieur *Segrais* alledges, comes nearer to the Point, viz. the Ship *Argo*. 'Tis much more easy (says He) to conceive a Ship turn'd into a Sea-Nymph, than into a Star. But tho' I confess the latter is bad enough; yet even here I cannot be of his Opinion. The Ancients, by general Consent, made all Persons and Things, capable of being turn'd into Stars; and the Celestial Globe had, by Prescription a Right to be furnish'd with any Thing which the Terrestrial produc'd. And after all which M. *Segrais* urges concerning the Similitude in Nature, between a Ship, and a Sea-Nymph; for Timber and Cables to be chang'd into Goddesses, is an Idea which Common Sense will never endure. And therefore whatever Precedents there may have been (as there has been none) for This Metamorphosis, it is in it

* *self* such an Absurdity as nothing will justify. For it is a great Mistake to think, that by virtue of a *Divine Power*, *Mythology*, *Philosophy*, &c. the Poets are at Liberty to imagine or feign *anything*. The Ideas must be congruous or consistent in *Themselves*; Otherwise they will never be agreeable to *Us*. The first Inventers of *Riding on Horseback* might, in Poetry, be properly and elegantly represented under the feign'd Appearance of *Centaurs*. Because we have as good a Notion of a *Centaur* (tho' there was never any such Thing in Nature) as of a *Horse*, or a *Man*, which are Beings actually existing. The *Sun* might by a Heathen be very well imagined to be a *God* riding in a Chariot, and diffusing Light: And to *rise from and set in the Sea*; because in *Truth* it appears to do so. [See the Note on Book II. 306.] But then there are many Fictions of a quite contrary Kind, which even the best Poets have adopted into their Writings; because Custom (founded upon the foolish Heathen Superstition) had consecrated them to their Hands; and yet I doubt not but in their Hearts they despis'd them. Thus for Instance, (to omit a hundred others) *Atlas* might really be a famous *Astronomer*, or (if you please) the first Inventer of That Science; and upon this Foundation it was lawful for the Poets to ground *some* Poetical Fiction. To *change him into a Mountain* might be allowable;

So far nothing shocks us: But for That Mountain to support the Sky, even if we could suppose it to reach thither, is not only impossible in Fact, but intolerable in Imagination; And all the Mythology in the World will never excuse so monstrous an Idea. The same may be said of the *Cyclops* forging Thunder: Whatever *Mythology*, or *Philosophy*, there may be in it; the very *Image it self* is so prodigiously absurd, that nothing can justify it. If Thunder or Lightning be meant of Thunder or Lightning, as it *really is*; Who has, or can have, any Notion of a *Vapour* heated in a *Forge*, and *hammer'd* upon an *Anvil*? If it be said to be made of *Metal*; it cannot enter into our Imaginations: [Because we *know*; and see the *Contrary*; And such a gross senseless Eye will never pass upon us for an ingenious Fiction. Yet I say the Best of the Heathen Poets were forc'd to work with These wretched Materials. And in Both the Instances I have mention'd, *Virgil* has so amus'd and enchanted us with his Descriptions; that what is in it self the most insufferable of Nonsense, is, when manag'd by Him, to the last Degree pleasant and delightful. [See Notes upon Verse 323 of the IVth Book, and upon Verse 539 of the VIIIth.] And I am very much mistaken, if something like This be not the Case in the Instance now before us. *Virgil*, we know, was not the First who wrote of the Coming of

Of Thee, succeeding to the Throne of Heav'n. 105
A Piny Wood for many Years there grew
On the high Mountain's Top, my fav'rite Grove,

(To

of *Æneas* and the *Trojans* into *Italy*. And among other Traditions of his Country, (tending to its Honour forsooth) it is probable he found this foolish Story coin'd to his Hands; and could not omit it, without disobliging Those whom it was his Business to please. This, I say, appears probable; if we consider not only the Judgment of This great Poet, who was not likely to be the Inventer of a Metamorphosis which is the worst among all *Ovid's*; but likewise the Hints which

he gives of his own Disapprobation of it in the Verse above cited, and explain'd; as also the Word *fertur* in the Narration it self. However, he does all he can to cover and conceal its Absurdity; and deludes us as much as possible: He invokes the *Muses* afresh, introduces it as a thing amazing, and scarce credible: It is done by the greatest of Gods at the Request of his Mother: The Ratification of his Promise is most awful:

—— *Idque ratum, Stygii per flumina fratris,
Per pice torrentes atraque voragine ripas,
Annuit, & totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.*

The fulfilling of the fatal Time again is very solemn:

*Ergo aderat promissa diis, & tempora Parcae
Debita complerant*——

The next Description is exceeding noble and beautiful:

*Hic primum nova lux oculis effulsit, & ingens
Visus ab Aurora cælum transcurrere nimbus,
Idæique chori: tum vox horrenda per auras
Excidit, & Troïum Rutulorumque agmina complet:
Ne trepidate meas, Teucri, defendere naves, &c.*

And That of the Metamorphosis it self is short and elegant. But when all is said, the faulty Image is not cover'd in This Instance, as it is in each of the other two above cited. *Ships turn'd into Nymphs!* That Idea is still uppermost in our Thoughts; and we cannot be reconciled to it. Upon the

Whole therefore, I am satisfy'd that either *Virgil*, for the Reason alledg'd, was forc'd to insert it contrary to his Judgment; or that This Passage would have been entirely eraz'd, had he liv'd to perfect his Poem.

Ver. 105. Succeeding to the Throne of Heav'n.] For That

(To which my Votaries their Off'rings brought)
 Obscure with gloomy Fir, and Maple Boughs.
 This Timber to th' illustrious Youth of *Troy*, 110
 When indigent of Ships, I gladly gave.
 Now a new Fear disturbs my anxious Thoughts;
 Heal thou That Fear; and let thy Mother prove
 So potent by her Pray'rs, that to no Length
 Of Voyage, to no Tempest they may yield: 115
 Let it avail them, that they once were Mine.

To whom her Son, who whirls the Starry Spheres:
 O Mother, which way would you turn the Fates?
 Or what would you request? Shall Vessels, built
 By mortal Hands, immortal Rights enjoy? 120
 And shall *Æneas* certain pass thro' Toils
 Uncertain? To what God is giv'n such Power?
 Yet when, those Toils exhausted, they shall reach
 Their destin'd Limits, and th' *Ausonian* Ports:
 In All, which shall escape the Waves, and bring 125
 The *Trojan* Leader to *Laurentum's* Fields,
 In Tract of rolling Time, their mortal Form
 I will destroy, and give them to be Nymphs
 Of the wide Deep; as *Doto*, *Nereus*-born,

And

i s the Meaning of *Domito Olympo*. He had dethron'd *Saturn*, and reduc'd all the Gods to his Obedience. The Mention of *This Circumstance* is very emphatical: Kings are most apt to grant Favours upon their first Accession to their Thrones. And besides, it was particularly proper to be mention'd by *Her*; because it was by *her* Means that he was so advanced. The old Story about *Sa-*

turn, and *Ops*, and *Jupiter*, is well known. For my Part, I am ashamed to repeat the ridiculous Fiction. Ver. 92. *O-rig. profici* [illis esse] — *ortas*. Ver. 98. *Imo* [potius.] Ver. 100. *olim* [illi] *quæcunque*, &c. Ver. 104; — 106. *Idque ratum*, i. e. *confirmatum* [esse] *Annuis*, i. e. *annuens voluit*. Ver. 112. *borrenda*; not *horrid*, but awful, venerable, &c.

Book 9. VIRGIL's ÆNEIS. 167

And *Galatea* cut the foaming Sea. 130

He said ; and by his *Stygian* Brother's Banks,

And pitchy Torrent, ratify'd the Fate ;

And all *Olympus* trembled at his Nod.

And now the promis'd Time was fully come,

Ripen'd by Destiny ; when, by the Force 135

Which *Turnus* threaten'd, the Celestial Dame

Was warn'd to save the sacred Ships from Fire.

Here to their Eyes a sudden Stream of Light

Wond'rous appear'd ; and, darted from the East,

A shining Tempest shot along the Sky : 140

Th' *Idæan* Quire was heard ; and thro' the Air

An awful Voice fill'd either Host with Dread.

Haste not, Ye *Trojans*, to defend my Ships :

Nor arm your Hands : The Ocean shall be burnt

By *Turnus*, sooner than These hallow'd Pines. 145

Go You, Ye Goddesses, into the Sea,

Go free : The Mother of the Gods commands.

Forthwith each Vessel, from its Cable loos'd,

Plunges into the Deep ; and with it's Beak

Dives like a Dolphin, underneath the Waves. 150

Instead of Them (prodigious to relate !)

So many Virgin Forms appear, and glide

Upon the Sea, as just before there stood

Tall Ships with brazen Prows along the Beach.

The *Rutuli* in Wonder stand aghast ; 155

Messapus' self affrighted scarce restrains

His startled Steeds ; old *Tyber* stops his Course,

And reflux from the Ocean hoarsely roars.

Yet nought bold *Turnus* of his Fire abates ;

But Thus encourages, and chides his Friends. 160

Against

Against the *Trojans* These Portents are aim'd :
 Great *Jove* himself of their accustom'd Aid
 Deprives them Thus : nor do their Ships expect
 Th' *Ausonian* Arms, and Fires. The Ocean then
 To Them impervious leaves no Hope of Flight ; 165
 The Globe's One Half is lost : The Land is Ours ;
 So many Thousands of th' *Italian* States
 Engage in Arms. Me nought the Fates affright,
 Whate'er they be, of which the *Phrygians* boast ;
 Enough to *Venus* and the Fates is giv'n : 170
 Since, landing on *Ausonia's* fertile Shores,
 The *Trojans* are arriv'd. My Fates oppos'd
 I too can shew ; which grant me to destroy
 With wasteful War the Sacrilegious Race,
 And right my self defrauded of my Bride. 175
 Nor do the *Greeks* alone resent such Wrongs ;
 Nor are *Mycenæ's* Kings the only Chiefs,
 Who, to revenge such Insults, rush to Arms.
 But 'twas enough, perhaps, that once they fell :

And

Ver. 161. *Against the Trojans, &c.*] To turn the Prodigy against his Enemies is a true Sign of Courage. The whole Speech indeed is full of Fire and Spirit.
 Ver. 179. *But 'twas enough perhaps, &c.*]

*Sed periisse semel satis est : peccare fuisse
 Ante satis, penitus modo non genus omne perosos
 Fœmineum*—————

That what I have rendered is the Sense of This obscure Passage, is agreed on all hands ; But the Difficulty is to account for the literal Construction of it. With some Supplement it runs Thus : " It will be objected, that it was enough

" that they suffer'd once. I
 " answer, It should have been
 " enough for them too that
 " they offended once ; they
 " who hate not all the Female
 " Kind ; as one would
 " have thought they should
 " have done, having suffered
 " so

Book 9. VIRGIL's ÆNEIS. 169

And once too was enough to make them hate 180
 The Female Kind, and Thus offend no more.
 Did These, who in their Trenches now confide,
 Slight thin Partitions 'twixt themselves and Death ;
 Did These not see the Walls of mighty Troy,
 Tho' built by Neptune, tumble in the Flames ? 185
 But who, Ye chosen Youth, who scales with Me
 Their Bulwarks, and invades their trembling Camp ?
 Against the Trojans no Vulcanian Arms,
 Nor twice five hundred Ships do I require.
 Let all Etruria join her Bands ally'd : 190
 Nocturnal coward Thefts they need not fear ;
 Their fam'd Palladium we shall not purloin,
 Killing the Guards, who watch the lofty Tow'r ;
 Nor in the Steed's dark Belly lurk conceal'd.

In

“ so much upon their Account.” *Ruæus* points the first Clause with an Interrogation, *Sed periisse semel satis est ?* But That makes it not so good Sense as the Other. The greatest Difficulty is in *modo non*. *Ruæus* renders it by *nondum*, which makes the Sense good ; but then I know not where else it is so used. *De La Cerda* says *nunquam satis* : But for This I am as much at a Loss. Literally it should be the same

as *tantum non*, almost ; But as That agrees not with *penitus* in the same Respect, we must refer *penitus* to *exosos*, and *modo non* to *omne* : Which perhaps is the true Account ; Utterly hate almost the whole Female Sex. For they could not be conceived to hate all Women : Their Mothers and Sisters must be excepted : According to That of *Hippolytus* in *Seneca*, Act. II. Scen. I.

*Solamen unum matris amissæ fero,
 Odissæ quod jam fœminas omnes licet.*

Ver. 182. In their Trenches, &c.] *Fossarumque moræ* : Impediments, or Obstacles, i. e. to their Enemies in attacking them.

Letbi discrimina, i. e. discrimina, or intervalla inter se & lethum.

In open Light of Day, it is resolv'd, 195
 We will appear, and wrap their Walls in Flames:
 Soon shall they see, my Promise I engage,
 They have not here to deal with Grecian Foes,
 Whom *Hector* to the Tenth Year kept at Bay.
 For what remains; since rolling to the West 200
 The Day declines, and Conquest is in View;
 With joyous Cheer, Ye warlike Youth, indulge
 Your Genius, and expect the promis'd Fight.

Mean-while, the Charge is to *Messapus* given
 With Scouts and Sentries to beset their Gates, 205
 And all with Fires inclose their Trenches round.
 Twice sev'n *Rutulians* to observe their Walls
 Are chosen; Each of them an hundred Youths
 With purple Plumes, and broider'd Veils, attend.
 Alternate they patrole, by turns relieve 210
 Each other's Posts; and stretch'd along the Grass
 Indulge the Wine, and toss the brazen Jars.
 Their Fires shine round: The Watch in Sports protract
 The sleepless Night.
 All This the *Trojans* from their lofty Mounds 215
 Trembling behold, and man their Works in Arms;
 With anxious Fear the guarded Gates explore,
 And join the Fortresses with Bridges laid.

Mnestheus,

Ver. 206. *And all with
 Fires, &c.]* *Mœnia cingere
 flammis*, with other Expres-
 sions equivalent, is used by *Vir-
 gil* in Two different Senses:
 Either to kindle Fires for Light
 to themselves, as it is here: Or
 to attack the Town with Fire in
 order to burn it; as at Verse

153 Orig. in This Book; Ver.
 74, and 119 of Book X.

Ver. 218. *And join the For-
 tresses with Bridges.]* *Pon-
 tesque & propugnacula jungunt*,
 i. e. *jungunt propugnacula pon-
 tibus*: They laid Bridges to
 walk from one Bulwark, or
 Fortreis, to another.

Mnestheus, and brave *Sereſtus* urge the Toil ;
To whom the Prince *Æneas* had assign'd 220
The chief Direction of Affairs, if aught
Adverse ſhould chance: Each Legion on the Walls,
Sharing th' allotted Danger, mounts the Watch
Alternate, and it's proper Poſt defends.

To guard the Gate brave *Niſus* ſtood in Arms, 225
Niſus

Ver. 223, 224. — *Mounts the Watch Alternate, and its proper Poſt defends.* *Exercet-que vices*, [ſecundum id] *quod cuique tuendum eſt*. Ellipſis.

Ver. 225. *To guard the Gate brave Niſus, &c.* Here begins the celebrated Epiſode of *Niſus* and *Euryalus*. The Poet had in the IVth Book exhausted the Subject of *Love*: And now he gives us a Specimen of his Skill upon the Power of *Friendſhip*. And the Latter is no way inferiour to the Former; conſidering each of them in its Kind. Never was any

thing more artfully diſpos'd, more fiery and noble, more moving and pathetic, than This conſummate Piece. Let us conſider a few Particulars: For it would be endleſs to conſider them all. The Poet with great Judgment naturally ſlides into it without any formal Preparation. He was ſpeaking of the ſeveral Poſts which were defended: And among the reſt, One was committed to the Care of Theſe two Friends; whoſe Characters he here judiciously gives us.

*Niſus erat portæ cuſtos, acerrimus armis,
Hyrtacides; comitem Æneæ quem miſerat Ida
Venatrix, jaculo celerem, levibuſque ſagittis:
Et juxta comes Euryalus, quo pulchrior alter
Non fuit Æneadum, Trojana nec induit arma;
Ora puer prima ſignans intonſa juventa.
His amor unus erat, pariterque in bella ruebant.*

The firſt Speech of *Niſus* begins with wonderful Force, and Fire; communicating his

Thoughts, and propoſing his Deſign to the Other.

— *Diſſe hunc ardorem mentibus addunt,
Euryale? an ſua cuique Deus ſit dira cupidus?
Aut pugnam, aut aliquid jamcudum invadere magnum,
Mors agitat mihi, nec placidâ contenta quiete eſt.
Cernis, quæ Rutulus babeat fiducia rerum:*

Nisus Hyrtacides; whom *Ida*, fam'd
 For Hunting, sent into *Æneas'* Train,
 Skill'd in the Jav'lin, and the feather'd Shafts :
 And by his Side, *Euryalus* ; than whom
 Was none more beauteous, clad in *Trojan Arms* : 230
 The

Lumina rara micant, &c.
 ————— *percipe porro*
Quid dubitem, ———
Ænean acciri omnes, &c.

And proposes the Reward to his Friend, not to Himself ;

Si tibi quæ posco promittunt (nam mihi facti
Fama sat est)

And elegantly concludes with a | Hint of his Design without
 speaking plainly ;

————— *Tumulo videor reperire sub illo*
Posse viam ad muros, & mœnia Pallantæa.

The Other is fired at the Pro- | his Danger and Glory ; con-
 posal ; and takes it ill of his | cluding with Those incompa-
 Friend that he should think of | rably strong and noble Lines ;
 excluding *Him* from a Share of

Est hic, est animus lucis contemptor ; & istum
Qui vitâ bene credit emi, quo tendis, honorem.

Nisus excuses it upon the Disparity of Their Age :

————— *tua vitâ dignior ætas, &c.*

Which is extremely well con- | Fire and Sprightliness of the
 triv'd to add to the Pathos of | Other. The Mention of his
 the Whole : The more manly | *Mother* greatly adds to the Con-
 Prudence and Care of the One | cern :
 being oppos'd to the youthful

Nec matri miseræ tanti sim causa doloris, &c.

The Younger makes no other | Reply than in a very few Words
 to insist upon his Purpose :

————— *causas nequicquam nectis inanes ;*
Nec mea jam mutata loco sententia cedit :
Acceleremus, ait.

The

The first soft Down of Youth had just begun
To bloom upon his Cheeks: One was their Love;
Together They engag'd in War; and now
Both in one common Post, as Sentries, stood.

Then *Nisus*; Do the Gods, my Friend, infuse 23;
This Ardour of the Soul? Or make we Gods

Of

The Night-Scene is a mighty Addition to the Image:

Cætera per terras omnes animalia somno, &c.

At This dead Time of Night, | the *Trojans* are in a Council of
War:

*Stant longis adnixi bastis, & scuta tenentes,
Castrorum & campi medio* —————

The two brave Youths are in- | sign. The Speech of old *A-*
troduced, and propose their De- | *lethes* is wonderfully affecting.

*Hic annis gravis atque animi maturus Aletbes:
Dii patrii, quorum semper sub numine Troja est,
Non tamen omnino Teucros delere paratis,
Cum tales animos juvenum, &c.*

That of *Ascanius* to *Nisus* is | himself in Age; the Promise
perfectly proper, as to the *par-* | to him is general; That He
ticular Rewards he promises. | should be his intimate Bosom-
But as *Euryalus* was nearer to | Friend:

*Te vero, mea quem spatiis propioribus ætas
Insequitur, venerande puer, jam pectore toto
Accipio, & comitem casus complector in omnes.*

But the Reply of *Euryalus* is | still more pathetic, expres-
sing his Care for his Mother:

————— *Sed te super omnia dona
Unum oro: Genetrix Priami de gente vetustâ
Est mihi, quam miseram tenuit non Ilia tellus
Mecum excedentem, non mœnia regis Acestæ.
Hanc ego nunc, ignaram hujus quodcunque periculi est,
Inque salutatam linquo; nox, & tua testis
Dextera, quod nequeam lacrimas perferre parentis.
At tu, oro, solare inopem, & succurre relictæ.*

*Hanc sine me spem ferre tui : audentior ibo
In casus omnes.* ———

Well might the next Words follow, as they do :

————— *Percussa mente dederunt
Dardanidæ lacrimas ; ante omnes pulcher Iulus ;
Atque animum patriæ strinxit pietatis imago.*

Ascanius, by the way, makes | a lovely Figure upon This Oc-
casion ; and afterwards,

Ante annos animumque gerens curamque virilem.

The Officers and Princes fol- | *nus* loads them with Instruc-
low them to the Gate with | tions to his Father ;
Prayers and Vows ; and *Asca-*

————— *sed auræ
Omnia discerpunt, & nubibus irrita donant.*

While they pass thro' the E- | their Courage ; and heartily
nemy's Camp, and make such | wish well to them, when we
a prodigious Slaughter among | read
them ; we are astonish'd at

————— *Excedunt castris, & tuta capeffunt.*

But now comes the fatal Turn of Fortune.

*Interea præmissi equites ex urbe Latina,
Cætera dum legio campis instructa moratur,
Ibant, & Turno regi responsa ferebant.*

After *Volsens* has spy'd them ; | we tremble for them, while
he bids them stand ;

*Haud temere est visum, conclamat ab agmine Volsens :
State, viri : quæ causa viæ ? quivæ estis in armis ?
Quovæ tenetis iter ?* ———

Their flying into the Wood, | greater Impatience. But when
the Description of it, the E- | *Nisus* is got clear, and looking
nemy's besetting it with their | back misses his Friend ; who
Horse, and the Embarrassment | does not weep, while he reads
of *Euryalus*, fill us with yet

*Ut stetit, & frustra absentem respexit amicum ;
Euryale infelix, qua te regione reliqui ?
Quidve sequar ?*

Tho' safe himself, he goes back to seek his Friend :

————— *Rur-*

*Rursus perplexum iter omne revolvens
Fallacis sylvæ, simul & vestigia retro
Observata legit, dumisque silentibus errat.*

But we shudder at the next Verse:

Audit equos, audit strepitus, & signa sequentum

At last he sees his dear Friend
in the Hands of his Enemies.
And well might the Poet ask
the Question, *Quid faciat?*
&c. His Prayer to *Diana*, be-
fore he throws his Spear, is
very moving. The Rage of

Volsceus upon the Death of his
Soldiers heightens our Fear.
But when *Nisus* sees him run-
ning upon his Friend with his
drawn Sword, we are almost in
as great a Fright, and in as
much Confusion as He:

*Tunc vero exterritus, amens,
Conclamat Nisus; nec se celare tenebris
Amplius, aut tantum potuit perferre dolorem.
Me, me: adsum qui feci: in me convertite ferrum,
O Rutuli: mea fraus omnis: nihil iste, nec ausus,
Nec potuit: cælum hoc & conscia sidera testor:
Tantum infelicem nimium dilexit amicum.*

That *Me, me*, is the most ele-
gant Abruptness; the very Per-
fection of an imperfect Sen-
tence. But what follows? He
spoke too late; and the Sword
was plung'd into the Body of

his beloved *Euryalus*: The De-
scription of whose Death, with
the Simile added to it, exceeds
(if possible) any thing yet ta-
ken notice of.

*Talia dicta dabat: sed viribus ensis adactus
Transadigit costas, & candida pectora rumpit.
Volvitur Euryalus leto, pulchrosque per artus
It cruor; inque humeros cervix collapsa recumbit.
Purpureus veluti cum flos succisus aratro
Languescit moriens; lassove papavera collo
Demisere caput, pluvia cum sorte gravantur.*

And yet the Conclusion of all
is the Best of all: The despe-
rate Courage and Revenge of
Nisus running into the Midst
of the Enemies; killing their

General who had kill'd his
Friend; then falling dead him-
self upon the Body of the lat-
ter:

*At Nisus ruit in medios; solumque per omnes
Volscentem petit, in solo Volscente moratur:
Quum circum glomerati hostes hinc cominus atque linc
Proturbant: instat non segnius, ac rotat ensam
Fulmineum: donec Rutuli clamantis in ore*

Of our own strong Desires? My Mind, long since
 Eager of Action, prompts me to engage
 Or in the Fight, or in some great Attempt;
 Nor This dull Rest endures. What Confidence 240
 Possesses the *Rutulian* Camp, thou seest.
 Thin burn their Fires: Dissolv'd in Sleep and Wine
 They lie; and all around dead Silence reigns.
 Now learn what Thoughts, what Purpose I revolve,
 Dubious of Mind. The Fathers, and the State 245
 Long to recall *Æneas*, and dispatch
 Sure Messengers, who Tidings may convey.
 If (for to Me the Glory of the Deed
 Is ample Recompence) to Thee they grant
 What I demand; methinks beneath That Hill 250
 I mark the Way to *Pallantéum's* Walls.

Struck with Surprise, and fir'd with Thirst of Fame,
 Thus sudden to his ardent Friend reply'd

Euryalus.

*Condidit adverso, & moriens animam abstulit hosti.
 Tum super exanimem sese projecit amicum
 Confessus, placidâque ibi demum morte quievit.*

With Reason might the Poet | distinguishing Lines as a Mark
 close the Whole with Those | set upon it:

*Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt,
 Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo:
 Dum domus Æneæ Capitoli immobile saxum
 Accolet, imperiumque pater Romanus habebit.*

Ver. 237. *Strong Desires.* | *magna too; as it certainly does*
Dira cupido is several times | *here.* The Word *improbis* is
 us'd by *Virgil.* I have once | us'd in the same Sense, *Geor-*
 [Book VI. 273.] render'd it | *gick* I. 146. and *Æneid* XII.
impious: For so it may there | 687.
 signify: but it may signify

G. 1. 146 ——— Labor omnia vincit

Improbis ——— And *Mons improbus.*

Ver. 191. Orig. *Dubitem:* i. e. *dubius mediter.*

Æ. 12. 687

Euryalus. And would'st thou then refuse
 To add Me, *Nisus*, to the brave Design? 255
 And shall I suffer Thee to go expos'd
 To such a perilous Attempt alone?
 Not so my Sire *Opheltes*, bred in War,
 Amidst the Terrour of the *Grecian* Arms,
 And the long Labours of unhappy *Troy*, 260
 Instructed me: Nor so have I behav'd
 In Partnership with Thee; since I adher'd
 To brave *Æneas*, and th' Extremes of Fate.
 Here too, Here dwells a Soul, that with Contempt
 Regards This vital Air; and thinks with Life 265
 That Fame well bought, to which thy Soul aspires.

Nisus to This; No such injurious Thought
 Of Thee, no such Suspicion, in my Breast
 Was ever harbour'd: No; as This is Truth,
 So may great *Jove*, or whate'er God regards 270
 These things with equal Eyes, restore me crown'd
 With Conquest to thy Arms. But if some Chance
 (As many in such hazardous Attempts
 Thou seest) if any Chance, or Pow'r Divine 274
 Snatch Me from Earth; Thee I would leave behind:
 Thy Age can shew a better Claim to Life.
 Let there survive, who may with solemn Rites
 Inurn my Body, rescu'd from the Foe
 In Battle, or redeem by Ransom paid;
 Or (That if Fate forbid) an empty Tomb 280

May

Ver. 264. *Here too, Here dwells a Soul, &c.*] While he pronounces These Words, he must be supposed to strike his

Hand upon his Breast;

Ver. 275. *From Earth.*] Orig. in *adousum* [casum mortis] rapiat [me.]

May build, and grace my *Manes* with a Grave.
 Nor to thy wretched Mother let me cause
 So great a Grief; thy Mother, who, alone
 Of all the *Trojan* Dames, for Thee, Dear Youth,
 Follows our Camp, nor loves *Acestes'* Walls. 285

Then He; Thy empty Reasons urg'd in vain
 Thou dost alledge; nor is my Purpose chang'd:
 Haste we, he said. Then wakes the Sentries; They
 Succeed, and mount the Guard: The friendly Pair,
 Quitting their Station, seek the General's Tent. 290

All other Creatures, o'er the Earth repos'd,
 Relax their Cares, and lose the Toils of Day;
 The *Trojan* Leaders, and the chosen Youth
 Upon th' important Bus'ness of the State
 A Council held; what Measures they should take, 295
 Who to *Æneas* should be sent dispatch'd.

On their long Spears they lean, and gripe their Shields,
 In the mid Camp. Then *Nisus*, and with Him
Euryalus, with eager Speed demand
 Admittance, urging an Affair of Weight, 300
 And worthy their Delay. *Iulus* first
 Receives them panting, and bids *Nisus* speak.

Then Thus *Hyrtacides*: Ye *Trojans*, hear
 With equal Minds; nor let the bold Attempt
 Propos'd be estimated from our Years. 305
 The *Rutuli*, immers'd in Sleep and Wine,

All

Ver. 285. *Acestes' Walls.*]
Magni — &c. The King's
 Name was *Acestes*, but the Ci-
 ty's *Acesta*. Perhaps it should
 be read *magnæ*: tho' after-
 wards indeed 'tis *Mania Regis*

Acestæ. The Sense is the same.
 Ver. 302. — *Panting.*]
 In the Original, *trepidos*: i. e.
 with *Haste*, not with *Fear*. So
 it is often used.

All silent lie : A Place we have observ'd
 Fit for our Purpose, where the Way divides
 Before the Gate which opens to the Sea.
 Their Fires by fits burn faint ; and to the Stars 310
 Black Smoke ascends : Permit us but to take
 Th' Advantage ; and you soon shall see return'd
 Your wish'd *Æneas* from *Pallantium's* Walls,
 With Spoils, and mighty Slaughter of the Foe.
 Nor are we uninstructed in the Way : 315
 For, hunting near the Coasts, we oft have seen
 The City's Confines in the Vales-obscure,
 And all the Windings of the River know.
Alethes then, in Wisdom and in Years
 Mature, reply'd. Ye Tutelary Gods, 320
 Whose fav'ring Pow'r protects the State of *Troy* ;
 As yet to Ruin you devote not all
 The *Trojan* Race ; since still such gallant Youths,
 Such firm intrepid Spirits you preserve.
 So saying, with a tender strict Embrace 325
 He strain'd them Both, and hung upon their Hands ;
 And drown'd his Visage with o'erflowing Tears:
 What due Rewards, brave Youths, shall I presume
 Proportion'd to so daring a Design ?
 The Chief the Gods, and your own Native Worth, 330
 The Rest ev'n now shall good *Æneas* give,
 And young *Ascanius*, when mature of Age,

For

Ver. 307, &c. *A Place, &c.*
Conspeximus locum qui patet in-
sidiis [nostris] in bivio portæ ;
i. e. in bivio ante portam.

Ver. 313. FROM *Pallan-*
tium's, &c. Litterally ; You
 shall see *Æneas* here, sought

for [by Us]. AT *Pallantium*.
 The Sense is the same. *Pal-*
lantium, and *Pallantium* are
 all one.

Ver. 332. *Mature of Age.*
Integer ævi. Some take it for
 his present State of Youth ; and
Rugus

For ever mindful of Desert like Yours.

And I, whose only Happiness depends
Upon my much-lov'd Father's wish'd Return, 335

Reply'd *Ascanius*, by our mighty Gods,

Nisus, to You I swear, by *Vesta's* Shrine,

And by the *Trojan Lares*; all my Hope

And Fortune in your Bosoms I repose:

Recall my Father, bring him to my Arms; 340

All Sorrow vanishes at his Return:

Two Goblets I will give, in Silver wrought,

And rough with Sculpture; which my Father took

From sack'd *Arisba*; And two Talents Weight

Of massy Gold; two Tripods; And a Bowl 345

Of antique Cast, which *Tyrian Dido* gave.

But if 'tis given us in the Charge of War

To conquer *Latium*, and it's Sceptre wield,

Victorious, and by Lot to share the Spoils; 349

Saw'st thou the Steed which *Turnus* press'd, the Arms

In which he rode, all glitt'ring, all in Gold?

That very Shield, and Those red Plumes which grace

His Helmet, from the Lot I will exempt,

Already, *Nisus*, thy adjudg'd Reward. 354

Besides, twelve choicest Dames, twelve Captive Youths,

With

Ræus adds *adbut*. But nothing can be more plain to me, than that it means his *future Maturity of Age*: and so says a learned Commentator in the *Variorum-Edition*: The Word *astutum*, as apply'd to *Aneas*, confirms This Interpretation. He shall do it *immediately*; and

Ascanius, when he comes of Age. Besides, the literal Sense of *Integer* implies the same. Ver. 260. Orig. *Fides* for *Spes*. Ver. 346. *Dido gave*.] *Dar* for *dedit*. I have often remark'd upon the licentious Use of Tenses in Poetry.

BOOK 9. VIRGIL'S *ÆNEIS*. 181

With their own Arms, my Father shall bestow ;
 And, added to them all, That Tract of Land,
 Which by the King *Latinus* is possess'd.
 But Thou, whose Age by Mine with nearer Steps
 Is follow'd, Thee, Thou venerable Youth, 360
 Thee into all my Bosom I receive ;
 And clasp Thee close, the Partner of my Soul
 In all Events ; Without Thee no Renown,
 No Glory will I seek in Peace or War :
 In Thee my greatest Trust of Deeds and Words 365
 I will repose. He said ; and Thus reply'd
Euryalus : From brave Attempts like These
 No Time shall argue me degen'rate prov'd ;
 Let Fortune but be kind. Yet more than all
 Rewards, and Prizes, one thing I implore : 370
 I have a Mother, from the ancient Race
 Of *Priam* sprung ; whose Fondness for her Son
 Urg'd her, unhappy, thro' the Toils of War,
 To follow me : Nor could the *Ilian* Coast
 Detain her, nor the King *Aceses*' Walls. 375
 Her, ignorant of whate'er Fate impends,
 Unblest'd, and unsaluting, I forsake :
 This Night, and thy Right hand I here attest,
 I cannot bear my wretched Parent's Tears.
 But Thou, I beg, console her helpless Age, 380
 And aid her desolate : Thus much of Thee
 Grant me to hope ; More daring I shall go
 To all Events. Struck with the moving Sounds
 The *Trojans* melt in Tears ; Above the rest
 Beauteous *Julus* : And the Image soft 385

Of

Of filial Piety glides o'er his Mind.
 Then Thus:
 All things I promise, which thy great Design
 So justly claims: My Mother she shall be;
 And nothing of *Creüsa*, but the Name, 390
 Be wanting: And whatever Chance betides
 This Enterprize; Not small shall be esteem'd
 Her Merit to have born so brave a Son.
 Here by This Head I swear, (an Oath which first
 My Father us'd) Whatever I engage 395
 To Thee returning, and with Conquest crown'd,
 The same shall to thy Mother, and the Race
 Ally'd to Thee inviolate remain.

Weeping he spoke; and drawing from his Belt 399
 His gilded Sword, which wrought with wond'rous Art
Lycaon, born of *Gnossian* Race, had made,
 And in an Iv'ry Scabbard fix inclos'd,
 That Present on the lovely Youth bestows.
Mnestheus a Lion's horrid Reliques gives
 To *Nisus*; good *Alethes* changes Shields: 405
 Now arm'd They march; Whom parting, to the Gates,
 The aged Sires, and all the youthful Band

Of

Ver. 386. *Filial Piety, &c.*]
Patriæ pietatis, i. e. filii in
parentes. In This Place it can
 admit of no other Interpreta-
 tion.

Ibid. *Glides o'er.*] For That,
 I am satisfy'd, is the Meaning

of *strinxit: molliter pervasit.*

Ver. 399. *Drawing from his*
Belt.] *Humeris simul exuit en-*
sem. Because the Belt hung
 from his Shoulder, tho' the
 Sword by his Side. So Book
 VIII.

——lateri atque humeris *Tegeæum subligat onsem.*

Ver. 403. *That Present on*
the lovely Youth bestows.] This
 Verse is not in the Original;

but it is imply'd by an *Ellipsis*:
 Which our Language will not
 bear.

Of the first Rank, with ardent Pray'rs, and Vows,
Crouding attend : Nor less the beauteous Prince,
In Care and Counsel wise beyond his Years, 410

Various Dispatches to his Father sends,
And loads them with Instructions : But the Winds
Disperse them all, and give them to the Clouds.

They pass the Trenches ; and thro' Shades of Night
Strait to the hostile Camp direct their Way ; 415
Yet fatal first to Many. On the Grass
They see them stretch'd in Sleep, and drench'd in Wine ;
Their

Ver. 416. *Yet fatal first to Many.*] This Ellipsis, I think, one may venture to render in English. First, i.e. either before themselves were slain ; or before they came to the Camp. For besides Those who are afterwards mention'd as kill'd there ; they might dispatch Others, who were sleeping on

the Ground between the Camp and the City.

Ver. 417. *They see them stretch'd in Sleep, and drench'd in Wine, &c.*] This whole Description of the Camp (the Medley of Debauch and War, as Mr. Dryden calls it) and of the Slaughter in it, is a most masterly Piece of Painting. These Strokes particularly :

— *Passim vino somnoque per herbam
Corpora fusa vident ; arrectos littore currus,
Inter lora rotasque ; viros : simul arma jacere,
Vina simul.* —

— *Ense superbum
Rhamnetem aggreditur ; qui forte, tapetibus altis
Exstructus, toto proslabat pectore somnum.* —

— *Truncumque reliquit
Sanguine singultantem : atro tepefacta cruore
Terra torique madent.* —

— *Rbatum vigilantem & cuncta videntem ;
Sed magnum metuens se post cratera tegebat :
Pectore in adverso totum cui cominus ens
Condidit assurgenti, & multâ morte recepit.
Purpuream vomit ille animam, & cum sanguine mista
Vina refert moriens.* —

Their Chariots on the Shore erect ; The Men
 Betwixt the Wheels and Harnes ; Arms and Wine
 Promiscuous. To his Friend Thus *Nisus* speaks : 410
Euryalus, 'tis now the Time to dare ;
 Here lies our Way ; Be Thou upon the Watch,
 Left any Foe assault us from behind :
 Thro' These I'll hew thee out a Passage wide.
 He said ; repress'd his Voice ; and with his Sword 425
 On haughty *Rhamnes* drove ; as then by chance
 Bolster'd aloft on Tapestry he lay,
 And snoring puff'd the Sleep from all his Breast :
 Himself a King, and by King *Turnus* lov'd,
 A skilful Augur : But his Augury 430
 That Pest could not avert. Three Servants next

Of

Especially in That Verse: *Condidit assurgenti*, &c. we see his Breast rising full against the Point of the Sword, and meeting it half way. But may not an Objection be urg'd against This Conduct ? It is certainly None, to say (as Some do) that it was *cruel* to kill so many Men in their Sleep: They were *Enemies* in *War*, and but *Two* against a *whole Army*. The Difficulty is in point of *Probability*: how they were *able* to do it without being *discovered*. 'Tis strange that the *whole Army* should be dead drunk, or fast asleep ; however debauched they had been. Nay, we are told *One* was actually awake, and saw it all. 'Tis much he should not *cry out*, to alarm his Friends ; at least *after* he was

stab'd, if he was *afraid before*.

It is likewise very strange that These two Adventurers themselves should not think they would come off very well, if they could get *safe* thro' the Enemy's Camp ; without taking it into their Thoughts to do so much *Execution* among them. To all This I have nothing to answer, but that the Thing, tho' very strange, is possible: And *possible* and *probable* in Heroick Poetry signify much the same. If we deny it This Boldness, we take away its greatest Beauty: which is the *marvellous* and *surprising*.

Ver. 423. *Left any Foe*, &c.] *Manus* may here signify either a *Hand*, or a *Body of Men*. Ver. 323. *Vasta dabo* ; i. e. *vastabo*.

Of *Rhemus*, as among the Arms they lay
 Mingled, he stabs; his Squire, and Charioteer,
 Beneath the Horses Feet; and with his Steel
 Divides their hanging Necks in Sleep reclin'd. 435
 Then from their Master's self his Head he hews,
 And leaves the welt'ring Trunk; The Earth and Bed^s
 Reek with black tepid Gore: Next *Lamyrus*,
 And *Lamus*; and *Serranus*, hapless Youth 439
 Of beauteous Form, who much That Night had play'd,
 And with large Portion of the jolly God
 Lay steep'd, o'erpow'r'd: Well for him had it been
 Had his long Play continu'd 'till the Morn.
 So foams the Lion thro' the crouded Folds,
 By furious Hunger pinch'd; and rends, and drags 445
 The tender Cattle, mute with Fear; and raves
 With bloody Mouth. Nor less *Euryalus*
 Distributes Death, nor rages less incens'd:
 Much nameless Vulgar in the Midst invades,

Fa-

Ver. 433. *Mingled, &c.*] *Ternere*, i. e. *negligenter*, *promiscue*.

Ver. 443. *Well for him, &c.*] *Felix, si protinus*, i. e. *continuo*, or *continuato actu*.

Ver. 444. *So foams the Lion, &c.*] It will not be necessary, in the Course of These Remarks, to take notice of every *Simile*. They are most of the same Kind with This; relating to War and Fighting; and taken from *Lions*, *Bulls*, *Boars*, *Eagles*, *Snakes*, and such like Animals; as also from *Fires*, *Deluges*, *Storms*, &c. When any thing particular occurs, it shall be particularly pointed at: For

the rest, and once for all, I here observe in general, that they are most of them copied from *Homer*, and very well expressed. That we meet with them perhaps a little too often, and that they are a little too much alike. The Reader (if he pleases) may see what I have said upon *Similies* (especially such as These) in another Treatise, *Præl. Poet.*

Ibid.] *Per Ovilia turbans*. Either the Word *turbans* is used *Neutrally*; Or (which I rather think with *Servius*) 'tis a *Imesis*, for *perturbans ovilia*.

Fadus, and *Hebefus*, and *Rhætus* kills, 450
 And *Abaris*: The rest in Sleep secure;
 But *Rhætus*, waking, and beholding all,
 Behind a spacious Cistern skulk'd for Fear:
 Full, as he rose, he bury'd all the Sword
 Deep in his Breast; and with abundant Death 455
 Receiv'd him: He with gushing Wine and Gore
 Vomits his purple Soul; and dying pours
 A blended Flood. *Euryalus* still burns
 With vengeful Rage, and silent presses on:
 Now near *Messapus*' Quarters he arriv'd; 460
 Where the last Fires scarce twinkling he beheld,
 And

Ver. 451, 452. *The Rest*,
 &c. But *Rhætus*, &c.] In
 the Original *Rhætus* is nam'd
 with the rest, as being asleep
 (for That *ignaros* must mean)
 yet the next Words are *Rhæ-*
tum vigilantem. 'Tis an El-
 lipsis again; and after *ignaros*,
 we must supply, all except
Rhætus.

Ver. 455, 456. *And with*
abundant Death receiv'd him.
 — *Et multa morte recepit.*
 Thus I ever understood the
 Place; and, 'till I came to trans-
 late it, never imagin'd that
 any other Sense had been put
 upon it. And yet, to my great
 Surprise, all the Expositors
 (except One) apply *recepit* to

the Sword, not to the Man;
recepit, i. e. *retraxit ensem*,
multa morte, i. e. *multo cruce*
tinctum. But how much more
 strong and noble is the Image,
 how much more elegant and
 poetical the Expression, to un-
 derstand it as I do, *recepit*
 [*Rhætum*] *multa morte*? The
 Other was rising up towards
 him, and he receives him with
 Abundance of Death; meaning
 the full Stroke which he had at
 his Breast; which (as I said
 before) is described by the very
 Sound of the Verse, as rising
 full against the Point of the
 Sword, and meeting it half
 way.

Pectore in adverso totum cui dominus ensem
Candidit assurgenti, & multa morte recepit.

I am so entirely possess'd of
 This Image; that I fear I
 should be obstinate enough to in-
 sist upon it, even against all the

Commentators. But by good
 Luck I have One of them to
 stand by me; *Recepit* (says *De*
La Cerda) *dira Hospitalitate*.

And Horses ry'd, and grazing : When in brief
 Thus *Nisus* ; (for he saw the Youth too far
 By Love of Slaughter hurry'd :) Cease we now ;
 The Dawn, unfriendly to these Thefts, appears ; 465
 Enough of Blood is spilt ; and thro' the Foes
 A Passage made. Much massy Plate they leave,
 Rich Tapestry, carv'd Bowls, and polish'd Arms.
 Yet would *Euryalus* the studded Belt,
 And wrought Caparisons of *Rhamnes* seize ; 470
 Which to *Tiburtian Remulus* of old
 The wealthy *Cædicus* in absence sent,
 Pledges of Hospitality and Love ;
 Them to his Grandson dying he bequeath'd ;
 After his Death, the *Rutuli* in War 475
 Had won them : These *Euryalus* now wears,
 And to his manly Shoulders fits in vain :
Messapus' plumy Helmet then he takes ;
 They leave the Tents, and seek the safer Field :

Meanwhile dispatch'd from King *Latinus*' Walls 480
 (The slower Foot attending on the Plain)
 Three hundred Horse, all shielded, *Volsens* Chief,
 March'd, and sure Tidings to Prince *Turnus* bore.
 They now approach'd the Camp, and near the Trench
 Arriv'd ; when making to the left they spy'd 485
 The friendly Pair ; and in the Moon's pale Light
 The

Ver. 481. Foot.] For so *Cætera Legio* is here interpreted. A *Legion* had but Three Hundred Horse : The rest of it were Foot.

Ver. 484. The Trench.] *Murus* strictly signifies a *Wall*, not

a *Trench* : But the Sense is in effect the same ; The Fortification consisting of Both.

Ver. 486. In the Moon's pale Light, &c.] The Moon is not mention'd ; but imply'd, in *sublustri*, a little Light, or glimmering.

The glimmering Helm betray'd *Euryalus*
 Unmindful, and with Rays reflected shone.
 Not seen in vain, cry'd *Volsens*, from the Troop; 489
 Stand there; Who are you? Whither Thus in Arms
 Bend you your Course? No Answer they return,
 But scud into the Woods, and trust to Night.
 The Horsemen to the Ways which well they know,
 Crossing the various Roads, themselves oppose;
 And all with Guards beset the Passes round. 495
 A Grove there was, with Shrubs and gloomy Oak
 Horrid, and all with Brambles thick o'ergrown;
 Thro' which few narrow Paths obscurely led.

Eu.

mering. And afterwards *Nisus* prays, *Suspiciens altam Lunam. Sublustris noctis in umbrâ.* 'Twas in the Shade, or Darknefs indeed; but not total Darknefs: 'Twas *sublustris*.

Ver. 489. Not seen in vain, cry'd *Volsens*, &c.] *Haud temerè, &c.* for *Non otiosè, segniter, &c.* consequently not in vain. Some refer Those Words not to *Volsens*' Speech, but to the Poet's Narration.

Ver. 491. No Answer they return.] *Nibil illi tendere contra. Tendere* of it self can scarce signify *respondere*; tho' *Servius* says *tendo contra sermonem tuum est respondeo tibi.* Others say it implies it, included in something more, viz. *ire contra hostes. Nibil tendere contra: Hoc est* (say They) *Nibil contra respondebant, neque contra adversos tendebant.*

Ver. 493, 494. To the Ways

—Crossing the various Roads, &c.] *Divortia*, i. e. *Diverticula*; *Cross-ways*, or *Parting-Ways*.

Ver. 498. Thro' which few narrow Paths obscurely led.] *Rara per occultos ducebat semita calles. Servius* takes *semita* for a Path for Men, *calles* for the Tracks worn by Cattle. *Rara semita* may signify either *pauca semitæ*, as *Ruæus* interprets it; like *Rara avis* in *Juvenal*: and *Rarus emptor* in *Pliny*: Or *narrow*: I have taken both. Or (says *Servius*) *rard lucens*; for instead of *Ducebat*, some read *Lucebat*. Instead of *to*, which (as some Expositors understand it, for Neither is express'd in the Original) it should, I think, be *in* or *thro'* which. He seems to be describing only the Intricacy of the Wood itself, not of the Way or Ways to it.

Euryalus, incumber'd with his Spoils,
 And heavy Arms, embarrass'd with the Fear 500
 Of erring from the Way, among the Boughs,
 In Darkness, lost, and hamper'd, lags behind.
Nisus, uncautious, had escap'd the Foe, *impetuous, before*
 And pass'd Those Fields, which since from *Alba's* Walls *he was*
 Are *Alban* nam'd ; For King *Latinus'* Steeds 505
 High Stables then there stood. When first he stop'd,
 Look'd back in vain, and miss'd his absent Friend ; *or relate*
 Ah ! where *Euryalus*, unhappy Youth, *to Euryalus,*
 Where have I left thee ? Whither shall I turn ? *forgetting him.*
 Again the Wood's fallacious Maze perplex'd 510
 He back revolves, his former Steps retrac'd
 Observes, and o'er the silent Thicket roves.
 He hears the Noises of Pursuers, hears
 The neighing Horses, and their trampling Feet.
 Not long he stood ; when strait a Clamour loud 515
 Invades his Ears : Amidst the Throng of Foes
 Eu-

Ver. 500. *The Fear of erring from the Way.*] *Ruæus* (with Some others) read it *fallique timor*, &c. But most Editions have *fallitque*. The Sense is the same in the Main ; for even according to the latter, his Fear is referr'd to his Ignorance of the Way ; *regione viarum*. According to the former, *falli* the Infinitive Passive is put for *errandi*, the Gerund Neuter ; and so *Ruæus* renders it. Gerunds are one way suppos'd to imply an Infinitive Mood [see the *Oxford Grammar de Gerundiis*] but, I think, not in This Manner ; nor do I at present remember

any Instance of the Kind. As the Infinitive indeed is the Verb in an absolute Sense ; it may be, and often is, used as an indeclinable Noun : and here it must have the Signification of a Genitive Case.

Ver. 504. *Fields.*] *Locos*. Many read *Lacus* : But *Ruæus* seems to prove the first to be the best.

Ver. 513. *The Noises of Pursuers, &c.*] The Original, besides *strepitus*, has *signa sequentum* : i. e. *Tubas*, says *Ruæus* ; *Militarem sonum*, says *Servius*. The Word *Noises* expresses it all.

Euryalus he sees, surpriz'd in Night,
 And Errours of the Way; by sudden Force
 Oppress'd, and making various Efforts vain.
 What should he do? By what Assault, what Arms 520
 Attempt his Rescue? Should he fling himself,
 Certain to die, among their Thickest Ranks,
 And meet the glorious Death? With Arm drawn back
 He pois'd a Spear; and, casting on the Moon 524
 A mournful Look, Thus suppliant breath'd his Pray'r.
 Pride of the Stars, and Guardian of the Woods,
 Thou Goddess, thou *Latonia*, aid my Toil:
 If e'er my Father *Hyrtacus* for Me
 With Off'rings grac'd thy Altars; If my self
 Have e'er increas'd them with my sylvan Spoils, 530
 Hung them aloft, and to Thy sacred Roofs
 Affix'd those Trophys; Give me to disperse
 This Band, and guide my Jav'lins thro' the Air.
 He said; and hurl'd with all his Body's Force 534
 The Spear; which flying beats the Shades of Night:
 Fixes in *Sulmo's* Back averse; and there
 The Wood breaks short; the pointed Steel divides
 His Lungs, and whizzing passes thro' his Breast.

Shiv'ring

Ver. 523. — Meet the
 glorious Death, &c.] — *Prope-*
ret per vulnera mortem. Either
ad, or *adire*, is understood; Or
properet is used actively (as it
 often is) for *passen*.

Ver. 524. He pois'd a Spear.]
 Had I any Authority for it,

instead of *torquens* I would read
librans. The former should
 rather mean the actual throw-
 ing or darting of the Spear;
 which cannot be in This Place.

Ver. 536, 537, 538. Fixes in
Sulmo's Back — thro' his
Breast.]

Et venit averſi in tergum Sulmonis, ibique
Frangitur, & fiſſo tranſit præcordia ligno.

Some

Shiv'ring he totters, from his Bosom pours
A reeking Flood, and with long Sobs distends 540
His heaving Entrails. They aghast look round;
He, by Success more animated, aims
Another Jav'lin level'd from his Ear :

While

Some read *adversus*. The first (as I have wrote it) implies that his Back was *towards* him; the other the contrary. Many unnecessary Difficulties have been started upon This Passage: and *Servius*, without any Reason, ranks it among the *Inexplicables*. I take it plainly Thus. The Spear enter'd at his Back, and reach'd to his Breast; Which the Point might very well do, tho' it was broken from the Wood; The *Vis impressa* might remain in it, even after That: the whole Motion being perform'd in a Moment. So that *Servius's* Reasoning against This Exposition is of no Force. I see no Necessity why *fissus* should be put for *fractus*; the Wood might be broken short, and the End of it split, or cleft, at the same time: And so *Frangitur*, & *fisso*, &c. Those who make it *fixo* (which is by no means so good a Reading) suppose Part of the Wood to pierce his *Præcordia*. Which last Word I may well be al-

low'd to render *Lungs*: For tho' it principally signifies the Parts immediately near the Heart; yet it often includes all the *Intestines*; especially Those of the Breast. I admire *Servius* should understand *Tergum*, and afterwards *Ligno*, of the Shield; and *Frangitur* not for broken, but for bruised. The Reader may see his Interpretation; For my Part, I think I never saw a more absurd one.

Ver. 540, 541. With long Sobs distends His heaving Entrails.] *Longis singultibus ilia pulsat*. Mr. Dryden calls them short Sobs: And they are so towards the last; and so indeed we commonly express it in English. But to render *longis* by *short*, is very strange. *Pulsat* strictly expresses the violent Concussion, or Beating of the Entrails, against the Body, or against one another. Yet I might well render it by *distend*; because the Sense is in effect the same; and because I have *Virgil's* Authority for it in another Place.

—Imaque longo

Ilia singultu tendunt.

Georg. III.

They are alternately dilated, and contracted.

Ver. 541. They aghast look round.] *Diversi circumspiciunt*,

i. e. in *diversas partes*.

Ver. 543. From his Ear.] In the Original it is *summa ab aure*: From the Top of his Ear.

While They in Doubt stand trembling; thro' the Skull
 Of *Tagus* swift the hissing Weapon flew, 545
 And warm, and deep, lay bury'd in his Brain.
Volscens impatient foams, and burns with Rage;
 Nor sees the Author of their Deaths, nor finds
 On whom to wreck his Vengeance. Yet Thy Blood,
 He cry'd, shall pay the Forfeit due for Both; 550
 And, with his Sword unsheath'd, advanc'd direct
 Against *Euryalus*. Then *Nisus*, wild
 With Terrour and Amaze, crys out aloud;
 Nor longer in the Covert of the Grove
 Could hide himself, nor such a Sight endure. 555
 Me, Me; I did it; On Me turn your Steel,
 Ye *Rutuli*; 'Twas all my Fraud: He nought
 Nor could, nor durst; This Heav'n, and conscious Stars
 I call to witness: All his Crime, poor Youth,
 Was loving his unhappy Friend too well. 560
 Thus far he spoke; But driv'n with forceful Swing
 The Sword had pierc'd *Euryalus*, and bor'd
 His snowy Breast: He stagg'ring rolls in Death;
 The trickling Blood runs down his beauteous Limbs;
 And on his Shoulder lies his Neck reclin'd. 565
 So languishes, and dies a purple Flow'r,
 Cut by the pointed Share: So Poppies droop,
 O'ercharg'd with Rain, and hang their sickly Heads.
 Then *Nisus*, rushing, darts into the Midst;
Volscens alone he seeks, at *Volscens* drives: 570
 The pressing Foes throng round, and bear him back
 With tilted Spears: He not the less springs on,

And whirls his, flashing Sword ; 'till in the Mouth,
Full opposite, of *Volsens* clam'ring loud
He plung'd it deep, and dying stab'd his Foe : 575
Then on his breathless Friend his Body flung,
And there at last in pleasing Death repos'd.
Thrice happy Both ! If aught my Verse can do ;
No Time shall blot you from the Lists of Fame :
While in the lofty Capitol, unmov'd 580
Like it's 'own Rock, th' *Æneian* Race shall reign ;
And *Rome* possess the Empire of the World.

The *Rutuli*, with mighty Conquest proud,
And deck'd with Trophies, weeping to the Camp
Dead *Volsens* bear : Nor in the Camp was less 585
Of Grief ; when *Rhamnes* pale in Death they found,
And *Numa*, and *Serranus*, all at once
So many Leaders slain : In Crouds they throng
About the Bodys weltring in their Blood,
The recent Slaughter, and the reeking Ground, 590
And Rivers frothing with a Tide of Gore.

The

Ver. 573. — His flashing Sword.] *Fulmineum* expresses the swift Motion, and Coruscation of the Sword, and the Force with which it was driven, more than it's Glittering ; tho' That too is included. I had once render'd it Thundring, as Mr. Rowe uses the Word in his Translation of *Lucan*. But That seems too bold in our Language ; in which the Word Thunder gives us the Idea of Noise, rather than any one of Those above-mentioned : Whereas

VOL. III.

Flashing includes all Them, but not This

Ver. 583, 584. With mighty Conquest proud — Weeping.] *Victores* and *flentes* are very elegantly coupled in This Place. 'Twas *Victoria cruenta*, & *luctuosa*, as *Sallust* expresses it. There is an Irony in it ; and to make it a little plainer, I have added the Word mighty. Three hundred Men had conquered Two ; with the Loss of their General, and two Soldiers.

Ver. 591. And Rivers frothing

K

The Spoils among themselves full well they know,
Messapus' glitt'ring Helmet, and the rich
 Caparisons with so much Toil regain'd.

Aurora, from *Tithonus*' saffron Bed 595

Now rising, sprinkled-o'er the World with Light ;
 The Sun diffus'd, all Nature stands reveal'd :

Turnus excites the Soldiery to Arms,
 Himself in Arms : All marshal for the Fight
 Their brazen Squadrons ; and with various Talk, 600
 Exasperated, whet each other's Rage.

Then (ghastly to behold !) the gory Heads
 Of *Nisus* and *Euryalus* they fix

On Spears aloft ; and follow, with a Shout
 Rending the Air. 605

The hardy *Trojans* on the left-hand Walls
 (The River guards the Right) oppose their War,
 Within their roomy Trenches range their Line,
 And pensive on the high-built Turrets stand.

They see the Faces, which too well they know, 610
 Dropping black Blood, and all Deform'd with Death.

Mean-

thing with a Tide of Gore.] *Rivus* renders it *Rivos infectos sanguine*. But tho' *Virgil* often means so by such Expressions ; he cannot here. For besides that there was but one River, and the Slaughter was not made very near even to *That* ; it cannot be conceiv'd that Two Men in so short a Time should spill so much Blood as to justify such an Hyperbole, viz. that

the River swell'd and froth'd with it. I take it therefore as if it had been *Rivos sanguinis* ; meaning no more than Streams of Blood upon the Ground.

Ver. 604. Follow.] *Sequuntur* must not be taken neutrally, but actively : *præfigunt & sequuntur capita*, &c. This Note might seem needless ; but that the Position of the Words is a little particular :

Præfigunt capita, & multo clamore sequuntur, Euryali & Nisi.—

Meanwhile the fatal Tidings, blaz'd by Fame,
Flying thro' all the City struck with Dread,
The Mother of *Euryalus* alarms :
A sudden Chilnefs seiz'd her shiv'ring Limbs ; 615
From her slack Hand down drops th' unravel'd Web ;
Springing, diftracted, from her Seat, ſhe rends
Her Hair with female Shrieks ; and to the Walls,
And foremoſt Squadrons runs with frantick Pace ?
Heedleſs of Danger, and the flying Darts : 620
And with her loud Laments fills all the Sky.

Thus then do I behold thee ? O my Son,
My dear *Euryalus* ? And art Thou He,
The late, the only Solace of my Age ?
Couldſt thou forſake me deſolate, forlorn, 625
Ah cruel ? Could'it thou, to ſuch Perils ſent,
Deny thy wretched Mother Leave to take
Her laſt Farewel ? Now in a Land unknown
Thou ly'ſt, to *Latian* Dogs and Fowls a Prey !

Nor

Ver. 612. *Meanwhile the fatal Tidings, &c.*] Tho' what is commonly and ſtriſtly call'd the Epiſode of *Niſus* and *Euryalus* concludes with their Death at the above mention'd Period, Ver. 449. — *Imperiumque pater Romanus habebit* ; yet the Lamentation which is made by the Mother of the latter moſt agreeably brings us

back to That Subject, when we thought it was entirely ended. And whether we call it a Part of That Epiſode, or the *Sequel* of it, is not at all material. However That be, it certainly equals, if not excels, any part of it. The Deſcription of her Diſtraction is admirable ; but for her Speech,

Hunc ego te, Euryale, aſpicio? —

Scaliger had Reason to be in Raptures upon it : For there is perhaps nothing in the Fourth

Book it ſelf more moving, and pathetic.

Nor did thy Mother for the Grave compose 630
 Thy Corps, nor close thy Eyes, nor bathe thy Wounds ;
 Nor o'er thy breathless Body throw the Robe,
 Which, studious, Night and Day for Thee I wove,
 And with the Web consol'd my Widow's Cares.
 Where shall I seek thee now ? What Earth detains 635
 Thy Trunk dishonour'd, and thy mangled Limbs ?
 And is This All that of my Child returns,
 To bless my Sight ? Was it no more than This,
 For whose dear Sake all Hazards I endur'd
 Of Land, and Sea ? At Me hurl all your Darts, 640
 Ye *Rutuli* ; dispatch Me first ; transfix
 My Breast ; if any Pity dwells in Yours.
 Or Thou, great Sire of Gods, in Mercy strike
 To Hell with Thunder This devoted Head ;

Since

Ver. 630. *Nor did thy Mother, &c.*] *Nec te tua funera mater Produxi.* It is doubted here whether *tua funera* be the Nominative Case singular, or the Accusative plural. *Servius* is for the first ; telling us that the Near Relations of the Dead assisting at the Burial were call'd *funera*. If it be the last, *ad* must be understood. *Produxi* may signify either *laying out* the Body ; or *walking before* it to the Funeral.

Ver. 636. *Thy Trunk, &c.*] That *funus* here should be put for an *unbury'd Carcass* may seem strange ; but it is certainly so. *possibly not.*

Ver. 637. *And is This all that of my Child returns, &c.*] *Ille mihi de te, Note, refers?*

boc sum terræque marique secuta ? She says This, pointing to his Head which stood upon a Spear before her. I have translated it a little paraphrastically ; to express it's full Force and Energy.

Ver. 642. *If any Pity, &c.*] *Pietas*, in *Latin*, tho' not *Piety* in *English*, [see the Note on Verse 870. Book V.] is used in a very wide Sense : And here undoubtedly it means *Pity* or *Compassion*.

Ver. 644. *Devoted Head.*] The Head for the whole Person will not ordinarily be suffer'd in *English* ; yet here I think *caput* may and ought to be literally translated : *Striking with Thunder* being added to it.

Since 'tis not in the Pow'r of mighty Woe, 645.
Ev'n Woe like Mine, to burst This hated Life.

The *Trojans*, pierc'd with These Laments and Tears
Groan thro' th' extended Host, and silent stand,
Stupid with Grief, and heartless to the Fight.
Her, aggravating That contagious Grief, 650
Wide spreading, *Ætor* and *Idæus* seize,
(For so *Ilioneus*, and much distress'd
Iulus, secretly had giv'n Command)
And in their Arms convey her to the Tents.

But the loud Trumpet's Brass with dire Alarm 655
Sounds shrill from far : A thund'ring Shout succeeds ;
And Heav'n's high Vault rebellows to the Noise.
The *Volsicians*, by a Canopy of Shields
rostered, forwards rush, prepare to fill

The

Ver. 645. Since 'tis not in | be not a literal Version of
the Pow'r, &c.] Tho' This

Quando aliter nequeo crudelem abrumpere vitam ;

Yet I doubt not but it is the
true Meaning of the Original.
Præclare abrumpere (says *De*
La Cerda) *quasi vellet abrumpi*
ipso dolore. Other Expositors
take no notice of the Passage ;
and seem to me not to under-
stand it. Only *Ruæus* renders
Quando, by *Si* : That indeed
would just make sense of the
Place, taking *aliter* literally :
But then I believe *Quando* never
signify'd *If*. Supposing it then
to be put for *Quandoquidem*, as
it certainly is : it is false to say
she cannot end her Life by any
other Means ; (because Stab-

bing, Poisoning, or Starving
would do the Business :) And
yet This she must assert ; it
aliter be literally understood.
It is plain to me therefore that
speaking in the Agony of *Grief*,
and referring every thing to
That, of which her Soul is at
present so full, she refers *aliter*
to *That* ; and does not take it
in it's full Latitude. As if she
should say, " Since my Grief
" will not burst me, as I
" would have it do ; I desire
" either the Enemy, or the
" Gods, to dispatch me imme-
" diately."

The Trenches, and to level with the Plain 660
 The Bulwarks rais'd. Some, viewing round, explore
 The Passes; and attempt to scale the Walls,
 Where by thin Ranks less guarded they appear.
 The *Trojans* opposite, by lasting Siege
 Long since experienc'd in defensive War, 665
 Pour ev'ry Kind of Weapons, push them back
 With spiky Poles, and tumble from above
 Vast rocky Fragments of pernicious Weight;
 If possible to break the Roof of Shields, 669
 Which hides the Troop: Yet They all Dangers chuse
 Beneath their iron Tortoise to sustain.
 Not long: for where the thickest Globe of Foes
 Crouds to the Walls, the *Trojans* from their Works
 Roll down a Millstone of prodigious Size;

Which

Ver. 660. *Level the Bulwarks.*] — *Vellere vallum.* *Vallum* is a Bank in Fortification, from *Vallus* a Stake, or *Pallisado*. *Vellere*, to pluck up, is oddly apply'd to the former; but properly to the Latter. However, the levelling of the *Bulwark* must be here imply'd, if not express'd. But I have a strong Fancy that *Virgil* wrote *vallos*, not *vallum*: Or if he did not, that by *Vallum* he meant the Accusative of *Vallus*, putting the Singular for the Plural. Yet why he should, when the Plural would stand as well for it self, and do much better, is hard to imagine. Certain it is, that to apply *vellere* to a *Bulwark*, and make it signify *diruere*, is very incongruous. *no. to pluck up*

the Bulwark, & destroy it
which is the sense of
the word.

Ver. 663. *Where by thin Ranks, &c.*] *Quà rara effacies, interlucetque corona, Non tam spissa viris.* This is finely express'd; but I believe no strict Translation can answer it, so as to be graceful in *English*. *Corona*, i. e. the Rank of Men which crowns the Walls: *Interlucet*; may be seen through. *De La Cerda*, without any Reason that I can perceive, takes *Corona* for the *Battlements*.

Ver. 670. *Yet they, &c.*] *Cùm tamen omnes Ferre libet subter densa testudine casus.* *Cùm* is here a little singular. I take *cum tamen* to signify notwithstanding which. *Libet* subaud. *illis*, i. e. *Rutulis*. Ver. 515. Orig. *Sufficiunt*, i. e. *possunt sustinere* [impetum hostium.]

Which crush'd the *Rutuli*, and far and wide 675
 Burst thro' the Cov'ring which their Armour form'd :
 Nor do the daring *Rutuli* persist
 In Fight conceal'd ; but press with missive Darts
 To drive them from their Trenches.
 Dire to the Sight, and terrible in Rage, 680
Mezentius from another Quarter waves
 A *Tuscan* Pine, and hurls the Smoke and Fire :
 But brave *Messapus*, of *Neptunian* Race,
 Tamer of Steeds, pierces the Rampart through,
 And calls for Ladders to ascend the Wall. 685

You, Ye celestial *Muses*, aid my Song ;
 And Thou, *Calliope*, the Chief, inspire
 Thy Poet : Say, what Slaughter *Turnus* made,
 What various Deaths and Ruin he dispens'd :
 Say, Who by Whom was sent to *Pluto's* Realm ; 690
 And all the War's Extent revolve with Me.
 You suppliant I invoke ; For You can best,
 Ye Goddesses, remember, and record.

A Tow'r there stood, commodious, and aloft
 With Bridges rais'd ; which all th' *Italians* strove 695
 With utmost Force and Efforts to o'erturn :

K 4

TJ

Ver. 686, 687. *You, ye celestial Muses, &c. And Thou, Calliope, &c.* For all This is suppos'd to be elegantly included in *Vos 6 Calliope* ; the Singular being thus confounded with the Plural.

Ver. 691. *And all the War's Extent, &c.* *Ora belli.* As *Ora* is the Edge or Border of a Thing, it must include the whole Thing within it self. It is here therefore used for *Am-*

bitus ; the Compass, or Extent.

Ver. 694. *Aloft.* *Vasto spectu.* We look up to [*suspici-*
mus] That which is above us ;
 and so *Suspectus* is, by a Metonymy of the Adjunct, put for Height. Ver. 533. Orig. *Troes contra defendere saxis.* Either [*se*] defendere, or [*hostes*] defendere. If the former ; 'tis defend ; if the latter ; 'tis keep off. Both may very well be includ.d.

To Them oppos'd the *Trojans* pour a Storm
 Of Stones, and thro' the Loopholes shoot their Darts.
 First *Turnus* in the Van a Firebrand threw,
 And fix'd the flaming Mischief to it's Side ; 700
 Which, rising with the Wind, the Timber seiz'd,
 And, sticking to the Lintels, eat it's Way.
 Confus'd within They tremble ; and in vain
 Attempt to fly the Ruin. While they throng
 Huddled in Heaps, and to That Part retire, 705
 Which from the Pest is free : Down sudden falls
 'The Tow'r ; And Heav'n all thunders with the Noise.
 Half dead, and follow'd by the pond'rous Load,
 With their own Weapons stab'd, and thro' their Breasts
 Transfix'd with splinter'd Wood, they roll to Earth.
 Scarce *Lycus*, and *Helenor*, from the Fall 711
 Alone unhurt, remain'd : *Helenor* first,
 And eldest born ; whom to the *Lydian* King
 The Slave *Lycimnia* by a stol'n Embrace
 Bore, and in Arms forbidden sent to *Troy*, 715
 Light with his Sword unsheath'd, and with his Shield
 Inglorious, by no warlike Impress grac'd.
 Soon as himself he saw amidst the Troops
 Of *Turnus*, and by Thousands round inclos'd,
 This way and That the *Latian* Squadrons rang'd ; 720
 As when a Stag, hem'd in on ev'ry side
 By Hunters, furious bounds against the Darts,
 And, sure of Death, leaps on the pointed Spears ;

So

Ver. 712 *Alone.*] — *Unus* | same, as if it were *foli.* Ver.
Helenor, *Et Lycus*, &c. *Unus* is | 548. Orig. *parma alba.* As
 suppos'd to be referr'd to the | when we say *blank*, i. e. *white*
 Latter, as well as to the For- | Paper ; i. e. upon which no-
 mer : And the Sense is the | thing is written.

So flings himself among the hostile Croud
 The desp'rate Youth, resolv'd, and bent to die, 725
 And, where he sees the thickest Arms, springs on.
 But *Lycus*, swifter, thro' the Foes and Darts
 Reaches the Walls by Flight, and strives to grasp
 A Turret, or some Friend's assisting Hand.
 Him *Turnus*, rushing, with a Spear pursues, 730
 And Victor Thus insults him: Couldst thou then
 Dastard, and Fool, from Me too hope to fly?
 'Then tugg'd him, hanging to the Battlements,
 And with a mighty Fragment of the Wall
 Drew him to Earth. As when the Bird of *Jove* 735
 Seizes a Hare, or snow-white Swan, aloft
 Born on his hooky Pounces: Or the Wolf
 Snatches a tender Youngling from the Fold,
 Sought with long Bleatings by it's careful Dam.
 Loud Shouts arise: 'They hurry to th' Attack; 740
 Some fill the Ditches; Others to the Top
 Hurl flaming Brands. *Lucetius*, underneath
 Approaching to the Gate, and bringing Fire,
 Sinks, with a broken Rock's huge Weight oppress'd
 By brave *Ilioneus*: *Emathion* falls 745
 By *Lyger*; *Chorinaeus* by thy Hand,
Afflas; By the Jav'lin That, and This
 By the deceiving Arrow sent from far.

Cæneus

Ver. 737. *Or the Wolf*.] In the Original 'tis *Martius*, i. e. *Marti sacer*.

Ver. 748. *And the deceiving Arrow, &c.*] *Longe fallente sagitta*, i. e. *missa à longinquo*, &c.

fallente. By the last Word is meant its being *unperceiv'd*, or *undiscover'd*. If That be elegant in *Latin*, (as I think it is) I see no Reason why *deceiving* may not be so in *English*.

Cæneus Ortygius kills ; then falls himself
 By *Turnus* : *Itys* He, and *Clonius* next, 750
 And *Promulus*, and *Dioxippus* kills,
 And *Sagaris*, and *Idas*, as he guards
 The lofty Towers. *Privernus* to the Shades
 Dispatch'd by *Capys* dies, but wounded first
 By the light Jav'lin which *Themillas* threw : 755
 He thoughtless to the Wound his Hand applies,
 Dropping his Shield ; the feather'd Shaft takes place,
 And nails his Left-hand to his Side, and splits
 The Bellows of his Breath that heav'd within.
 The Son of *Arcens* stood in burnish'd Arms 760
 Beauteous of Form, and gaudy in a Vest
 Of Needle-Broid'ry and *Iberian* Dye :
Arcens, his Father, sent him to the War,
 Bred in the Grove of *Mars*, along the Stream
Semethus, where *Palicus*' Altar stands 765
 Mild to it's Votarys, and fat with Blood :
Mezentius quits his Arms, and round his Head
 Thrice whirls his sounding Sling; Shot from the Thong
 The Lead, half-melted, as it flies, divides
 His Temples, and extends him on the Sand. 770
 Here

Ver. 752 — 3. Guards the
 Tower's.] *Pro turribus* ; before
 them, or in Defence of them.
 The One implies the Other.
 Ver. 578, — 9 — 10. Orig. *al-*
lapsa [est] *sagitta* : Et—in-
fixa est—*manus* : & [sagitta]
abditā intus rupit spiramenta :
 The Word *abditā* may relate
 to *spiramenta* ; but the other is
 much better.

Ver. 768. Thrice whirls,

&c.] By *adducta* I understand
 drawn into a Circle, and into a
 narrow Compass round his Head.
 No Commentator explains it.
Circumago in Composition is well
 known : But it is here divided.

Ver. 769. Half-melted, &c.]
 For it could not be quite so.
 By *liquefactus* can be meant no
 more than very hot, and having
 a Tendency to be melted.

Here first, 'tis said, *Ascanius* in the War
Hansel'd his Shafts, 'till Then on timr'ous Deer
And Goats alone employ'd ; and stretch'd on Earth
Robust *Numanus*, *Remulus* surnam'd,
To *Turnus*' younger Sister lately join'd

775
In

Ver. 771. Here first 'tis said, *Ascanius*, &c.] If the *Æneis* takes up no more than a Year; how could *Ascanius*, who was a Child carry'd in *Venus*'s Arms in the First Book, be so wise a Counsellour, and so considerable a Warriour, in the Ninth? Monsieur *Segrais* answers the Objection at large in his last Remark upon This Book; And tho' what he says may be defended, yet I am not wholly of his Opinion. He makes *Ascanius* betwixt Thirteen and Fourteen Years of Age, when he was at *Carthage*. But sure such a One must be somewhat too big a Boy, and too near a Man, to be carry'd to Bed in Arms, as This Prince was by *Venus*; or to be kiss'd and dandled upon a Lady's Lap, as *Cupid* in his Shape was by *Dido*. Nor is there any Necessity of allowing

him so many Years at That Time. It was Seven Years (says Mr. *Segrais*) since the Destruction of *Troy*; and then he was big enough to walk by his Father's side: This (continues He) cannot be said of a Child in a Cradle. True; but it may be said of a Child of Two Years Old: However, we will allow him Three. So that at *Carthage* he shall be Ten; and in *Italy* between Ten and Eleven. The Caresses of *Dido* may well enough agree with That Age; Nor is there any thing in the Idea at all incongruous, or unnatural. *Venus*'s carrying him in her Arms, and laying him to Sleep, was upon an extraordinary Occasion. At the same Age he might very well be considerable enough to be inform'd of the State of Things by his Father:

Ascanio ferat læc ———

And strong and bold enough to ride a Hunting:

At puer Ascanius mediis in vallibus acris
Gaudet equo ———

And here in *Italy* he may be suppos'd (as an extraordinary Person, and the Son of a Demi-god) to have Discretion enough,

to discourse as he does, upon the Expedition of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*; and Strength, and Skill enough, to draw a Bow,
and

In Wedlock. Of That new Alliance proud,
 In the first Van, with Petulance of Speech
 Vaunting aloud, with haughty Strides he stalk'd;
 And Thus insulting. Are you not ashamed,
 Twice captive *Phrygians*, to be still besieg'd? 780
 To lurk in Ditches, and oppose your Walls
 To Death? Behold the Champions, who presume
 By Force of Arms our Nuptials to demand.
 What God, what Madness drove you to These Coasts?
 No Sons of *Atreus* shall you here engage, 785
 No wily-tongue'd *Ulysses*; but a Race
 Ev'n from its Infancy inur'd to Toils:
 We in the Rivers plunge our new-born Babes,
 And harden them in Frost, and icy Streams.
 Our Boys in Hunting vex the Woods, and tire 790
 'The savage Beasts: with them 'tis Children's Play
 To rein the Steed, and bend the twanging Bow.
 But patient of Fatigue, and train'd to live

On

and kill a Man. The Thing is possible; For the rest, it ought to be *Extraordinary*, and was intended to be so.

Ibid.] *Intendisse sagittam*, and afterwards *spicula tendere*, are Expressions transferr'd from the Bow to the Arrow: Or else they mean aiming, and levelling the Arrow.

Ver. 776.—Of That new Alliance proud.] *Tumidusque novo præcordia regno*. Not only Kings and Queens, but other Great Persons were anciently called *Reges* and *Reginæ*.

Ver. 777. With Petulance of Speech.] *Digna atque indigna relictu*. Throwing out any Stuff

that came uppermost. So we use *pei fas & nefas*: So *Juno* in the Twelfth Book uses This very Expression: *Digna indigna pati*. The Stress is laid upon the last Word; tho', by a Peculiarity of Speech, both are mention'd.

Ver. 787. From it's Infancy.] Or by it's Nature and Genius. The Orig. à *Stirpe* will admit of Either.

Ver. 790. Vex the Woods, &c.] —*Silvasque fatigant*: i. e. the Beasts which inhabit them. Metonymy. Ver. 620. Orig. *finite*, i. e. *relinquite*. *Cedite ferro*, i. e. *recedite à ferro*.

On little, with keen Shares our lusty Youth
Subdue the Soil, or batter Towns with War. 795

In Iron ev'ry Stage of Life we pass,
And goad our Oxen with inverted Spears.
Nor does the Clog of tardy Age abate
The Vigour of our Minds, or damp our Fire.
With Helmets ev'n our hoary Hair we press; 800

And evermore delight to bear away
Fresh daily Plunder, and by Rapine live.
You, clad in shining Purple, and in Vests
With long luxuriant Sleeves, indulge your Sloth;
Dances are your Delight, and broider'd Robes; 805
And Ribbands bind your Bonnets to your Chins.

True *Phrygian* Women (for no other Sex
Can *Phrygia* boast) go, revel on the Top
Of *Dyndamus*; Th' accustom'd Pipe's two Notes
Invite you thither; And th' *Idæan* Box, 810
And Mother *Berecynthia's* Cymbals call:
Desist from Battles, and leave Arms to Men.

Such Insolence of Words, such foul Reproach
Ajcanius could not bear; but with the Nerve
Of *Horfes* Hair full opposite he stood, 815
Levell'd his Shaft, and diverse drew his Arms:
And suppliant thus to *Jove* his Vows address'd.
Almighty *Jove*, assist my bold Design:
My self with solemn Off'rings will enrich
Thy Temple; and before thy Altars place 820
A snow-white Steer, with gilded Horns, that bears

His

Ver. 813. *Insolence of Words.*] *prophesying, or foretelling; as Da*
Dira canentem. I see no Ne- *La Cerda* does. *Canens* is some-
cessity of referring This to pro- *mes put for loqui.*

His Head aloft, and, equal to his Dam,
Already butts in Air, and spurns the Sand.

Th' Almighty heard, and thunder'd to the left
From a bright Quarter of the Sky : At once 825
Sounded the fatal Eugh ; With dreadful Hiss
The Arrow flies, and fixes in the Head
Of *Remulus*, and pierces with it's Steel
His hollow Temples. Go now, and with Taunts
Insult the Brave : Such Answers to the proud 830
Rutulians the twice captive *Phrygians* send.
No more *Ascanius* ; But with loud Acclaim
Th' exulting *Trojans* follow, rend the Sky
With Shouts, and lift their Courage to the Stars.

Apollo Then, with radiant Locks acorn'd, 835
Sate in a Cloud, and from the Sky beheld
The *Trojan* City, and th' *Ausonian* Host ;
Then to *Iulus* Victor Thus he spoke.
Proceed in This new Courage, gen'rous Youth, ~
Offspring of Gods, and destin'd Sire of Gods ; 840
'Tis This way Mortals rise, and reach the Stars :
Beneath *Affaræus*'s Race, all Wars,
Future by Fate, shall justly be compos'd :
Nor Thee does *Troy* contain. This said, he slides
From Heav'n, and dissipates the breathing Air ; 845
And tow'rd *Ascanius* comes, transform'd in Shape
To ancient *Butes*, Armour-Bearer once
Of great *Anchises*, and a faithful Guard
Before his Palace ; by *Æneas* now
Appointed on *Ascanius* to attend. 850
Chang'd, like That aged Sire *Apollo* mov'd ;
Resembling Him all o'er, his Voice and Looks,

His

His silver Hair, and dreadful sounding Arms;
 And Thus *Iulus*, with Heroic Fire
 Glowing, bespeaks. Brave Youth, *Æneas'* Son; 855
 Suffice it, that thy Shaft, Thy self unhurt,
 Has pierc'd *Numanus*: This First Praise to Thee
 Great *Phæbus* gives, nor envies thee the Fame
 Of his own Art in Arms. For what remains,
 Young Prince, decline the Fight. Thus having spoke,
 In his mid Speech abrupt he far withdrew 861
 From mortal Sight, and vanish'd into Air.

The *Trojan* Nobles recogniz'd the God,
 Perceiv'd the Sound of his celestial Shafts,
 And heard his Quiver rattle in his Flight. 865
 Therefore *Ascanius*, greedy of the War,
 Yet aw'd by *Phæbus'* Warnings, they restrain:
 Themselves renew the Combat, and persist
 In utmost Peril to expose their Lives.
 A Shout thro' all the Works and Ramparts ran! 870
 Eager they bend their Bows, and whirl their Slings;
 The Ground all stuck with Darts, the hollow Casques
 And Targets in the Shock of Conflict ring:

A

Ver. 858, 859. *Nor envies thee the Fame Of his own Art in Arms.*] *Paribus Armis*: The same Sort, or Kind of Art, and Arms; not equal Skill, or Glory in them; as Some explain it. *Apollo* sure could not so far compliment a Boy, as to dishonour Himself; *paribus non invidet armis*; for *non invidet [tibi] paria arma*.

Ver. 871. *Slings.*] *Amenta* strictly signifies the Thongs which were ty'd to a Sort of

Javelins, and by which they were darted, and, as it were, slung out of their Hands. *Itaque*, says *De La Cerda*, ut *Fundæ dicebantur torqueri, ita Amenta*. In Translations we must be allow'd the Liberty of making such inconsiderable Changes, as These. In the Orig. *Ibid.* *Aras* (says *Servius*) relates to the Archers, not to the Bows. It may relate to *Eichen*.

A rigid Fight ensues. As from the West

* And rainy Kids a turbid Storm descends, 875

And beats the Ground; or thick with rattling Hail
Tumb'es precipitant into the Sea:

When *Jove* tempestuous whirls the wintry Show'r
With Winds aloft, and bursts the bellying Clouds.

Bitias, and *Pandarus*, on *Ida's* Top 880

Sprung from *Alcanor*, Youths of mighty Size,

Whom rough *Hiera*, in the Wood of *Jove*,

Tall as their Country's Pines and Mountains, bore,

Open the Gate, which by their Chief's Command

To 'Them was giv'n; and, confident in Arms, 885

Invite the Enemy into their Walls.

Themselves, within, on either side stand arm'd

To guard the Fort, and tow'r with plummy Crests:

Like two aerial Oaks, which near the Stream

Of pleasant *Adige*, or the Banks of *Po*, 890

Rise in the Sky, uplifting to the Clouds

Their unshorn Heads, and nod sublime in Air.

The *Rutuli* break in, as they perceive

The open Gates: Strait *Quercens*, and in Arms

Beauteous *Equicolus*, and *Tmarus* rash 895

Of Soul, and *Hæmon* brave, or turn their Backs

With all their Troops, precipitate in Flight;

Or in the Gates first Entrance leave their Lives.

Then hostile Fire with fiercer Fury burns;

And now the *Trojans*, in one Band conglob'd, 900

Dare in Excursions, and a closer Fight.

To *Turnus*, while in different Parts he storms,

And

Ver. 889. *Like two aerial* | mile; and taken from the *XIth*
Oaks, &c.] This is a fine Si- | *Iliad*.

And scatters Death, a Message is convey'd,
 That now the Foes had open flung their Gates,
 And with fresh Slaughter rag'd. He quits abrupt 905
 His former Enterprize ; and rous'd with Ire
 Enormous, rushes to the *Trojan* Gate,
 Eager the haughty Brothers to engage ;
 And first *Antiphates* (for He the first
 Himself presented) by a stol'n Embrace 910
 Conceiv'd, and of a *Theban* Mother born
 To high *Sarpedon*, with a Jav'lin hurl'd
 He strikes to Earth : Swift flies th' *Italian* Ashe
 Thro' the thin Air, and in his Stomach fix'd
 Lies deep beneath his Breast ; A frothing Flood 915
 From the black gaping Orifice he pours,
 And in his Entrails warms the pointed Steel.
 Then *Merops*, *Erymanth*, *Aphidnus* next
 He fells ; Then *Bitias*, ardent in his Eyes,
 And terrible in Rage ; not with a Spear ; 920
 No Spear could reach his Life ; but like a Bolt
 Of darted Lightning, shot with mighty Force,
 And roaring Noise, a pond'rous Jav'lin came ;
 Which nor the two Bull-Hides, nor Corset, lin'd
 With double Plates of scaly Brass, and Gold, 925
 Could intercept : Down falls his Giant Trunk,
 And

Ver. 923. — *A pond'rous Jav'lin, &c.* Concerning the Shape and Use of This Weapon, *Phalarica*, see the Commentators. It will be sufficient for my Purpose to take notice, that it is a particular Kind of Spear, or Jav'lin ; which we cannot render in *English* by any Word, but the general one.

It was sometimes shot out of an Engine : It is doubtful whether it was so here, or whether *Turnus* (to shew his prodigious Strength) threw it with his Hand. Ver. 668. Orig. *pluvialibus bædis* : i. e. *vi pluvialium bædorum*. Ver. 675. *commissa* [est.] Ver. 676. *mœnibus*, for *in mœnia*.

And monstrous Limbs; The Earth beneath him groans,
And his broad Target thunders on the Field.

As when upon *Eubæan Baiæ's* Shore

A stony Pile sinks down; which on the Sea 930

With massy Rocks was built: So prone it falls

With Ruin vast, and tumbles on the Flats

Among the dashing Waves; The Surges rise

And to the Surface hurl the mingled Sand:

High *Prochyta* roars trembling at the Noise, 935

And tall *Inarime's* hard flinty-Bed,

By *Jove's* Command on huge *Typhæus* thrown.

Here *Mars* adds Courage to the *Latian* Host,

Supplies new Strength, and goads their Breasts to War:

But to the *Trojans* sends pale Fear, and Flight. 940

They gather round, since Room for Fight is giv'n;

And all the God of Arms into their Souls

Himself infuses.

When *Pandarus* beheld his Brother slain,

And saw the State and Fortune of Affairs; 945

With mighty Force exerted at the Gate

He plies his Shoulders broad, and turns the Hinge,

And many of his Friends-excluded leaves

In the rough Toil of *Mars*, without the Walls;

But others rushing, with himself, shuts in: 950

Fool,

Ver. 930. *A stony Pile, &c.*] A Mole, Dam, or Bay, to keep out the Sea.

Ver. 936. *Inarime.*] Whether *Virgil's* Boldness is to be excus'd in chapping *Homer's*, "*Εἰς Ἀπμυγίαν* into *Inarime*, and so making it the Name of an Island, is a Question which I am neither able nor concerned to determine. Those who are

curious in These Matters, may see the other Commentators at large. Ver. 719. Orig. *atrumque timorem*. I have more than once observed that This Word *ater* does not always signify black, &c.

Ver. 941. *Room for Fight is giv'n.*] *Data copia pugnae*: i. e. by the Opening of the Gates.

Fool, who perceiv'd not the *Rutulian* Chief
 Pressing amidst the Croud, and in the Town
 Included him, like a fierce Tyger pent
 Among the tim'rous Cattle in a Fold.
 Forthwith new Fire burns sparkling in his Eyes: 955
 With dreadful Clank his shining Armour rings;
 High on his Crest the bloody-colour'd Plumes
 Tremble; and Lightning flashes from his Shield.
 The *Trojans*, struck with sudden Fear, soon know
 That hated Visage, and Those mighty Limbs. 960
 Huge *Pandarus* springs on; and, fir'd with Rage
 Vindictive for his Brother's Death, Thus speaks.
 'Tis not *Amata's* Palace giv'n in Dow'r

To

Ver. 955. *Forthwith new* among his Enemies, his Cou-
Fire, &c.] This is prodigiously rage should, at first at least,
 noble: One would have thought have fail'd him. But instead
 that, as he was shut in single of That,

*Continuo nova lux oculis effulsit, & arma
 Horrendum sonuere: tremunt in vertice cristæ
 Sanguineæ, clypeoque micantia fulgura mittit.
 Agnoscunt faciem invisam, atque immania membra
 Turbati subito Æneadæ.*

If it be objected, that This, lowable to paint bigger than
 with what follows, is more the Life: Secondly, that This
 Noble than Probable; we must Hero, in his amazing Exploits,
 consider, First, That (as I is assisted by a Divine Power:
 have often hinted) it is al-

— *Juno vires animumque ministrat.*

And after She is forbidden by a Superior Power to assist him
 any longer;

*Nec contra vires audet Saturnia Juno
 Sufficere: æream cælo nam Jupiter Irim
 Demisit, germanæ baud mollia jussa ferentem;
 Ni Turnus cedat Teucrorum moenibus altis, &c.*

He soon flags, and retreats, and Life. Ver. 733. [è] *clypeoque,*
 very difficultly escapes with his &c.

'To *Turnus*, nor his native *Ardea*'s Walls,
 That here inclose him ; Hostile Tents thou seest, 965
 And all Egrefs prohibited. To Him
 Thus *Turnus* smiling, and sedate replies.
 Begin then, and engage ; if aught there dwell
 Of Courage in That Breast : Thou shalt relate
 To *Priam*, that a new *Achilles* here 970
 Thou hast experienc'd. Thus the Hero spoke ;
 The Other, all his Strength collecting, hurls
 A Jav'lin rough with Knots, and green with Bark :
 The Air receives the Wound ; The flying Spear,
 By *Juno* interposing turn'd aside, 975
 Errs from the Mark, and fixes in the Gate.
 Not so the Weapon wielded by This Hand
 Thou shalt escape : For diff'rent is the Force
 Which wields the Weapon, and inflicts the Wound.
 He said ; And, rising to his lifted Sword, 980
 Between his Temples with the Blade divides
 His middle Front ; and with a Wound immense
 Cuts sheer, and separates his beardless Cheeks.
 With Noise he falls, and pond'rous shakes the Ground ;
 And his dead Limbs, and Armour smear'd with Brains
 Extends on Earth : His Head on either side 986
 In equal Parts on either Shoulder hangs.
 The trembling *Trojans* turn their Backs in Flight :
 And had the Victor, at That Point of Time,
 Bethought him to unlock the Bolts and Bars, 990
 And

Ver. 980.] *Rising to his lifted
 ed Sword.] — Sublatum alte
 consurgit in ensen. He lifted
 his Sword high, and rose on
 Tiptoe, for the greater Force*

of the Blow. The Expression
 is perfectly poetical, and ele-
 gant. Ver. 559. Orig. *genti*
 [Trojanæ.]

And thro' the open Gate admit his Friends;
To the whole War, and all the *Trojan* Name
That Day had been the Last: But burning Rage,
And th' unextinguish'd Appetite of Blood
Drove him against the Foe. 995

First *Phalaris* intrepid he invades,
And ham-string'd *Gyges*; Snatching his swift Darts,
He plies their Backs, and urges them in Flight:
Juno infuses Strength, and warlike Fire.
Halys, and *Phœgeus* with his Shield transfix'd, 1000
To These he adds; *Noëmon*, *Prytanis*,
And *Halius*, and *Alcander*, on the Walls,
Unknowing, and engag'd in other Fight.

Lynceus, advancing opposite in Arms,
And calling on his Friends, with brandish'd Sword 1005
From the high Mound he, to the Right, assails;
At one full Stroke off flew his gasping Head,
And, with his Helmet, at a distance lay.

Then *Amycus*, who Forest-Beasts among
Wide Havock made: More skill'd was none to tinge
The Jav'lin, and with Poison arm the Steel. 1011

Next *Clytius*, Son of *Æolus*; with Him
Creteus the Muses' Friend: In num'rous Verse
Was his Delight, in Lutes, and tuneful Strings:
Horses, and Arms, and Wars, were all his Song. 1015

At

Ver. 2005. With his brandish'd Sword, &c.] *Vibranti*,
—*Vibrare* is sometimes a
Neuter, to tremble, or quiver.
In the same Line *dexter* may
signify either to or on the Right
band; or, as we say in Eng-
lish, *Dextrous*, expedite, skill-
ful.

Ver. 1014. In Lutes and
tuneful Strings.] *Numeros*, i. e.
Notes in Musick: intendere
nervis, i. e. *intentione nervo-*
rum edere; by straining or
winding up the Strings. Ver.
981. Orig. *fugam* [vertitis.]

At length the *Trojan* Chiefs, *Serestus* brave,
 And *Mnestheus*, when the Enemy they saw
 Within their City, and their Friends distress'd,
 So many slaughter'd, others turn'd in Flight ;
 Advance to animate their fainting Troops. 1020
 Then *Mnestheus* ; Whither, whither would you fly,
 O Citizens ? What other Fort is yours,
 What other Walls, to which you may retire ?
 Shall with Impunity one single Man,
 And He too pent within your Ramparts, spread 1025
 So terrible a Slaughter thro' the Town ?
 And send so many of our bravest Youth
 To Shades below ? Dwells Nothing in your Breasts
 Of Shame, and Pity for unhappy *Troy*,
 For great *Æneas*, and your ancient Gods ? 1030

Fir'd by such Words, their Courage they resume ;
 And in one firm compacted Body stand.
Turnus, retreating, from the Fight withdraws
 By slow Degrees ; and to That Part retires,
 Which by the ambient River's Stream is wash'd : 1035
 The more the shouting *Trojans* urge him close,
 And thickning onwards rush. As when a Band
 Of Hunters press and goar with pointed Spears
 A savage Lion ; He appal'd gives way,
 With Aspect stern, and makes a sour Retreat : 1040
 Courage and Rage permit him not to turn
 His Back ; nor does his Strength suffice to leap
 (Tho' fain he would) against the Darts, and Foes :
 So *Turnus* backward with slow Paces moves,
 Dubious of Thought, and all with Fury burns. 1045
 Ev'n Then the Centre of the hostile Troops

He

He twice attack'd, twice drove them on the Walls
 Confus'd in hasty Flight. But all at once
 On Him alone their Forces from the Tents
 United press: And now no longer dares 1050
Saturnian Juno to supply him Strength;
 For airy *Iris*, from the Sky dispatch'd
 By *Jove*, harsh Mandates to his Sister bore,
 If *Turnus* from the lofty *Trojan* Walls
 Receded not. He therefore with his Shield, 1055
 And Arms, unable to support the Shock,
 Stands panting, with such Storms of Darts o'erwhelm'd
 On ev'ry side: His hollow Temples round
 With oft repeated Blows his Helmet rings,
 Batter'd with Stones, and flatten'd to his Head; 1060
 It's Crest struck off; Nor does his Target's Orb
 Suffice against the Strokes: The *Trojans* thick,
 With thund'ring *Mnestheus* at their Head, push on;
 Then Sweat in Rivers o'er his Body flows;
 He faints with Toil, and stagg'ring gasps for Breath;
 And the vast Labour shakes his weary Limbs. 1066
 At length into the River's yellow Waves,
 Plunging himself, he leaps with all his Arms:
 The gentle Stream receives him, as he falls,
 In it's soft Lap; and, washing off the Blood, 1070
 Wafts him exulting to rejoin his Friends.

Ver. 1053, 1054. — *Harsh* &c. Ellipsis. Ver. 813. Orig.
Mandates, &c. If Turnus, &c.] Those Words, *nec respirare po-*
Hand mollia jussa, &c. Ni *testas* should be in a Parenthe-
Turnus, &c. i. e. with a Threat, sis. Ver. 815. [cum] *omnibus*
 which would be executed, *If* *armis,*

The End of the Ninth Book.



VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

BOOK the TENTH.

SUCH is the Scantiness of Human Understanding; that, in comparing a considerable Number of Things *Excellent in themselves*, it is very difficult, if not impossible, to determine, which is the *most*, and which is the *least*, *Excellent*. However, to offer *Conjectures* upon These delicate Subjects, is *amusing*, and *entertaining*; and not altogether *uninstructive*. The Sixth Æneid is generally allow'd to deserve the *First* of Those Characters; And perhaps This Tenth may deserve the *Last*. All which *precede* it must, I believe, be preferred to it, upon the Account of Their several Merits; which I have considered in Their proper Places, and shall not now repeat. And the Twelfth is, in my Opinion, preferable to Some even of the First Six; for Reasons which I shall alledge, when I come to examine it. The Competition therefore seems to lie between This Tenth, and the Eleventh: Which Latter I take to be rather superiour to This. Yet why so? Here is a vast Variety of Things, and That Variety is in Beauties.

The

The Speeches of *Venus*, and *Juno*, are in the utmost Perfection: The sweet, soft, insinuating Complaints, the oblique, and yet severe, Reflections of the *One*; The Rage, Haughtiness, and Fire of the *Other*; and the incomparable *Eloquence* of *Both*, can never be sufficiently admired. Then the Voyage at Sea diversifies the Scene, and gives us much Delight: As does the Catalogue of the Auxiliaries, and the Characters of the several Leaders.* Nothing can more engage our Attention, than the Arrival of *Aeneas*, and the Landing of his Troops to relieve his Friends, when They were in the last Distress. The Combate between *Turnus*, and *Pallas*, with the Death of the Latter, is excellently described. And the *Fighting*, both before, and after the Death of That young Prince, is hurry'd on with all imaginable Rapidity and Fire, and with a great Number of Incidents, and particular Circumstances. The Fantom to withdraw *Turnus* from the Battle, and his Passion and Distress upon it, are no less worthy our distinct Consideration. The Behaviour of *Mezentius*, in His Absence, is like that of *Diomedes* in the Absence of *Achilles*: And the Description of it is in the highest degree noble, and great. The Death of *Lausus* is one of the finest Pieces in the *Aeneis*, to raise Pity and Admiration: As is the Death of his Father, to raise Terror and Admiration, and (tho' he is so wicked a Prince) even some Pity. Yet notwithstanding all These masterly Strokes, I take This Book to be, all things considered, inferiour to the Next following. The Speeches of *Drances*, and *Turnus*, will be at least a Match for Those of *Venus*, and *Juno*: And That of *Diomedes*, as related by the Ambassadors, will yield to no one of them. These Five Speeches indeed I look upon to

218 INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

be the best of their Kind any where extant. The Funeral of *Pallas*, and the Lamentation of *Evander*, fill us with a melancholy Pleasure which we are not able to express; And so does the Burying of their Dead on both Sides. Then in That Book there is a great Variety of Matter, both as to the *Debates in Council*, and the *Operations of War*. The Episode of *Camilla* is entirely New; and there is Nothing of This Kind in *Homer*. The *Fighting* too, tho' not near so *much* in That Book, as in This Tenth, is set off with *more surprizing Incidents*, chiefly arising from the Image of a *Female Warriour*. The Death of That Heroine is a most singular Beauty. And the Confusion and Distraction of the City upon it; Both the grand Armies, under the Command of the Two chief Heroes, marching at once to the Town with the utmost Expedition, being within Sight of one another, and just ready to join Battle, which must prove decisive, and then being parted by the Night, and so leaving us in the Impatience of Suspense, and Expectation, are Circumstances which make an incomparable Close of the whole Book. It is moreover to be observed, if I mistake not, that there are more uncorrect Lines, more Difficulties, and Obscurities, more Things which *Virgil*, had he lived, would have altered, in This Tenth, than in the Eleventh, or in any Other of the whole Twelve. But This, I confess, is Matter of nice Speculation; and it is difficult to determine, which even of These Two Books is the more excellent. Nor do I insist upon the Judgment which I have made concerning them.

This Book is distinguished by the First *Field-Battle* that is fought in the whole Poem: By the First *military Action* of it's Hero: And by the
Turn

Turn of the *Fortune* of the *War* ; the *Trojans*, who were before in the greatest *Distress*, being now *first Victorious*.

Olympus' Palace wide, mean-while, unfolds
 It's everlasting Doors: The King of Gods
 Summons a Council in the starry Hall;
 From whence, enthron'd on high, all Lands he view
 The *Latin Nations*, and the *Trojan Camp*: 5
 Th' *Ethereal Synod* meets; Himself begins.

Ye mighty Pow'rs of Heav'n, What backward turns
 Your Purpose? And with disagreeing Schemes
 Why Thus contend you? I forbade all War
 Between the *Trojans*, and th' *Italian States*: 10
 Against my Interdiction whence arose
 New Discord? What Mistrust, or Fear prevail'd
 On either Nation to engage in Arms?
 A Time will come (forestall it not) for Fight

Suffi.

Ver. 2. *It's everlasting Doors*, &c.] I could think of no better Word to answer *omnipotentis*; For it cannot be literally translated. Some think that by *Olympus* is meant *Jupiter*; and then *omnipotentis* must be taken in its proper Sense. But if by the former be meant *Heaven*; either the latter must be a *Metonymy*; (*omnipotent Heaven*, because the omnipotent Deity inhabits it:) or it is call'd so, because, according to the Heathen Doctrine, the Influence of the Heavenly Bodies

commands every thing below. I am for This last; because in another place *Virgil* distinguishes *Jupiter* from *Heaven*, even when This Epithet is added to it. *Rex omnipotentis Olympi*. Book XI. Ver. 791.

Ver. 4, 5. *All Lands he views*, *The Latin Nations*, &c.] i. e. all the *World* in general; but *Italy* and the two Armies with a more particular Attention and Regard.

Ver. 14. *A Time will come*, &c.] In the Original, *justum tempus*, i. e. *Either legitimum, aptum*,

Sufficient ; when fierce Carthage, thro' the Alps 15
Cutting its Way, shall pour upon the Plains,
And threaten Ruin to the Roman Tow'rs.
Their Rage and Rapine let them then indulge :
Permit them Now in Amity to join
With glad Accord, and ratify the Peace.

20

Thus

aptum, opportunum : A fitter and more proper Time, than This ; or (as I have render'd it) *sufficient* : As we commonly say, there will be Time enough for it. And so in the first Georgick

— *Cæli iusta plus parte reliquit.*

Ver. 15, 16, 17. When fierce Carthage, thro' the Alps, Cutting its Way, shall pour upon the Plain, And threaten Ruin to the Roman Tow'rs.]

Cum fera Carthago Romanis arcibus olim Exitium magnum atque Alpes immittet apertas.

Exitium, as joined with *immittet*, cannot here signify Ruin : For it is not true in Fact, that the Romans were ruined by Hannibal. It means no more than great Distress ; as in the VIIth Book, Ver. 129. *Exitiiis positura modum*. The Word therefore does not always signify utter Destruction ; but sometimes only great Distress or Danger. I have indeed here used the Word Ruin ; but then it is not joined with one which is a literal Translation of *immittet* ; but with *threaten* : And Thus to threaten Ruin, and actually cause great Distress, is the same thing. The Verb *immittet*, here indifferently apply'd to *Exitium*, and *Alpes apertas*, makes the Passage obscure enough. To suppose *per* understood, and *atque* to go for

nothing, is intolerable. By *Alpes* therefore must, I think, be understood the People of the Alps ; as *ultima secum Bactra veibit*, Book VIII. And the Word *apertas* is added, to insinuate the Image of Hannibal's bursting them, or opening his Way thro' them.

Ver. 18. Their Rage and Rapine, &c.] However *res rapuisse* may be a Kind of Term of Art, and signify Clarigation, or declaring War (see the Commentators) it may be taken literally, and in it's plain Meaning : Especially, considering that the *Last* is included in the *First*. In which, by the way, *res rapere*, for *res raptas repetere*, is pretty odd. But to dispute These Matters is not my Business.

*alpes, the alpes, & verb immittet / join
link with exitium, as confined to alpes*

Thus *Jove* in brief: But not in brief reply'd
Bright *Venus*.

O Sov'reign Pow'r, O Sire of Men, and Gods,
(For now what Other Pow'r can we implore?)
Seest thou th' insulting *Rutuli*? the Pride
Of *Turnus*? how elated with Success

Thro'

Ver. 23. O Sov'reign Power, O Sire of Men and Gods;] The Characters of These two Goddesses are here as well distinguished by their Speeches, as (had They been real Beings) their Faces could have been by their Pictures. I have already remarked upon them in general: And here we may observe how differently they begin, and end. *Venus* opens hers in a most solemn, soft, and submissive manner:

O Pater, ô hominum, Divûmque æterna potestas,
(Namque aliud quid sit, quod jam implorare queamus?)
Cernis ut insultens *Rutuli*? —————

We see her rising slowly, and addressing her Speech with Modesty, Reverence, and Fear. How different is our Idea of *Juno*!

————— Quid me alta silentia cogis
Rumpere, & obductum verbis vulgare dolorem?

She begins abruptly in the Middle of a Verse; and we see her starting up from her Seat with Indignation and Rage. So likewise for the Conclusion of Both: The Former with

————— Xanthum & Simoenta
Redde, oro, miseris: iterumque revolvare casus
Da, pater, *Iliacos* Teucris. —————

The humblest and lowest Petition that could be conceived. The Latter with

Tunc decuit metuisse tuis; nunc sera querelis
Haud justis assurgis, & irrita jurgia jactas.

In Those last Words *irrita jurgia jactas*, the very Cadence of them tells us, that she strikes her Hands against one another; and sits down in the same abrupt Rage with which she rose. They are distinguished too by This Circumstance, that *Venus* all along applies her self to *Jupiter*; and reflects upon *Juno* only in the Third Person; and that too, always but once, only by Hints and Insinuations. And when she does name her, 'tis as softly, tho' as invidiously, as possible.

in over
39. orig.

Thro' the mid Troops, sublime, he drives his Steeds?
 Their very Ramparts now no more protect
 The *Trojans*; Ev'n within their Gates, and Walls
 The Battle rages; and their Trenches foam 30
 With Tides of Gore. *Æneas* ignorant
 Is absent: Shall they never be reliev'd
 By your Permission? but be still besieg'd?
 The Foes again are hov'ring round the Walls
 Of infant *Troy*; Another Army form'd; 35
 And from *Ætolian Arpi*, Foe to *Troy*,
 Again *Tydidēs* rises to the War:
 Belike, new Wounds from Him I must expect;
 And your own Offspring bleed by mortal Arms.
 If unpermitted by your Sov'reign Will 40
 'The *Trojans* landed on th' *Italian* Coasts;
 Be They the Suff'rers, and your Aid deny'd.
 But if so many Oracles Divine [Hell;
 They follow'd, These from Heav'n, and Those from
 Why Now by any Pow'r are Schemes oppos'd 45
 To your Decrees? And why new Fates ordain'd?
 Why should I name the Fleet destroy'd by Fire
 On *Eryx*' Coast? The Winds, the Tempest rais'd
 By *Æolus*? Or *Iris* sent from Heav'n?

Now

Si nulla est regio, Teucris quam det tua Conjux. —

Juno, on the contrary, speaks to her Adversary directly, and attacks her in Person. The Manner of the One expresses Art and Address; That of the Other, Haughtiness and Fury.

Ver. 39. *And your own, &c.*] Demoror, i. e. expecto say Some, sustineo say Others. — Pace in the next Verse for *Veniā*. Ver. 35. Orig. *scelerē* [in contra-

riam partem] i. e. mutare. Ver. 38. *actam nubibus*, for *missam ē nubibus*. Ver. 40. *Sors rerum*, for That *District*, or *Division* of the Universe of Beings: The first belonging to *Jupiter*, the Second to *Neptune*, and the Third to *Pluto*. Ver. 40. *superis immissa*, i. e. *missa ad superas auras* [ex inferis.] Ver. 41. *bacchata* [est.]

Now too th' Infernal Deities (That World
 Alone was unsolicited) she moves ;
 And from the *Stygian* Shades *Alecto* sent
 Amidst th' *Italian* Towns, licentious, raves.
 No more for Empire are my Thoughts concern'd ;
 While Fortune was, on That we durst presume : 55
 Be Those the Victors, whom your Will decrees.
 If to the *Trojans* o'er the World remains
 No Land, which Your hard Consort will allow ;
 Yet, Father, by the Smoke of ruin'd *Troy*
 You I conjure, permit me to dismiss 60
Ascanius from the War ; permit to live
 My Grandson : Let *Æneas* ('tis his Fate)
 Still wander, still be toils'd on Waves unknown,
 And whate'er Course his Fortune shews pursue :
 Be it indulg'd me to protect That Youth, 65
 And screen him from the rigid Toils of War.
Cythera, *Paphos*, and th' *Idalian* Seat,
 And *Amathus* are Mine : There, quite withdrawn
 From Arms, inglorious let him waste his Days :
 With unresisted Sway, by your Command, 70
 Let *Carthage* press *Ausonia* ; And from thence

L 4

No

Ver. 54. *No more for Empire,*
 &c.] Tho' *Venus* here, and in
 the following Lines, seems to
 give up the main Cause in De-
 spair ; yet we must not conceive
 her as intending to be taken at
 her Word. 'Tis a mere *Tragi-
 cal Complaint*, and no more ;
 partly to move *Pity*, and partly
 to upbraid *Jupiter* with the
 Non-performance of his Pro-
 mise. *Servius* undoubtedly takes

it right: *Est autem verecunda
 petitio, & obliqua, per quam
 magna Jovi invidia commove-
 tur, qui Imperium Trojanis pro-
 miserat.* Many a Petitioner has
 gained his Point by cunningly
 seeming to yield it. *Juno*, 'tis
 plain, took *Venus* in This Sense-
 Otherwise her Answer would
 have been short ; and they
 would have parted better Friends
 than they did.

No Rival to the *Tyrian* Cities rise.
 What boots it now the *Trojans*, that they 'scap'd
 The Pest of War amidst the *Grecian* Fires;
 And such a long Variety of Woes 75
 By Land, and Sea exhausted; while they seek
 A Seat in *Latium*, and new rising *Troy*?
 Had it not more avail'd them to have rais'd
 New Mansions on the Ruins of the Old;
 On their lov'd Country's Ashes, and the Soil 80
 Where *Troy* once stood? Give, Father, I implore,
Xanthus, and *Simois*, to them restor'd;
 And let the wretched *Trojans* prove revolv'd
 The Fates of *Troy*. Then, inly stung with Rage,
 Imperial *Juno* spoke. Why thus compel'd 85
 By Thee, my long deep Silence must I break,
 In open Words at last divulge my Wrongs,
 And give the struggling Indignation Vent?
 What Mortal, or what Pow'r Celestial forc'd
Æneas to present himself a Foe 90
 To King *Latinus*, and engage in War?
Latium he sought, 'tis granted, urg'd by Fate,
 Urg'd by *Cassandra's* Frenzy: When, or how

Did

Ver. 73. *What boots it, &c.*] *Quid—juvit—[Ænean] evadere—& medium fugisse, &c.* I have apply'd it to the *Trojans* in general. The Sense is all one. Nay perhaps they are intended by the Poet, being mention'd just afterwards: And *medium* perhaps may be us'd Adverbially. Ver. 59. Orig. *Non satius [fuit illis.]*

Ver. 92, 93. *Urg'd by Fate,*

Urg'd by Cassandra's Frenzy.] Here is a downright *Falshood* in *Fate*, and a *Contradiction* to it self. And it is elegant for That very Reason; because it expresses the Impotence of Spight and Malice. *Juno* very well knew that *Cassandra* was believed by Nobody; and yet because she was a *Trojan* Prophetess, of evil Fame, she could not forbear naming her; tho'

Did I advise him to forsake his Camp,
 And to the Winds and Waves his Life expose? 95
 Did I advise him with a Boy to trust
 His Ramparts, and the Strefs of all the War?
 To seek th' Alliance of the *Tuscan* Bands,
 And ruffle quiet Nations with Alarms?
 What God to These false Measures urg'd him on? 100

What

tho' (as I observ'd in the second Place) it contradicts what she said before. She grants that he went by the Commands of Fate; and in the next Words says it was by *Cassandra's* Persuasion, whom Nobody believed. *Auctor* is often used for a Counsellour, or Adviser: And so it is here.

Ver. 98, 99. *To seek th' Alliance, &c. And ruffle, &c.* *Tyrrhenamve fidem, aut gentes agitare quietas?* Partly the Conciseness of the Expression, and partly the Falshood in Fact, renders This Verse difficult. If *Fidem* be taken for *Alliance*, (as it is by all Expositors;) *implorare*, or some such Word, must be understood: For *agitare* can never be apply'd to it in That Sense. If it signifies *Loyalty*, and *Allegiance*, (as it may, for aught I know) relating to their King *Mexentius*; then *agitare* may be apply'd to *That* as well as to *gentes*: signifying to disturb, shake, or unsettle. If it be said that their

Loyalty or *Allegiance* to *Mexentius* was dissolved before, They having long since expelled him his Kingdom; it must be consider'd that *Juno* in her Speech gives a malicious Turn to every thing; and asserts many Untruths. In This very Verse she asserts one. For the Nations to whom *Aeneas* apply'd for Succours, were not quiet, before he came: Both the *Tuscans* and *Arcadians* were already at War with the *Latins*.

Ver. 100. *These false Measures.* — *In fraudem. Fraud* often signifies *Detriment*, or *Damage*. So Expositors take it here: And I am rather of That Opinion; because *Juno* has been all along reflecting upon the false Steps which *Aeneas* made, and upbraiding his Folly, and ill Conduct. Yet it is possible it may signify *Fraud* strictly; meaning his tempting the *Tuscans* from their Allegiance, &c. For she afterwards charges him with other Particulars of This Kind:

Arva aliena jugo premere, atque avertere prædas?
Quid, soceros legere, & gremiis abducere pactas?
Pacem orare manu, præfigere puppibus arma?

What rigid Pow'r of Mine? What Part in This
 Did *Juno* act? Or *Iris* sent from Heav'n?
 'Tis most injurious that th' *Italian* Troops
 Should wrap the Walls of infant *Troy* in Flames;
 Unjust that *Turnus*, of Celestial Race, 105
 (*Pilumnus*, and *Venilia* gave him Birth)
 In his own Native Soil should fix his Seat.
 What Name must brand the *Trojans*, who presum'd
 With lawless Force the *Latins* to invade?
 T' enthral, and plunder Kingdoms not their own? 110
 By Rapine to espouse unwilling Brides,
 Torn from the Bosoms of their plight'd Lords?

To

Ver. 106. *Pilumnus and Venilia gave him Birth.*] The first mediately as his Grandfather; the other immediately as his Mother. My Translation, I confess, is not just: For it looks as if *Pilumnus* and *Venilia* were Husband and Wife; whereas in the Original the first is call'd the Grandfather of *Turnus*, the second his Mother. But I could not well ren-

der it otherwise than I have done; and These Matter-of-fact Trifles are not to be regarded.

Ver. 108. *What Name must brand the Trojans, &c.*] She had before said *Indignum est Italos, &c.* 'Tis unjust (i. e. in your Estimation of Things) that the *Italians* should, &c. And now adds,

Quid face Trojanos atra vim ferre Latinis?

Ellipsis. *Quid* [illud est] *Trojanos ferre, &c. Atra face*; i. e. (says *Servius*) *sævo bello*. Those who contradict This Interpretation seem to give none of their own. I am apt to think it is an Allusion to the Story of *Paris*,

whose Mother dream't that she should bring forth a Torch, or Firebrand; because of the War which he was to kindle. And the rather, because *Juno* herself says in the Seventh Book;

*Quin idem Veneri partus suus, & Paris alter,
 Funestæque iterum recidiua in Pergama tædæ.*

Ver. 111. *By Rapine to espouse, &c.*] *Soceros legere*, for *surari*; like *sacra legere*; Steal

Fathers-in-law: i. e. marry their Daughters against their Wille.

To sue for Peace, and arm their Ships for War?
 You rescu'd from the *Greeks* your darling Son,
 (Such is Your Pow'r) and in *Æneas*' stead 115
 Could substitute a Cloud, and empty Air;
 And to as many Nymphs his Ships transform:
 For Us 'tis criminal in aught to aid
 The *Rutuli*. *Æneas* ignorant
 Is absent: Ignorant, and absent still 120
 Let him remain. *Idalia*'s Seat is Yours,
 And pleasant *Paphos*, and the stately Dome
 Of high *Cythera*. Why shouldst thou provoke
 Rough hardy Souls, a City big with Wars?
 Was Mine th' Attempt to crush the sinking State 125
 Of *Phrygia*? Mine? Or Hers, who to the *Greeks*

Ex.

Ver. 113. *To sue for Peace, and arm their Ships for War?*]
Pacem orare manu, præfigere puppibus arma? By *manu* is meant extending the Olive-Branch. This again is an invidious, and groundless Reflection. For if it relates to the *Latins*; Where was the Crime in suing for a Peace with Arms in their Hands? 'Twas the right way to obtain it. If it relates to the *Arcadians*; They had no Design of War upon Them: The Arms were only

intended to guard them from the Insults of their Enemies in their Passage.

Ver. 117. *And to as many Nymphs, &c.*] This again is not true. 'Twas *Cybele*, not *Venus*, who made That Transformation. Ver. 84. Orig. *Nos aliquid, &c. aliquid* for *in aliquâ re*. So the *Greeks* *κατά τι*. For here *secundum* is understood before *aliquid*.

Ver. 119, and 120. *Æneas ignorant, &c. Let him remain.*]

Æneas ignarus absit, ignarus & absit.

I do not understand the *Sharpness* of This *Repartee*. It has no more Wit in it, than a plain *Tu quoque*.

Ver. 125, and 126. *Was mine the Attempt, &c. or Hers, &c.*]

*Nosne tibi fluxas Phrygiæ res vertere fundo
 Conamur? nos? an miseros qui Troas Achivis
 Objecit?*

Tibi

Expos'd the wretched *Trojans*? For what Cause
 Did *Europe's* Pow'rs and *Asia's* rise in Arms,
 By Crimes clandestine, and dissolve the Peace?
 Did I conduct th' Adulterer of *Troy* 130
 To ravage *Sparta*? Did I give him Arms?
 Or with his lawless Lust foment the War?
 Then was Thy Season for These Mother's Fears;
 Now with unjust Complaints thy idle Rage
 Rises ill-tim'd, and bandys Brawls in vain. 135
 Thus *Juno* spoke; And all the Heav'nly Pow'rs
 Murmur'd with various, and confus'd Assent:
 As when the first soft Breezes thro' the Woods,
 Included, tremble, and hoarse Whispers roll,
 Boding to Mariners approaching Winds. 140
 Th' Almighty Father then, Supreme of Kings,
 Resumes Speech intermitted: (While he speaks,
 Heav'n's

Tibi is Idiomatically redundant; unless it be put for *tuas*. *Conamur* must be for *Conabamur*, or *Conata sumus*: because she plainly speaks of the Trojan War. *Fluxas*, for *fragiles*, or *caducas*. *Vertere fundo*, to overturn from the Foundation: *Crush* is not a Translation of This; but the Thing is in effect the same. *Qui* is used indefinitely for any Person of either Sex: For she certainly glances not at *Paris* (as Some suppose) but at *Venus*: And therefore I have render'd it *Hers*: Our English Pronoun having not the same indefinite Signification.

Ver. 129. By Crimes clandestine, &c.] *Furto* here sig-

nifies not *Theft* only (tho' *That* is included) but *Adultery*, and *Treachery*. *Causa fuit Europam conjungere, &c.* for *Europæ conjungendi*, &c. See the Note on Verse 500 of the Ninth Book.

Ver. 131. To ravage *Sparta*, &c.] *Spartam expugnavit*. For History says that *Paris* did not carry off *Helen* purely in an amicable and clandestine Way; but by War, and Force; however she might in her Heart be inclined to it.

Ver. 139. Included, &c.] *Deprensa*. Included, Confin'd or Intercepted. *Cæca Murmura*: i. e. doubtful, whispering, difficult to be heard: not in *cæcis sylvis*, as Some imagine.

there is used indefinitely as to number as well as gender

Heav'n's lofty Court keeps silence, and the Earth
 Trembles below, th' Ethereal Arch above ;
 The Winds all hush'd, th' unruffled Sea subsides :) 145
 Hear then, and in your Minds imprint my Words :
 Since *Troy* and *Latium* cannot now unite
 In Peace, and your Contentions know no End ;
 Whatever Fortune is This day decreed,
 Whatever Hope by Each is entertain'd ; 150
 Or *Trojan*, or *Rutulian* let Him be,
 Without Distinction I shall Both regard :
 Whether the *Trojans* by th' *Italian* Fates,
 Or, ill advis'd, by Errour of their own
 Are strait besieg'd. Nor from Their Share of Toils 155
 Do I exempt the *Rutuli* : Let Each
 Abide th' Event, and Fortune of his Deeds ;
Jove is the Same, one common King to All :
 The Fates will find a Way. So spake the God ;
 And by his *Stygian* Brother's pitchy Banks, 160
 And whirling Torrent, ratify'd the Doom ;

And

Ver. 150. *Whatever Hope by each is entertain'd, &c.*] *Secat* spem. *Servius* and Others explain *secat* by *sequitur*. I rather take it with *Turnebus* for *separat*, assumes to himself ; as when one divides a Thing into Portions.

Ver. 153, &c. *Whether the Trojans——Or ill advis'd by Errour, &c.——of his Deeds.*]

*Seu fatis Italum castra obsidione tenentur,
 Siue errore malo Trojæ, monitisque sinistris.
 Nec Rutulos solvo : sua cuique exorsa laborem
 Fortunamque ferent.*

Fatis Italum, i. e. *fatis malis* ; meaning to the *Trojans*. Or perhaps to the *Italians* Themselves : So Some understand it. *Castra*, i. e. *Trojanorum*. *Ex-* orsa, i. e. *Incepta* ; *Enterprizes*, or *Actions*. *Laborem*, an ill Event ; *Fortunam*, a good one.

And all *Olympus* trembled at his Nod.
 Here ended the Debate: Imperial *Jove*
 Uprises from his Throne of Gold; The Gods
 Attend him to his Palace, round inclos'd. 165

Meanwhile the *Rutuli* thro' all the Gates
 Persist, with mighty Slaughter wide diffus'd,
 To press the Foes, and wrap the Town in Flames.
 The *Trojans*, in their Trenches close besieg'd,
 (No Prospect of Escape) dejected stand 170
 On their high Tow'rs, and thinly man the Walls.

Asius Imbrasides, *Thymætes*, Son
 Of *Hycetaon*, both th' *Affaraci*,
 And *Tybris*, senior now, with *Castor* join'd, 174
 Stand the chief Leaders. These from *Lycia's* Height
Clarus, and *Hæmon* follow; Brothers both
 To great *Sarpedon*. Equal to his Sire,
 And Brother, in Heroic Deeds of Arms,
 (*Mnestheus* his Brother, *Clytius* was his Sire)
Lyrnessian Acmon, all his Body's force 180
 Exerting, throws a vast unwieldy Rock,
 No small Part of a Mountain. These with Darts
 Strive to defend their Ramparts; Those, with Stones;
 And scatter Fire, and fit their level'd Shafts.
 Full in the Midst the Princely Youth of *Troy* 185
 By *Venus* lov'd, and worthy all her Care,

(His

Ver. 175. *The chief Leaders.*] *Prima acies.* That is (says *Servius*) *magni viri. Est definitio eorum qui in prima acie fuerunt.* I believe it should be read *primâ acie*. Nor does the next Word *Hos* hinder. There are many such Instances, in *Verification*, Besides That *Hos*

may very well be *Quos*.

Ver. 179. *Mnestheus.*] *Cum fratre Mnestheo*, I confess, sounds very untowardly; and many Copies it seems have it *Meneſtheo*. But as no such Person as *Meneſtheus* is any where else mention'd in *Virgil*, and *Mnestheus* often is; I chuse This Reading.

(His beauteous Head uncover'd) shone to View :

As shines a Gem inclos'd in yellow Gold,

Grace to the Head, or Neck ; or Iv'ry set,

With curious Art, in Ebony, or Box :

190

His snowy Neck receives his flowing Hair,

Clasp'd in a Circle of soft ductile Gold.

Thee too, *Mæonian Ismarus*, in Fight

The warlike Nations saw dispensing Wounds,

And arming Darts with Poison ; Thee, of Race 195

Illustrious born ; where fertil Glebe they till ;

And rich *Paëtolus* waters it with Gold.

There *Mnestheus* fought, exalted with the Fame

Of *Turnus* from the Walls so late repuls'd ;

And *Capys*, who *Campania*'s City nam'd.

200

While These in mutual Conflict fierce engag'd ;

Æneas in deep Midnight plough'd the Waves.

For when, from King *Evander*, he arriv'd,

With sure Credentials, in the *Tuscan* Camp ;

Address'd the Gen'ral, told his Name, and Birth ; 205

What he desir'd, and what himself propos'd :

What Arms *Mexentius* added to his own ;

Told him th' impetuous Insolence and Rage

Of *Turnus* ; And reminded him how vain

Is Trust in human Strength ; With Reasons urg'd 210

Mingling

Ver. 188. *As shines a Gem, &c.*] This Simile is very beautiful ; but almost as nearly related to That in the first Book, *Quale manus addunt ebori decus* — as the Persons are to whom they are apply'd. *Terebinthus* is not strictly *Ebony* ; but it is much like it : (see *Ruæus*, *Servius*, and other Commentators :) And such Changes as These

are always allowable in Translations ; as I have often observ'd.

Ver. 198—9. *The Fame of Turnus* — *repuls'd.*] *Pulsi gloria Turni* : i. e. the Glory of having repulsed *Turnus*. I have ventured to translate it literally. 'Tis a Boldness, I confess ; but perhaps not the worse for That.

Mingling Intreaties : No Delay is made ;
Tarchon unites his Pow'rs, and strikes a League.
 And now, commission'd by the Gods and Fate,
 Under the Conduct of a foreign Chief,
 The *Lydians* man their Fleet, and stem the Deep. 215
 First sails th' *Æneian* Vessel ; to it's Beak
 The *Phrygian* Lions added : And above
Ida stands imminent, safe Harbour once
 And Refuge to the exil'd Sons of *Troy*.
 Here great *Æneas* sits ; and in his Breast 220
 Revolves the various Hazards of the War :
 And *Pallas*, join'd to his left side, enquires
 Oft of the Stars, which guide their nightly Course ;
 Oft of his Toils by Land and Sea sustain'd.

Now open *Helicon*, and Songs inspire, 225
 Celestial Muses ; Say, what Pow'rs in Arms
 Follow'd *Æneas* from the *Tuscan* Coasts,
 And mann'd their warlike Ships, and plough'd the Sea.

First *Mafficus* his beaky *Tyger* steers, 229
 And cuts the Waves : A thousand warlike Youths
 Obey his Orders ; who from *Clusum's* Walls
 And *Cosa's* City came : Their Weapons, Shafts ;
 Light Quivers at their Backs, and deadly Bows.
 With These rough *Abas* sail'd : In burnish'd Arms

His

Ver. 216—17. To it's Beak
 The Phrygian Lions added.]
 —*Roſtro Pbrygios ſubjuncta*
Leones : i. e. *habens Pbrygios*
Leones roſtro ſubjunctos. Theſe
 and ſuch like Expreſſions, pure-
 ly Poetical, continually occur.
 I have remarked upon many ;
 but it would be endleſs, and in-

deed, needleſs, to remark upon
 all. The *Specimens* which I
 have given are ſufficient ; and
 other Inſtances of the ſame
 Kind are reducible to Them.
 Ver. 167, Orig. *Mille manus*
juvenum, i. e. *manus* (for *ag-*
men) *mille juvenum*.

Ver. 233, *Quivers*.] *Corymbi*

▲

His Troops all shone; *Apollo* cast in Gold 235
 Brightning his Stern; To Him six hundred Youths
 Expert in War their *Populonia* gave;
Ikva three hundred, Island fam'd for Mines
 Of inexhausted Steel. *Afyllas* Third,
 Interpreter of Men and Gods; whose Skill 240
 The Victim's Fibres, and the Stars obey
 And Tongues of Birds, and Lightnings from the Clouds
 Flashing Prefages: He a Thousand leads
 Thicken'd for Fight, and throng'd with rigid Spears.
 These by *Alphæan Pisæ*, *Tuscan* Town, 245
 To him were giv'n. Next beauteous *Astur* sails,
Astur confiding in his Steed, and Arms
 Of various Colour. Those who *Cære's* Walls,
 And *Minio's* Fields inhabit, and with Them
 The ancient *Pyrgi*, and *Graviscæ*, known 250
 For Air unwholesome, add three hundred more,
 Unanimous to follow to the Fight.
 Nor, *Cycnus*, Thee in Silence would I pass,

Thou

A particular Sort of Quivers. But (as I have elsewhere observed) we are forc'd in our Language to render These Particulars by General Words. Ver. 179. Orig. *Hos parere* [illi scil. *Afyllæ*] jubent, &c.

Ver. 238. Fam'd for Mines.]—*Generosa metallis: for nobilis, insignis.*

Ver. 251. For Air unwholesome.] That is the Meaning of *Intempestæ* in this place.

Ver. 253. Nor, *Cycnus*, Thee in Silence would I pass, &c.]

Transferim Cycne, &c. Servius and some others read *Cinyra*. Take it which way you will, the Passage is sufficiently obscure. It would be too tedious to recite the Opinions of Commentators, with their Reasons: I shall declare my own; in which I confess I differ from all of them. I take *Cycnus* and *Cupawo* to be Brothers; the Sons of That other *Cycnus* who was transformed into a Swan. Without this Supposition I think no good Sense can be made of That Verse.

Crimen

Thou bravest Leader of *Ligurian* Blood ;
 Nor Thee, *Cupawo*, follow'd but by few : 255
 On whose high Crest a Swan's white Feathers rise.
 Love was your Crime, and on your graven Shields
 The Impress of your Metamorphos'd Sire.
 For Fame reports, that *Cycnus*, worn with Grief

For

Crimen amor vestrum, formæque insigne paternæ.

i. e. (says *Ruæus*) *vestra familiæ*, speaking of *Cupawo* only. To apply *vestrum* to a single Person is unusual at best, if not utterly unused by the Poets. *Vos ô Calliope* in the Ninth Book, according to all Interpreters, includes all the Muses, only naming *Calliope*, καὶ ἑξοχῆν. And That of *Camilla* in the Eleventh Book, *Advenit qui vestra dies*, &c. is referr'd not only to That Person [*Ornitius*] but to all his Countrymen, virtually included in That Word *Tyrrbene*, expressing his Country. But there is nothing like either of These in the Instance before us. To omit therefore the strange Exposition of One, who resolves it Thus, *O Cycne Cupawo* ; as if they were only two Names of the same Person, like *Tullius Cicero*, and so the *et* stood for Nothing : The general Interpretation is, *Vestrum*, *O Cycne*, (meaning the Father, who was dead,) & *Cupawo* : Some say, *Vestrum*, ô *Pbaeton*, & *Cycne*, & *Cupawo*. But

was ever any Exposition so intolerably strained, arbitrary and unnatural ? Only One Person (according to These Expositions) has been yet named, to which This *Vestrum* can be referred : And Others must be understood, who have not been yet mentioned. But suppose This *Cycnus* (for That is the best Reading) and *Cupawo* to be Brothers ; and 'tis all plain enough. Their Crime was, that they provoked the Gods by doing too much Honour to their Father (whom They had so severely punished for his immoderately lamenting the Fate of Another whom they had punished before) by carrying his metamorphos'd Figure engraven on their Shields, and his Feathers on their Helmets. For, I think, *Formæque insigne paternæ* must imply something more than the *olorinæ pennæ* before mentioned. It is true, they are not called Brothers : But pray consider how they are coupled together.

*Non ego te, Ligurum ductor fortissime bello,
 Transferim, Cycne, & paucis comitate Cupawo,*

Cujus

For much lov'd *Phaëton*'s unhappy Fate, 260
While with sad Songs he sooth'd his fond Despair,
Among the Poplar Boughs, his Sister's Shades,
Contracted downy Plumes, and hoary Age ;
Abandon'd Earth, and singing sought the Stars.
His Son, amidst his Equals in the Fleet, 265
The mighty *Centaur* with strong Oars impels ;
He o'er the Waves stands imminent, and aims
(Threatning aloft) a Rock's vast Weight to throw,
And with his long-built Vessel ploughs the Deep.

Next from his Native Soil fam'd *Ocnus* leads 270
His Squadron: Him, the *Tuscan* River's Son,
Prophetick *Manto* bore: His Mother's Name,
Mantua, to Thee he gave, and built Thy Walls ;
Mantua, for high Progenitors renown'd :
Yet from One Race not all her Sons descend ; 275
Three are her Tribes : Four Towns to each ; Herself
The Queen of All: From *Tuscan* Blood her Pow'r.

Five

*Cujus olorina surgunt de vertice pennæ :
Crimen amor vestrum, formæque insigne paternæ.
Namque ferunt lætæ Cycnum Phaëtonis amati, &c.*

Is it to be conceived that a full Stop must be made at *Cycne* ; and he be no more regarded in what follows : when the Words *Vestrum*, and *Cycnum*, manifestly require the contrary ? Or if you read *Cinyra* ; the Difference is not much : and the Argument holds almost as well : Only the Other is somewhat stronger ; because the Name being the same, it is more likely that the One *Cycnus* should be Son to the Other. For that *Cupavo* was his Son, all agree, and it can admit

of no Doubt. Nor does it much avail to say that *Filius* is afterwards mentioned in the Singular Number : For tho' they were two Brothers ; the *Eldest* might be named by Way of Eminency. This Account, I confess, is not without it's *Difficultys* ; nay it is founded wholly upon *Conjecture* : But it is to my Apprehension more tolerable than any, which I have seen ; and is submitted to the Judgment of the Judicious.

Ver. 276. Each.] Gente [unaquæque.]

Five hundred Warriours hence *Mexentius* arms
Against himself: Whom, crown'd with azure Reeds,
Mincius, who from *Benacus* rolls his Stream, 280
Wafted with hostile Ships into the Sea.

These stern *Auletes* leads; and rising high
Buffets the Billows with an hundred Oars;
The Sea turn'd upwards froths beneath the Strokes.
Him the vast *Triton* bears, and with his Conch. 285

Frights the green Waves: His shaggy upper Parts,
Down to his Sides, a human Shape exprefs;
His Belly in a *Prifis* ends: The Sea
Murmurs and foams beneath the Monster's Breast.
So many chosen Chiefs, in Thirty Ships, 290
Bore Aid to *Troy*, and plough'd the briny Fields.

'Twas now the Noon of Night; And *Phæbe's* Car
In it's mid Course had reach'd *Olympus'* Height:
Æneas (for his Care no Rest allows)
Sitting on Deck, himself the Rudder guides, 295
And

Ver. 278. *Five hundred Warriours hence, &c.*] In the Original *Hinc*: i. e. from the Parts near *Mantua*, which was last mention'd. *Arms against himself*: i. e. by making himself odious to them upon the account of his Tyranny. Ver. 207. Orig. *Gravis*. Either old [*gravis annis*:] or rough, stern, &c. no matter which.

Ver. 286.—*Upper Parts.*] For that is plainly here meant by *Frons*, not the *Forehead* only; as appears from it's being joined with *laterum tenus*. And so the Word is sometimes used by other Authors. See *Servius*.

Ver. 292. *'Twas now the Noon of Night, &c.*]

*Jamque dies cælo concesserat, almaque curru
Noctivago Phæbe medium pulsabat Olympum.*

Dies: i. e. (say Expositors) the former Day; which, according to the *Romans*, ended not 'till Midnight: To which the Word

Meridies was apply'd, as well as to *Noonday*. *Cælo concesserat*: i. e. *de cælo decesserat*.

And shifts the Sails. When, lo! the Virgin Quire
 Of his own Nymphs, to Nymphs from Ships transform'd,
 To whom propitious *Cybele* had giv'n
 A Deity in Ocean, met their Chief
 In his mid Voyage: Rang'd together swam 300.
 As many Goddesses, and cut the Waves,
 As stood before tall Vessels on the Beach.
 They know their Prince from far; and in a Ring
 Inclose him round: Of whom *Cymodoce*
 In Speech the happiest, rising to her Waist, 305
 Above the Ocean, grasps the Stern behind
 With her Right hand; (her Left, as Oar, divides
 The silent Waves :) and Him, unknowing, Thus
 Addresses. Wak'it thou, Offspring of the Gods,
Æneas? Wake, and loose thy flying Sails. 310
 We, Sea-Nymphs now, were once Thy Fleet, the Pines
 Which grew on *Ida*'s sacred Top. When press'd
 By faithless *Turnus* with the Sword, and Fire,
 Compel'd we burst thy Cables; and Thee sought
 O'er the vast Deep. The Mother of the Gods, 315
 Commiserating, This new Form bestow'd;
 And gave us to be Goddesses, and live
 Immortal underneath the Ocean's Waves.
 But young *Afcanius* in the Walls and Mounds
 Is now confin'd; amidst the hostile Darts, 320
 And *Latins* all with Martial Terrours arm'd.

Th'

Ver. 296. *When lo! the Virgin Quire, &c.*] Whatever is to be objected against the Transformation of the Ships into Nymphs, considered in it self; *Virgil* here makes a beautiful

Use of it, in the *Consequence*.
 Ver. 305. *Rising to her Waist.*] *Dorso eminent*: i. e. *emergit dorso tenus*. Back in English would here sound ill; so I have a little altered it.

Th' *Arcadian* Horse, with the brave *Tuscans* join'd,
 Have reach'd the Place assign'd them : With his Troops
Turnus resolves to intercept their March,
 And frustrate their Attempt to join the Camp. 325
 Rise Thou, and first, when dawning Morn appears,
 Command th' associate Nations to their Arms :
 And take thy bright unconquerable Shield,
 Which *Vulcan* wrought, and border'd round with Gold.
 To-morrow's Sun (if aught my Words can find 330
 Of Credit) shall behold vast slaughter'd Heaps
 Of *Rutuli*. She said ; and with her Hand,
 At Parting, in That Motion not unskill'd,
 Push'd the tall Vessel : She, more swift than Winds,
 Or darted Jav'lin, flies along the Waves. 335
 The rest then speed their Course : The Chief himself,
Anchises' Son, in Ignorance admires ;
 Yet, by the Omen rais'd, to Heav'n uplifts
 His Eyes, and Thus in brief prefers his Pray'r.
 Propitious Mother of the Pow'rs Divine, 340
Idæan Goddesses ; in high *Dyndamus*
 Delighting, and in lofty Cities proud
 With Tow'rs, and Lions harness'd to thy Car :
 Thee now I follow in the War ; Do Thou
 Confirm this Augury, and aid Thy *Troy*. 345
 He

Ver. 322. *Tb'* *Arcadian*
Horse with the brave Tuscans
join'd, &c.] It was not said
 before, that any of the *Arca-*
dians and *Tuscans* had march'd
 to join the *Trojans*. That Si-
 lence was elegant : We are
 now told it *obliquely*, and by

Way of *Innuation*. See *Ruæus*.

Ver. 345. *Confirm.] Pro-*
pinques Augurium : i. e. præ-
sens fit, or faveas augurio.
 The Word is somewhat singu-
 lar. Ver. 258. Orig. *signa se-*
quuntur ; Either, *follow the*
Colours, or attend the Signal
 of

He said: And now returning Day roll'd on,
 And with it's full-born Light dispell'd the Shades.
 First he commands his Follow'rs to attend
 The Signal giv'n; to animate, to arm
 Their Courage; and prepare themselves for Fight. 350
 The *Trojans* now, and his own Camp he views,
 High on the Deck; Then waves his blazing Shield
 In his Left Hand extended. From the Walls
 The *Trojans* raise a Shout which rends the Sky;
 New Hope enflames their Rage; and Show'rs of Darts
 They hurl: As when beneath the dusky Clouds, 356
Strymonian Cranes the wonted Signal give
 With sounding Pinions; cut the liquid Air,
 With joyful Clang, and leave the Storms behind.

Amaz'd stood *Turnus*, and th' *Ausonian* Chiefs; 360
 Till, looking back, they saw the Navy move
 Cov'ring the Sea, and gliding make to Shore.

Fierce

of the *Trumpet*, or the *Word* given. So *Servius*.
 Ver. 351. The *Trojans* now, and his own Camp he views, &c.] This is a most beautiful and grand Image: And the *Simile* added to it exceeds That of *Homer* from which it is taken.

*Jamque in conspectu Teucros habet, & sua castra,
 Stans celsa in puppi: clypeum tum deinde sinistra
 Extulit ardentem: clamorem ad sidera tollunt
 Dardanidae è muris: spes addita suscitât iras;
 Tela manu jaciunt. Quales sub nubibus atris
 Strymoniae dant signa grues; atque æthera tranant
 Cum sonitu, fugiuntque Notos clamore secundo.*

Ver. 362. Gliding, &c.] —Multi servare recursus Lan-
 guentis pelagi. For it might be
 Either for allabi classes æquore; Flood when they were within
 Hypal. Or rather allabi æquor two or three Leagues of the
 [cum] classibus. The Word al- Shore; and Ebb, when they
 labi expressing the Tide coming in. began to land their Men. But
 Nor is This contradicted by what shall we say to Ver. 392.
 what follows Ver. 388, 389, Mare inoffensum crescenti allabi-
 tur

Fierce burns his Helm; and from his tow'ring Crest
 Flame flashes; and his Shield's round Bossy Gold
 Vomits vast Fires. As when in Night serene, 365
 Ensanguin'd Comets shoot a dismal Glare :
 Or the red Dog-Star, rising on the World,
 To wretched Mortals threatens Dearth, and Plagues,
 With baleful Light; and saddens all the Sky.
 But, nought dismay'd, bold *Turnus* bends his Thoughts
 First to possess the Beach, and from the Shore 371
 Repel them. With these Words he chides, and fires
 His Friends: What long you wish'd is now arriv'd,

To

tur æstu ? Is not This a Contradiction to the last-mention'd Passage ? The Answer, I suppose, must be that even in an Ebb, at some Parts of the Shore, where the Ground is shelving, it seems to be Flood, or Tide: For the Water must run down a steep Place. *Ruæus* says Interpreters give an absurd

Account of it; and yet gives one Himself, which to me is dark enough.

Ver. 363. *Fierce burns his Helm, &c.*] *Capiti* for *Capitis*. These Lines I have cited in my Preface. The two Similes which follow are noble; and far excel the Hints which *Homer* gave to *Virgil*.

*Non secus ac * liquida si quando in nocte Cometæ
 Sanguinei lugubre rubent; aut Sirius ardor;
 Ille, sitim, morbosque ferens mortalibus ægris
 Nascentur, & lævo contristat lumine cælum.*

Milton is bolder; but perhaps not too bold.

————— Like a Comet burn'd,
 That fires the Length of *Ophiuchus* buge
 In th' Artick Sky; and from his horrid Hair
 Shakes Pestilence and War.

Parad. Lost. B. II.

Ver. 371. First to possess the Beach, &c.] *Fiducia præripere*: i. e. *fidens Spes præripiendi*.

Ver. 373, 374. What long you wish'd is now arriv'd. To crush your Foes.] *Quod votis optastis adeß, perfringere dextra.*

How *perfringere* can signify *perficere*, as *Ruæus* says, or *fortiter facere*, as *Seruius*, I do not understand. I take it, with other Expositors, for *perfringere hostes*, Thus: *Quod votis optastis* [scilicet] *perfringere* [hostes,] *adeß*.
 Ver.

* *Ruæus* renders *liquida* by *humida*; but sure it means *serena*.

To crush your Foes ; All *Mars* is in your Hands :
 Be Each now mindful of his Spouse, and Home ; 375
 Now emulate your great Forefathers' Fame,
 And imitate their Actions. Let us run
 Aggressors ; and attack them, as they land
 In Hurry and Disorder ; while their Feet
 First slide with tott'ring Steps upon the Beach. 380
 Fortune assists the Brave.

He said ; and ponder'd in his Thoughts, what Force
 To lead against th' Invaders, and with whom
 To trust the Siege. Mean-while, with Bridges laid
 From the tall Ships, *Æneas* lands his Troops : 385
 Some watch the Ebbings of the shallow Sea,
 And, leaping, to the Fords themselves commit ;
 Others by Oars. *Tarchon* observes the Strand,
 Where Shelves he fears not, nor the dashing Waves
 Remurmur ; but the Sea with swelling Tide 390
 Unbroken flows ; He turns his Prows to Land,
 And Thus exhorts his Mates. Now, chosen Youths,

Bend

Ver. 374. *All Mars, &c.*]
Mars : i. e. the Battle, or the
 Opportunity of Fighting : *In*
manibus ; in your Power. In
 the next Verses *referto* : i. e.
imitetur, exprimat : like *te*
tantum ore referret, Book IV.
 329. *Factu* [quæ sunt] *patrum*
laudes, for *laudi patribus*.

This I take to be the best In-
 terpretation. The Commen-
 tators are all dark upon the
 Place.

Ver. 386. *Some watch the*
Ebbings, &c.] This Descrip-
 tion is very particular, and de-
 licate :

——— *Multi servare recursus*

Languentis Pelagi——— &c.

Quæ wada non sperat, nec fracta remurmurat unda,
Sed mare inoffensum crescenti allabitur æstu.

Inoffensum signifies the same as
non fracta in the preceding Line.

Ver. 295. Orig. *Tollite, ferte*

rates : expresses *Haste*. *Tollite*
 for *rapite* ; and *That* again for
rapidè agitate.

Bend to your sturdy Oars: Urge on, impel
 Your Vessels; Cut, and cleave This hostile Ground
 With their keen brazen Beaks; Let ev'n our Ships
 Furrow the Soil: Be Mine ev'n stranded here; 396
 Shipwreck it self, if snatching Land at once,
 I'd not refuse. When *Tarchon* Thus had spoke,
 His Crew industrious ply their Oars, and drive
 Their foaming Vessels to th' *Ausonian Coast*; 400
 'Till on dry Land they rest: All safe, but Thine,
O Tarchon: For while, sticking in the Flats,
 Long on a hard unequal Ridge she hangs,
 Doubtful, and pois'd, and tires the beating Waves;
 She bulges stav'd, and pours into the Deep 405
 The Crew expos'd: The Fragments of the Oars
 And floating Planks encumber them, in vain
 Making to Shore; And the retreating Tide
 Supplants their Feet, and bears them back to Sea.
Turnus delays not; but with rapid March 410
 Against the *Trojans* all his Squadron leads,
 And stands, oppos'd in Arms, upon the Shore.
 The Signal sounds: *Æneas* first invades

(Omen

Ver. 402. *Sticking.*] *Inflic-
 ta*: i. e. *illisa*; or *impacta*.
Struck, or *dashed against*.

Ver. 404. *Tires the beating
 Waves.*] *Fluctusque fatigat*.
 i. e. says *Servius*, *Fluctus fa-
 tigat eam, scilicet navem*. But
 there is no Occasion for This
 unnatural Construction; since
 the plain and easy one is far
 more elegant and poetical. The
 same Nominative Case [*Pup-
 pis*] is still continued; and
Fluctus is the Accusative plu-

ral. The Ship *tires* the Waves;
 i. e. the Waves beat so long a-
 gainst it, that they are poeti-
 cally and elegantly said to *tire*
themselves with it. For so I
 take it; not with *Ruæus*, for
 the *Oars*, and *Poles* from the
 Ship, beating the Waves. There
 is no Occasion for This; and
 the plain and obvious Construc-
 tion is the best.

Ver. 413. *The Signal sounds*;
Æneas first invades, &c.] Here
 is the first Field-Battle; and
 here

(Omen of prosp'rous Fight) the Rustick Troops,
 And sells the *Latins*. *Theron* first he slew, 415
 Of mighty Bulk, who durst in Fight assail
Æneas: Thro' his complicated Brass,
 And golden tissu'd Corslet, with his Sword
 Deep bury'd, he exhausts his open Side.
 Next *Lycas*; who, from his dead Mother ript, 420
 To Thee, *Apollo*, was an Off'ring vow'd;
 Because, an Infant, from the sharpen'd Steel
 He was preserv'd. Not far from Him remote
 The hardy *Cisseus* he extends in Death,
 And monstrous *Gyas*, beating down with Clubs 425
 Th' embattled Squadrons. Them not aught avail'd
Alcides' Arms, nor their own Force in War,
 Nor yet their Sire *Metampus*, Follow'r once
 Of *Hercules*, when earthly Toils he bore.
 'Gainst *Pharus*, insolent with Coward Taunts, 430
 He hurls a Spear; which in his clam'rous Mouth
 Stands fix'd. Thou too hadst sunk beneath his Arm,
 Unhappy *Cydon*; while thy new Delight
Clytus Thou didst pursue, the blooming Boy,

Just

here the Hero of the Poem first acts in his military Capacity. And to my Apprehension he does not behave himself like a Coward: He kills seven Men, before we hear of any other Action; and forty more (for any thing I know, for I have not counted them) before the Battle is over. If he had killed fewer; I should have had never the worse Opinion either of the Hero, or of the Poet. This Battle continues

to the End of This Book; and abounds with fine Paintings. The largest and fullest Figures are the Deaths of *Pallas*, *Lausus*, and *Mexentius*.

Ver. 414. *Prosp'rous*.] For That Word is understood: according to *Servius*, and the best Expositors. Ver. 315. Orig. for *squalentem*, see Not. on Book XII. 121. For *baurit*, see Note on Book V. 176, 177. Ver. 326. *Seurur amorum*, i. e. non sollicitus de amoribus.

Just yellow with soft Down : Thou too hadst fall'n,
 Regardless of thy execrable Loves; 436
 Had not thy Band of Brothers, *Phorcus*' Sons,
 Sev'n Youths, oppos'd his Might: Sev'n Darts they threw;
 Some from his Shield and Helmet vain rebound;
 Some raze his Flesh: But *Venus* puts them by. 440
Æneas then *Achates* Thus bespeaks:
 Supply me Darts; (Not One shall fly in vain
 Against the *Rutuli*;) Those Darts, which drank
 So much of *Grecian* Blood in *Trojan* Fields.
 Then grasps at once, and whirls a mighty Spear; 445
 Which flying passes thro' the brazen Shield
 Of *Mæon*; and his Corset, and his Breast
 At once divides. *Alcanor* runs to aid
 His Brother; and supports him, as he falls,
 With his Right Hand: Another *Jav'lin* flies, 450
 Bores his Right Arm, and cuts it's bloody Way;

And

Ver. 450. *Another Jav'lin flies.*] Most Expositors (tho' not all) are of Opinion, that the same Spear, not a different one, is here meant: And I confess *servatque tenorem* seems to imply it; besides, that to mean another, and not express it by *altera*, or some such Word, is very strange. Against This Construction therefore I have nothing to object, but that the Thing is impossible. One Man has a Spear darted thro' his Breast; He falls; Another sees it, runs, and catches him, as he falls; The same Spear, continuing it's Motion thro' the Body of the former, pierces the Arm of the latter. This cannot be conceiv'd. The same

Weapon indeed may pierce two Men; but they must stand close together, and it must be done in an Instant: Whereas here some Time passes between the Falling of the One, and the Assistance of the Other. If the same Spear be intended, *Protinus* must imply (as it often does) Continuation; If two distinct ones, it must imply Haste, or Speed.

I wonder *Servius* upon This Passage understands *trajecto iacerto* of *Æneas*'s Arm *retro acto*, drawn back: The Word surely never signify'd so: It means *Alcanor*'s Arm, which was *trajectus*, pierc'd thro'; as in a few Words after, *trajecto gutture*.

And from his Shoulder by the stringy Nerves
 The dying Limb hangs down. Then *Numitor*
 The Jav'lin from his Brother's Body draws,
 And darts it at the *Trojan* Chief: From Him 455
 It errs, and razes great *Achates'* Thigh.

Here *Clausus*, trusting in his *Sabine* Pow'rs,
 And his own Youth, advances to the Fight;
 Wounds *Dryops* with a rigid Spear, from far,
 Beneath his Chin with mighty Force impress'd; 460
 Pierces his Throat, and, while he speaks, at once
 Of Voice, and Soul bereaves him: With his Front
 He knocks the Ground, and vomits clotted Gore.
 Three *Thracians* too, from *Boreas'* distant Clime,
 And Three, whom *Ismarus* and *Idas* sent, 465
 (*Idas* their Father, *Ismarus* the Soil

Which gave them Birth) by various Chance he kills.

Halesus meets him; and th' *Auruncan* Bands,
 And *Neptune's* Son *Messapus*, with his Steeds
 Proud and conspicuous. With their utmost force 470
 Now These, now Those, in Conflict, strive to push
 Each other from their Ground: Ev'n on the Brink
 Of *Latium* in fierce Combate they contend.

As when the Winds, with equal Strength, and Rage,
 Discordant, in the spacious Sky raise War; 475
 Nor

Ver. 457. Here *Clausus*, &c.]
Hic Clausus primævo corpore,
fidens Curibus, Advenit. Not
fidens primævo corpore, Advē-
nit [ē] Curibus: as *Ruæus*
 would have it.

Ver. 464. *Boreas' distant*
Clime.] Some take *suprema* for

sublimi; as if they were de-
 scended from the illustrious
 Blood of *Boreas*. But Others
 (with whom I agree) take it
 for *extrema*, or *remota*; mean-
 ing no more than the Northern
 Climate.

Nor Winds, nor Clouds, nor Waves, on either Side,
 Yielding give way; long doubtful hangs the Fight;
 All struggling 'gainst each other press adverse:
 So *Troy's* and *Latium's* Squadrons grappling strive,
 Foot fix'd to Foot, and Man to Man oppos'd. 480

But in a different Part, where whirling Stones
 The Torrent roll'd along, and Trees upturn
 From either Bank; th' *Arcadian* Troops, unus'd
 On Foot to combate, by the pressing Foes
 O'erpower'd gave way; the Nature of the Soil 485
 Compelling them, on craggy Ground, to quit
 Their Steeds: Them turn'd in Flight when *Pallas* saw,
 Now with Intreaties (for That sole Resource
 In such Distress was left) now with Rebukes
 And keen Upbraidings he excites their Fire. 490
 Ah! whither fly you? By your selves, my Friends,
 And your brave Deeds, by King *Evander's* Name,
 And Conquests gain'd in War, by my own Hopes
 Which burn to emulate my Father's Praise;
 Trust not to Flight: A Passage thro' the Foes 495
 Must with the Sword be hewn; where thickest crouds
 That Globe of Troops: That way Your selves, and Me,
Pallas your Chief, our Country's Glory calls.
 No Gods oppose us; By a mortal Foe
 Mortals ourselves are urg'd: As many Lives 500
 And Hands are Ours, as Theirs: Behold the Sea

Con-

Ver. 478. *All struggling,*
 &c.] *Stant obnixa omnia con-*
tra. That is, no doubt, (as
Servius says) *venti ventis, nu-*
bis nubibus, mare mari. Some
 few read *obnixi*, which is nei-
 ther Grammar nor Sense. Ver.

361. Orig. *baret pede pes, Pede*
 for *pedi.* Ver. 366. *Quando* for
quippe. Ver. 370. *devicta bel-*
la, for *hostes bello devictos.*
 Ver. 498. *Our Country's Glo-*
 ry, &c.] *Patria alta: in e-*
illustris,

Confines us here; No Land remains for Flight:
To *Troy* shall we repair? or stem the Deep?

This said, against the thickest of the Poes
He bounds into the Midst: Whom *Lagus* first, 505
By his ill Fate directed, obvious meets.

Him, as he tugs a Stone of monstrous Weight,
With a hurl'd Dart he pierces, where the Ribs
Are sever'd by the intermediate Chine;
And from the Bones draws back the sticking Spear. 510

Him stooping *Hisbon* hop'd to strike; but fail'd
In That Attempt: For *Pallas*, as he rush'd,
And rag'd, uncautious, for his slaughter'd Friend,
Surpriz'd; and deep within his heaving Lungs
Bury'd his Sword. Then *Helenus* he stabs; 515

And Him who durst pollute his Step-dame's Bed,
Anchemolus, of *Rbætus*' ancient Race.

You too, extended on *Rutulian* Plains,
Twin Brothers, *Thymber*, and *Larides* fell,
Offspring of *Daucus*, One in Looks, and Mein; 520

Whom undistinguish'd ev'n your Parents view'd,
With the sweet Errour pleas'd; But *Pallas*' Sword
A dire Distinction to your Persons gave.

For *Thymber*, from thy Trunk th' *Evandrian* Blade
Sever'd

Ver. 503. *To Troy shall we repair? or stem the Deep?* Meaning, that Both are equally impossible. By *Troy* he understands *new Troy*; the City which the *Trojans* had built, and which is now besieg'd. Some read it not *pelagus*, but *pelago*. But the Other is much better. Ver. 384. Orig. *super*

for *desuper*: *Pallas* being in a stooping Posture. Ver. 390 *gemi*, i. e. *gemelli*. Ver. 392. *fuis* does not relate to *parentibus* (as *Ruæus* imagines) but to their *Friends in general*. Ver. 394. *Thymbre*. In the Nominative 'tis both *Thymber*, and *Thymbrus*.

Sever'd the Head ; And thy Right Hand lopt off, 525
Larides, fought it's Lord ; The Fingers move,
 Quiv'ring in Death, and strive to grasp the Steel.

Th' *Arcadians*, by their Chief's Reproaches fir'd,
 And seeing his Heroic Deeds, rush arm'd,
 With Shame and Indignation on the Foe. 530

Pallas transfixes *Rhæteus*, as he flies
 Beyond him, in his Car ; Just so much Space
 Of Life, the more, to *Ilus* was allow'd.

For He at *Ilus* aim'd his Dart from far ;
 Which *Rhæteus* intercepts, as Thee he flies, 535

Brave *Teuthras*, and thy Brother *Tyres* : Roll'd
 From his high Car he spurns th' *Assonian* Fields.
 As when the wish'd-for Winds in Summer rise,
 Thro' the thick Woods the Shepherd scatters Fire ;
 The middle Trees blaze sudden, and at once 540

Vulcan's dire Squadrons deluge all the Plains :
 He, pleas'd, sits viewing the triumphant Flames.

So to thy Succour, *Pallas*, all thy Troops
 Rush in one Band conglob'd : But brave in War
Halefusus moves against the hostile Croud ; 545

And in his Armour all himself contracts.
Ladon, and *Pheres*, and *Demodocus*

He strait dispatches : With his shining Sword
 From brave *Strymonius* his Right hand he hews,

Rais'd

Ver. 541. *Vulcan's dire Squadrons deluge all the Plains.*]
Extenditur una Horrida per la-
tos acies Vulcania campos. Ser-
vius finds fault with the In-
 congruity (as he calls it) of ap-
 plying *Troops* or *Squadrons* to
Fire—*acies Vulcania*. The

Expression indeed is very bold ;
 but, I think, not incongruous.
 Perhaps I am too bold in my
 Version : *Deluge* is something
 more than *extenditur*. Yet the
 Word in Poetry is apply'd both
 to *Fire*; and to *Armies*.

Rais'd to his Throat : 'Gainst *Thoar*' Face a Stone 550
 He dashes, and indents his Bones commix'd
 With Brains and Blood. *Halefus*' Sire, the Fates
 Foretelling, had conceal'd him in the Groves :
 But when the Senior clos'd his Eyes in Death ;
 Fate seiz'd its Own, and to *Evander*'s Darts 555
 Consign'd him. *Pallas* now attempts his Life ;
 But first to *Tyber* Thus prefers his Pray'r.
 Grant, Father, to the Jav'lin, which I wield,
 Success, to fly thro' stern *Halefus*' Breast :
 His Arms and Spoils shall on thy Oak be hung. 560
 This heard the God : *Halefus*, while he skreen'd
Imaon, turn'd, ill-fated as he was,
 His Breast unarm'd, to meet th' *Arcadian* Dart.

But *Lausus*, no small Portion of the War,
 Permits not by so great a Champion's Death 565
 His Troops to be dismay'd : Oppos'd in Arms
Abas, the Knot and Bulwark of the Fight,
 He kills the first : *Arcadia*'s Offspring falls,
 The *Tuscans* fall ; and You, Ye Sons of *Troy*,
 Whom *Greece* could not consume. The Troops engage
 With equal Leaders, and with equal Strength : 571
 The outmost Ranks close press the thicken'd War ;
 Nor does the Croud permit their Hands, or Darts
 To move : Here *Pallas* pushes, *Lausus* There ;

But

Ver. 555. *Fate seiz'd it's own, &c.*] For That is the Meaning of *Injecere manum Parca*. It is, it seems, a Kind of Law-Expression.

Ver. 567. *The Knot and Bulwark of the Fight.*] *Pugna no-*

dumque moramque. Both Those Words (the latter like *Fossarum moræ*) imply what a Stand he made against the Enemy ; and how difficult it was to conquer him.

But little diff'rent was their Age; and Both 575
 Of beauteous Form: To neither Fortune gave
 Ever to see his Native Country more.
 Yet *Jove* permits them not to meet in Fight:
 Each from a greater Foe his Fate attends.

Mean-while his Sister to King *Turnus*' Thoughts 580
 Suggested, that to *Lausus*' present Aid
 He should advance. While He, with swift Career
 Cutting the middle Ranks, his Friends beheld;
 Desist You from the Battle, and retire:
Pallas I meet alone; To Me alone 585
Pallas is due: O! were his Father here
 Spectator of the Fight. He said; His Friends
 Form the commanded List, and clear the Field.
 At their Retreat, and at Those proud Commands,

The

Ver. 578, 579. *Yet Jove permits them not, &c. Each from a greater Foe, &c.* It was natural for the Reader to think that These two young Princes, being so equally matched, and now so near together, must meet and fight. The Poet shews us that he was not unmindful of This; and so starts This Idea: but passes from it to a quite different one; and gives us a Hint of what would be the Fate of them Both. This is extremely ingenious and judicious; First, causing in the Mind that which never fails to please it, *Vicissitude* and *Surprise*: Secondly, shewing the Art of the Poet, in telling us what he could have done, tho' he does it not. It may be ob-

served too, that it was more Glory to These two Youthful Heroes to be slain, as they were, by Enemies so far superior to Themselves, than for Either to have killed the Other, or for Both to have been killed by Each other: Not to mention the beautiful Use which the Poet afterwards makes of their Deaths.

Ver. 589. *At their Retreat, and at Those proud Commands, &c.* *At Rutulūm abscessu* [i. e. *propter abscessum*] *Juvenis tum [etiam] jussa superba Miratus.* There seems to be another tum understood before *Rutulūm*— and even Then it is disjointed enough. The Next is most heroically beautiful:

—Stupet

The Royal Youth, in Wonder, and Amaze, 590
 Stands fix'd on *Turnus*; rolls his Eyes around,
 And with stern Aspect his huge Bulk surveys.
 Then to th' insulting Chief These Words returns:
 Or I This day will reap the Fame of Spoils
 Illustrious won, or of a glorious Death; 595
 For either Chance my Father stands prepar'd:
 Forbear thy Threats. This said, he takes the Field;
 The chill Blood curdles round th' *Arcadians*' Hearts:
Turnus his Chariot quits; on Foot prepares
 For closer Fight. As When a Lion spys 600
 From a high Rock a Bull upon the Plain,
 Standing aloof, and meditating War;
 Forward he springs: Not different was the Port
 Of *Turnus*, and his Figure as he walk'd.
 When *Pallas* thought within his Jav'lin's Reach 605
 His Foe advanc'd; He first begins th' Assault
 With

— *Stupet in Turno, corpusque per ingens
 Lumina volvit, obitque truci procul omnia visu.*

Ver. 448. Orig. *Dictis it: i. e.*
respondet.

Ver. 596. For either Chance
 my Father stands prepar'd.]
 Mr. Dryden wonders how *Ruæus*
 could understand *Pater* of *Evander*;
 when (says he) it is

— *cuperem ipse parens spectator adisset.*

Nor is it, as Mr. Dryden imagines,
 either said or supposed (according to
 This Interpretation) "that it was the
 same Thing to *Evander*, if his
 " Son were slain, or if he o-
 " vercame." The Word *æquus*
 does not imply *That*; but that

certainly meant of *Jupiter*. As
 if *Ruæus* were singular in This
 Opinion; when all the World,
 except Mr. Dryden, ever under-
 stood it so. It is a plain An-
 swer to That of *Turnus*;

he had weigh'd both in his Mind
 before he sent him to the Wars;
 that he was prepar'd for either;
 and could bear even the Worst
æquo animo, with Patience.

Ver. 606. He first begins th'
 Assault.] *Ire prior, i. e. capi-*
pit ire.

With Strength not justly match'd, to try if aught:
 Fortune would favour an Attempt so bold;
 And Thus to Heav'n's wide Arch directs his Pray'r.

Alcides, by Those hospitable Boards 610
 Which once, my Father's Guest, thou didst approach,
 Thee I implore, assist my great Design:
 Let *Turnus*, gasping, by my Hand behold
 The bloody Armour from his Body torn;
 And own me Victor with his dying Eyes. 615

Alcides heard the Youth; beneath his Breast
 Choak'd a big Groan, and fruitless Tears let fall.
 Then Thus th' Almighty Sire consol'd his Son.
 Fix'd stands the Date of Mortal Lives; The Space
 Is short, and irretrievable to All: 620
 But by their Actions to extend their Fame,
 Is Virtue's Task. Beneath *Troy's* lofty Walls
 So many Sons of Gods in Battle fell;
 Ev'n my own Race *Sarpedon* there expir'd.
Turnus his Fate too waits: And to the Verge 625
 Of his allotted Time his Life rolls on.

He

Ver. 615. *And own me Victor with his dying Eyes.* } *Victoremque* [me] *ferant morientia lumina Turni.* *Ferant, i. e. vel invita patiantur.* Ver. before, *Cernat* [*Turnus*.]

Ver. 619. *Fix'd stands the Date of mortal Lives.* } The

sententious Sayings in *Virgil* are always most majestically Moral; and none of his smallest Beauties. Two especially upon This Subject of *Pallas's* Death: This is the Mouth of *Jupiter*;

*Stat sua cuique dies, brevis & irreparabile tempus
 Omnibus est vitæ; sed samam extendere factis,
 Hoc virtutis opus.*

And afterwards That in the Mouth of the Poet himself;

*Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futurae,
 Et serware modum rebus sublata secundis,*

He said ; And turn'd his Eyes from *Latium's* Fields.

But *Pallas* with vast Strength a Jav'lin hurls ;
And from it's Scabbard draws his shining Sword.

On his high Shoulder lights the flying Spear ; 630

And, passing thro' the Shield's extremest Edge,

The Body of great *Turnus* slightly raz'd.

Turnus a Lance prefix'd with sharpen'd Steel

Long poising, darts it, and Thus speaks ; Now see

Whether our Weapon can more deeply wound. 635

He said ; And, driv'n with forceful Swing from far,

Thro' the mid Shield, so many Plates of Brass,

So many Iron-Folds, and tough Bull-Hides,

The Jav'lin makes it's Way ; and pierces sheer

The Corslet's Mail, and bores his mighty Breast. 640

He wrenches out the reeking Point in vain ;

Thro'

Ver. 627. ——— Turn'd his Eyes from, &c.] Here I agree with Mr. Dryden that *Ruæus* is mistaken ; and is, I believe, singular in it : For what *Servius* means I do not understand. For *oculos rejicit arvis* to signify turning his Eyes towards the Fields, is bad Sense, and worse Grammar. He turned his Eyes away ; that he might not see a Death which he would have prevented, but was not able.

Ver. 632. Raz'd.] *Strinxit* [partem aliquam] *de corpore*.

Ver. 638. Iron-Folds.] *Ferri terga*. The Word *terga*, for *tergora*, is properly referred to the Bull-Hides of the Shield ; and only by Analogy, and Metaphor, to the Iron, and Brass. *Cùm* [for *quavis*] *tot ferri*

terga, tot aris, [obeant] *pel- lis* [etiam] *obeat*, &c.

Ver. 639. The Jav'lin make it's Way, &c.] In the Original *vibranti iætu*. In the Note upon the 1004th Verse of the IXth Book, I have observed, that the Word *vibrare* is sometimes used Neutrally. It is here apply'd to *iætu*, the Wound, for the Spear which made the Wound.

Ver. 640. ——— Bore his mighty Breast.] ——— *Pectus perforat ingens*. *Servius* refers *ingens* to the Spear of *Turnus* ; because he says it would be incongruous to apply it to the Breast of a Boy. But in This he is singular : and I see no Reason for his Opinion. *Pallas* was a young Man, but not a Boy ; and was grown to his full Stature.

Thro' the same Orifice the Blood, and Soul
 Issue at once: He falls upon his Wound;
 His Armour o'er him rings; With gory Mouth
 He gasps in Death, and bites the hostile Plain. 645
 Then o'er him *Turnus* speaks:
Arcadians, to *Ewander* (mark my Words)
 This Message bear; Just such as he deserv'd
 To be restor'd, his *Pallas* I restore:
 The Honour of a Tomb, whate'er it be, 650
 And all the Solace which a Grave can yield,
 I frankly give: Yet dearly has he bought
 His Trojan Guest's Alliance. Having spok'd,
 With his left Foot the breathless Corps he press'd;
 Snatching with eager haste the pond'rous Belt, 655
 And on it That dire Argument engrav'd,
 So many Youths in one connubial Night
 Dispatch'd, and bridal Beds besmear'd with Gore;
 Which good *Eurytion's* Art had carv'd in Gold;
 This Trophy now, with recent Conquest crown'd,
Turnus enjoys, and in proud Triumph wears. 660
 Dark to Futurity, and blind in Fate

Are

Ver. 648, 649. *Just such as he deserv'd, &c.* — *I restore.*]
Remitto Pallanta qualem [i. e. *talem qualis*] *meruit* [remitti: i. e. *mortuum*.] Some take This to be said in honour of *Pallas*: For my Part, I take it for a Sarcasm.

Ver. 652. *Yet dearly has he bought, &c.* The Word yet is not in the Original: But it is imply'd; and is necessary in *English* to clear the Sense. The Reader will see the Reason of

This, by considering the whole Passage.

Ver. 659. *Good Eurytion.* Here, and in Verse 541 of the Vth Book, *bonus* may signify not good, but *skillful*; like That in the VIth Eclogue; *boni quoniam convenimus* — *Tu casamos inflare* — And indeed, upon farther Thoughts, I think That is the better Interpretation; tho' the other may very well be admitted.

Are Mortal Minds; indocile to observe
 Due Measure, when elated with Success.
 A Time will come, when *Turnus* from his Soul 665
 Shall wish young *Pallas* by his Hand untouch'd;
 And hate Those Spoils, and That Victorious Day.

But *Pallas*, by his Friends, with Groans, and Tears,
 Born on a Shield, is to the Camp convey'd;
 O Grief, and Glory to thy aged Sire, 670
 Illustrious Youth! Thus fated to return!
 This was thy first, and last of Days in War:
 Yet Heaps of slaughter'd Foes thou leav'st in Death.

And now *Æneas* not by Rumour spread,
 But by undoubted Tidings, is inform'd 675
 Of such a dire Disaster; That his Friends
 Saw but small Space betwixt Themselves and Death:
 That now 'twas Time with Succours to relieve
 The flying *Trojans*. With his Sword he fells
 Whatever near him stands; and thro' the Troops, 680
 Burning with Vengeance, mows a Passage wide;
 Thee, *Turnus*, Thee with recent Slaughter proud,
 He seeks: *Evander*, *Pallas*, and the Boards

Which

Ver. 664. — *Elated with Success.*] *Sublata* for *elata*.

Ver. 665. — *When Turnus from his Soul, &c.*] *Magnus cum optaverit emptum Institutum Pallanta.* Litterally;

“ When he shall wish that he
 “ had purchased at a great
 “ Price the not having touch-
 “ ed *Pallas*.” So in the 11d
 Book

Hoc Irbacus velit, & magno mercentur Atrida.

I have There observed that it is impossible to render such Expressions literally, and at the same time tolerably.

Ver. 670. *O Grief and Glo-*

ry, &c.] *O dolor atque decus magnum rediture parenti.* That is, O [*Palla*, qui es] *rediturus magnus dolor & magnum decus,* &c.

Which he, the first, a welcome Guest approach'd,
 And his new plighted Faith, all stand in View 685
 Before his Eyes. Four Youths of *Sulmo's* Race,
 As many bred by *Ufens*, Victims doom'd,
 Living he snatches; Victims to the Ghost
 Of *Pallas*; with their captive Blood to drench
 His Fun'ral-Pile, and on it's Flames-expire. 690
 At *Magus* then he aims a Spear from far:
 Artful he stoops; The Jav'lin o'er his Head.
 Flies quiv'ring: With his Hands the Hero's Knees
 He close embraces, and Thus suppliant speaks.
 Thee, by thy Father's *Manes*, I implore, 695
 And by *Iulus'* rising Hopes, preserve
 This Life; O spare my Sire, and Son in Me:
 A stately House I have, and hid in Earth
 Talents of graven Silver, and a Mass,
 A pond'rous Mass, of wrought, and unwrought Gold.
 The *Trojan* Conquest turns not on my Blood; 701
 Nor can one Life so great a Difference make.
 He spoke; and Thus the *Trojan* Chief reply'd.
 The Mass thou nam'st of Silver and of Gold.
 Save for thy Children; *Turnus* first destroy'd 705
 That Traffick of the War, when *Pallas* fell:
 This thinks *Iulus*, This *Anchises'* Ghost.
 He said; and, as he pray'd, his Helmet seiz'd
 With his Left hand, and twisting back his Head
 Plung'd.

Ver. 684. Which he, the first, &c.] Some read *primas*; Others, *primus*. I am for the former. It is not to be supposed that *Æneas* was *Evander's* First Guest: But *Evander* was

the First who entertain'd *Æneas*; i. e. in Those Parts.
 Ver. 622. Orig. *subit*: i. e. inclinatus se.

Ver. 705. Save for thy Children.] *Parce* for *serva*.

BOOK 10. VIRGIL'S *ÆNEIS*. 257

Plung'd to the Hilt his Fauchion in his Side. 710

Not far was *Trivia's* and *Apollo's* Priest,

Æmonides; A Mitre wreath'd his Hair

With holy Fillets; In a sumptuous Garb,

And rich conspicuous Arms, he shone all o'er.

Him thro' the Field the *Trojan* Chief pursues; 715

Stands o'er him fall'n, a Victim to his Rage,

And covers him with Death's thick Shade: His Arms

Sereffus from his breathless Body strips,

A Trophy destin'd to Thee, God of War.

From *Vulcan's* Lineage *Cæculus* deriv'd, 720

And *Umbro* from the *Marfian* Mountains sent,

Renew the Fight: *Æneas* storms, oppos'd;

Anxur's Left hand, and his whole Target's Orb

With his keen Blade at once he strikes to Earth.

He much had boasted, and believ'd his Vaunt 725

Of force to crown his Wishes; and perhaps,

His Hopes to Heav'n exalting, to Himself

Had promis'd hoary Hairs, and Length of Age.

Next *Tarquitus*, whom beauteous *Dryope*,

Nymph of the Groves, to Sylvan *Faunus* bore, 730

Proud in bright Armour, to the raging Chief

Obvious

Ver. 710. *His Side.*] *Ruon* refers *abdidit ens* to *cervice reflexa* before; as if he had cut his Throat. But I think it a much better Idea, to suppose he held back his Head with his left hand; and stab'd him in the Body with his right. So Lib. II. 552, 553.

Ver. 717. *And covers him,*

&c.] *Ingentique umbra tegit.* Some interpret This of his Covering him with his Body, or with his Shield: I take it rather, with Others, for the Shadow of Death. Ver. before. *Congressus agit*: for *agit*, i. e. *persequitur*, ut *congregiatur* [cum illo.]

Obvious himself presents. With his long Spear
 He bores his Corslet, and his cumb'rous Shield :
 Him praying, and a thousand Things to say
 In vain attempting, on the Ground he rolls ; 735
 Lops off his Head, and o'er his weltring Trunk
 With keen Invective Thus insulting speaks.
 Lie there now, Chief redoubted ; With a Grave,
 By thy fond Mother, in thy Native Soil,
 Thy Corps shall not be grac'd : To Birds of Prey 740
 Thou shalt be left ; Or in the Ocean's Waves
 Be roll'd ; and hungry Fishes lick thy Wounds.
Antæus next, and *Lycaus* he invades ;
 The choicest Chiefs who *Turnus*' Squadrons led ;
 And valiant *Numa* ; yellow *Camers* next, 745

Brave

Ver. 732, 733. *With his long Spear He bores his Corslet and his cumbrous Shield.* Ille redutâ Loricam clypeique ingens onus impedit basâ. I have rendered it long Spear ; not that I think, with *Servius*, redutâ signifies long ; for how it should, I cannot imagine. It certainly means (as it often does) drawn back in order to be driven with the greater Force. But I did

not intend a literal Version. Impedit, i. e. so struck it, fixed it, or misplaced it, as to hinder the Use of it. I cannot by any means come into *Ruæus*'s Interpretation of This Passage.

Ver. 738. *Lie there now, Chief redoubted.* Istic nunc, metwende, jace. This is a bitter Sarcasm, and taken from That of *Homer*, *Iliad* xi.

Ενταυθα δὲ νῦν νῆστο μὲν

ἐνθάδε, &c.

Ver. 744. *The choicest Chiefs who Turnus' Squadrons led.* Prima agmina Turni. The Troops, for Those who commanded them. See the Note on Ver. 175.

Ver. 745. *Yellow Camers.* Or *Camertes*, or *Camertis*, if you please. Upon the Word *Cupavo*, *Servius* is so kind as

to tell us that it is declined *Cupavonis*, &c. like *Cato*, *Cicero*, &c. Undoubtedly it is, because it cannot be otherwise ; and we did not want to be thus informed. But here (and there is another Instance, or two, of the same Kind, which I shall not think it worth while to mention) where the Name is in

Brave *Volsens*' Son : The richest Lord was He
In fertile Glebe of all th' *Ausonian* Kings,
And o'er *Amyclæ*'s silent Nation reign'd.

Like huge *Ægeon*, with an hundred Arms,
(So Fame reports) and with an hundred Hands, 750
From fifty Mouths and Breasts expiring Flames ;
Against *Jove*'s Thunderbolts as many Shields
Clashing, and brandishing as many Swords :
Like Him o'er all the Field *Æneas* storm'd
Victor, when once his Steel grew warm with Blood.
Against *Niphaeus*' Breast oppos'd in Fight, 756
And his four Steeds which harness'd drew his Car,
He next advances : Whom when they beheld
Raging from far, and terrible in Arms ;
Startled they fled, o'erturn'd their prostrate Lord, 760
And whirl'd the rapid Chariot to the Shore.
Then *Lucagus*, by two white Coursers drawn,
Drives thro' the middle Squadrons ; and with Him
Liger his Brother : *Liger* guides the Reins ;
Fierce *Lucagus* his glittering Fauchion wheels. 765
Them raging with such Violence of Fire
The Trojan Prince endur'd not : Swift he rush'd,

And

in an oblique Case, and it is doubtful what may be the Nominative ; He and all the other Commentators are silent. As I am therefore at Liberty, and love Variety : I have rendered it *Camers* here, and *Camertes* in the XIIth Book. Which is the Right, or whether Both be so, or Neither (for there may be a Third) whether different Names, or the same be meant, are Points which I am neither able, nor much concerned to determine.

Ver. 565. Orig. *Centumcui brachia dicunt* [fuisse.] Ver. 569. *Tot paribus streperet clypeis, tot stringeret enses*. So many : i. e. so many Shields, as he had Breasts ; viz. fifty. So many Swords as he had Hands ; viz. a hundred. *Paribus*, i. e. equal to one another ; of the same Size. Ver. 587. *Admonuit for excitavit*. Ver. 589. *lævum inguen* for *lævam partem inguinis*. The Expression, I think, may be admitted into English Poetry.

And with his Lance adverse sublime appear'd.
To whom Thus *Liger*:

Tydidēs' Chariot, or *Achilles*' Steeds, 770

And *Phrygia*'s Fields thou seest not: On This Earth
At once shall end thy Battles, and thy Life.

Such Insolence of Words from *Liger* flew;

But not with Words the *Trojan* Prince reply'd:

For full against the Foe his Lance he hurl'd. 775

As *Lucagus* prone, hanging on the Blow,

Goads with a Dart his Horses, and prepares,

With his Left Foot protended, for the Fight;

Beneath the Border of his shining Shield

The Spear takes place, and pierces his left Groin: 780

He from his Chariot dying rolls to Earth.

Whom good *Æneas* Thus with bitter Taunt

Bespeaks, insulting: *Lucagus*, These Steeds

Thy

Ver. 782. *Whom good Æneas, &c.*] *Quem pius Æneas dictis affatur amaris.* The Word *pius*, while he is insulting a dying Enemy, may here seem a little incongruous. Some *Soldierly* Epithet, one would think, might have been more proper upon such an Occasion. But we must consider that he

is revenging his Friend; which, according to the Heathen Notions, was an Act of Piety.

Ver. 783. — *Lucagus, These Steeds, &c.*] Some Expositors take a great deal of Pains to shew how This Answer is apply'd to what was said before;

Non Diomedis equos, non curram cernis Achilles;

and what Passages in *Homer* it alludes to; taking it for granted that *Æneas* means Thus, "Your Horses did not, &c." "as mine did." But I am of *De La Cerda*'s Opinion, that here is really no such Allusion; (tho' I confess at first

Sight it seems otherwise;) but that it is (as He says) *simpliciter dictum*. And I have These Reasons for the Opinion; tho' he gives None. First, Because what is here alledged by *Æneas* would not (if apply'd to himself) at all tend to his Honour.

Thy Car betray'd not, tardy in their Flight ;
 Nor Fantoms vain misled thee from the Foe : 785
 Thy self, inglorious, leaping from the Seat,
 Thy Chariot hast deserted. Having spoke,
 He seiz'd the Steeds. From the same Chariot fall'n,
 Th' unhappy Brother stretch'd his Hands disarm'd :
 Brave Trojan, by Thy self, by Those who gave 790
 So

nour. It would suppose that he fled, but could not fly fast enough. Secondly, Because there is no Passage in Homer relating to Æneas to which This can allude: That of his escaping from Diomed when Pandarus was killed (mentioned by Servius) does not come up to the First Part; for his Horses did not betray him, nor did he endeavour to fly. Nor is there anything at all resembling the Second; for he was never misled from the Enemy by a Fantom. He was twice rescued indeed by the Interposition of Divine Powers; but that he cannot refer to, for the Reason first mentioned. Thirdly, Because This is not a Reply to what was said by Lucagus (as

Servius by Mistake supposes, *Objectisti mihi*, &c. says he) for He had said nothing. *Non Diomedis equos*, &c. are the Words of Liger, not of Lucagus. Without any particular Allusion therefore, I take the Sense to be This. You are inexcusable, whether you intended to fly, or to fight. If the first; It was your own Fault that you did not escape; for your Horses are swift enough: If the last; Why did not you perform something? For no Fantom misled you, and so sav'd your Enemies; which has several times happen'd in Homer's Iliad. For such a general Allusion is undoubtedly made. What follows,

Ipse rotis saliens juga deferis—————

is a Sarcasm, the Sharpness and Wit of which consists in confounding the Ideas of active

and voluntary with passive and involuntary. Thus Patroclus in Homer: Iliad XVI.

ὦ πόποι, ἣ μάλ' ἔλαφρος ἄνθρωπος, ὥς περὶα κυβισσᾷ.

And Satan in Milton, Book VI.

——— Strait they chang'd their Minds,
 Flew off, and into strange Vagaries fell,
 As they would dance———&c.

So great a Leader Birth, permit This Life;
 And pity me imploring. More he pray'd;
 But Thus *Æneas*: Not such Words e'erwhile
 You utter'd: Die; and, as a Brother should,
 Accompany your Brother. Then his Breast, 795
 The Soul's dark Lodging, with his Sword he bores.
 Such Slaughter thro' the Field the *Trojan* Chief
 Spreads like a Whirlwind, or a torrent Flood,
 Raging around: At length, so long besieg'd
 In vain, *Ascanius*, and the *Trojan* Youth 800
 Their Trenches quit, and sally from the Town.

Mean-while great *Jove* to *Juno* Thus address'd:
 O Thou, to Me by two the closest Ties
 So much endear'd, my Sister, and my Wife;
Venus, as you suppos'd, (nor has That Thought 805
 Erroneous prov'd) supports the *Trojan* Pow'rs:
 Nought have the Men themselves of Courage, nought
 Of Vigour in the War, no Fire, nor Minds
 Patient of Danger, and inur'd to Toils.

To whom *Saturnia* with dejected Eyes: 810
 Why

To which *Belial* answers in like gamefome Mood, with about a dozen wicked Puns in a String: A Species of Wit, to which *Homer* and *Virgil* were Strangers. As to the Boast of *Liger* above-cited, *De La Cérda* plainly takes it wrong, when he interprets it Thus: "You shall not conquer Us, as you did the *Greeks*." 'Tis just the contrary: "You shall not escape from Us as you did

" from Them." Here *Virgil* certainly alludes to the *Iliad*, particularly to the double Rescue of *Æneas*; from *Diomedes* in the 5th Book, and from *Achilles* in the 20th.

Ver. 805, &c. *Venus*, as You suppos'd, &c. —to Toils.] It is ridiculous in *Ruæus* to make an Interrogation Point at *opes* and *pericli*. It is plainly not a Question, but an Ironical Assertion.

Why thus perplex you, O my honour'd Lord,
My Soul already 'anxious, and with Dread
Trembling at your Severity of Speech?
Had now my Love That Int'rest in your Breast,
Which once it had, and justly had; This Boon 815
To me th' Omnipotent would not deny;
That *Turnus* from the Field I might withdraw,
And to his Father *Daunus* safe restore.
Now let him die, and with his pious Blood
Sate the *Trojan* Vengeance. Yet his Race 820
Descends from Ours; and in the fourth Degree

Pilumnus

Ver. 811. O my honour'd Lord.] *Pulcherrime*: i. e. illustrious. See the Note on the 863d Verse of the VIIth Book.

Ver. 815. Which once it had, and justly had.] *Quamque esse decebat* may possibly admit of two Senses: Either *decebat* for *deceit*, or *decebat nunc esse*;

"Which once I had, and still should have:" Or rather as I have rendered it, and as all the Commentators, except *Ruæus*, understand it.

Ver. 815, 816, 817. — This Boon To Me th' Omnipotent would not deny, That *Turnus*, &c.]

— *Non hoc mihi namque negares, Omnipotens, quin & pugna subducere Turnum, Et Dauno posses, &c.*

Some take it Thus. *Namque si mihi, &c.* — *non hoc mihi negares*; viz. *non negares quin*, i. e. *quo minus, posses*. But

according to This Exposition, the *namque* is at too great a distance; and besides, ill connected with what goes before:

— *Quid, & pulcherrime conjux, Sollicitas ægram & tua tristia dicta timentem?*

Namque si — This, I say, is ill connected. I take *namque* for no more than *utique*, as the latter is often used in Prose. *De La Cerda* directly says he thinks it elegantly redundant. The other Part of this Interpretation is right: Tho' it is

not necessary that *negares* and *quin* should have That Relation between them. But it may be taken Thus: "You would not deny me This [which I am going to ask:] But I might, &c." — Or *quin* for *imo*; as *Ruæus* renders it.

Pilumnus is his Sire: And He himself
Has oft with lavish Hand your Temples crown'd.

To whom in brief th' Almighty King reply'd: 825
If what you ask for This devoted Youth
Be to defer his present Death, and add
An Interval of Life; and if you think
My Pow'r so far extends; by Flight preserve
Turnus, and snatch him from impending Fate.
Thus much we may indulge: But if your Pray'r 830
Supposes

Ver. 827, 828. *And if you think My Pow'r so far extends.*] One would wonder how This can be fetched out of Those Words *meque hoc ita ponere sentis*. And yet, according to all Expositors, That is the Meaning of them. *Ponere* for *facere* (as *Servius* and Others take it) is very harsh. I rather take it for *statuere*, or *determinare*. But then that *posse* should be understood, not expressed, when the whole Stress of the Sentence turns upon it, is very strange; and hardly to be justified by any Ellipsis, or Scheme of Speech whatsoever. And yet that it is, and must be so, is agreed by all.

Ver. 828. *By Flight preserve, &c.*] This (as Mr. Dryden very well observes) is no Argument against our Assertion, that it was not in the Power of *Jupiter* to defer the Fates: He only knew that, according to Those Fates, *Turnus's* Time was not yet come. As appears from the next

Words *Hæstænus indulgisse vacat*. Nor do the Words before contradict it. He only says to *Juno*, "If you think I have such a Power;" as she plainly thought he had, and much more; as appears from her next Speech in Answer to This. But that she was mistaken, is evident from the Passages cited by Mr. Dryden out of *Virgil*, and *Ovid*, proving that he could not alter Fate: For to defer it (*i. e.* to alter the Time of the Execution) contrary to it's Decrees, requires as much Power as entirely to set it aside. If he could reverse any Part of their Decree; he might reverse the Whole.

Ver. 830. *Thus much we may indulge.*] *Vacat* is not put simply for *liet*; but implies *That*, and something more. It intimates (says *Servius*) a Space, Interval, or Vacancy in the Fates; by which so much more Life was allowed him. He says more to the same Purpose;

Supposes aught still farther in Reserve;
If you conceive th' Event of all the War
Can be revers'd; on airy Hopes you feed.

To whom Thus *Juno* weeping: What, if That
Which ev'n in Words you now refuse to grant, 835
Were by the Purpose of your Soul decreed,
And Length of Life to *Turnus* stood confirm'd?
Now a hard Fate attends the guiltless Youth;
Or I with Fears ungrounded am deceiv'd:
O may I prove That Errour; and your Thoughts

(You

pose; confirming the above-mentioned Opinion, that *Jupiter* could not have deferred the Death of *Turnus*, if the Fates had not given him Leave.

Ver. 834, —5, —6, —7.
What, if That, which ev'n in Words, &c. — Were by the Purpose, &c. — stood confirm'd? *Quid si quod voce gravaris Mente daret; atque hæc Turno rata vita maneret?* *Ruæus* explains *gravaris* by *ægre permittis*, and *rata* by *certa*. *Juno* fears (says he) that *Jupiter* does not speak sincerely: as if he were with Difficulty prevail'd upon to say so much, and does not really intend even That; viz. that *Turnus* should live even for the little Time he mentioned. But all the other Interpreters are against him. She believes what he promised to be true; but wishes he had promis'd more: *Gravaris* therefore is *abnuis*, or *negas*; and *rata vita maneret* implies Length of Life, more than he had promised.

VOL. III.

" You have granted something; and where had been the Harm if you had granted more?" It is true, by This Opposition between *Voce* and *Mente* she seems to hint that he might be insincere; even if he had promised. And after all, the Word *hæc* joined with *Vita* (added to that Opposition between *Voce* and *Mente*) plainly favours *Ruæus*'s Interpretation. " I wish even This Life. (i. e. This short one) which you have promised him were real." Tho' This is not necessary: For it may mean, This Life which you have promised might be increased. But his Exposition of the Word *rata* is best. Be it as it will; the next Words *Nunc manet*, &c. to the End of the Speech agree with either Explication.

Ver. 840. O may I prove, &c.] *Quod ô [ita sit] potius, [scilicet] ut ludar, &c.* Ver. before. *Vana* for *ignara*: *scire* is no more than *sum*.

N

(You want not Pow'r) to better Counsels bend. 841

Thus having spoke, she speeds her sudden Flight,
Wrap'd in a Whirlwind, from *Olympus'* Tow'r,
Down to the *Trojan*, and *Laurentian* Hosts ;
And drives a Storm before her thro' the Air. 845

Then (wondrous to behold !) the Goddess arms

A Visionary Fantom, light, and vain,

From a thin Cloud, chang'd to *Æneas'* Shape ;

Decks it with *Trojan* Darts ; his Shield, and Crest,

And all the Honours of his God-like Head 850

Dissembles ; gives it empty Words, and Sound ;

And forms it's Steps, and Manner, as it walks.

Such Figures, as 'tis said, departed Ghosts

Flutt'ring assume ; or mimic Dreams by Night.

In the first Van th' exulting Shade provokes 855

The Hero, and with Darts, and Voice defies.

Turnus advances fierce ; and hurls from far

A whistling Lance ; The recreant Spectre flies :

When

Ver. 841. *To better Counsels.*]
By *Orsa* some understand the
Fates : Others *Incepta*, his De-
signs, or Purposes : I am for
the latter.

Ver. 842. *Thus having spoke,*
she speeds her sudden Flight.]
This is a most fine Descrip-
tion.

Hæc ubi dicta dedit, cælo se protinus alto
Misit, agens hyemem, nimbo succincta, per auras ;
Iliacæque aciem & Laurentia castra petivit.
Tum Dea nube cavâ tenuem sine viribus umbram
In faciem Æneæ (visu mirabile monstrum)
Dardaniis ornat telis : clypeumque jubaque
Divini assimulat capitis, dat inania verba,
Dat sine mente sonum, gressusque offingit euntis.
Morte obitâ quales fama est volitare figuras,
Aut quæ sopitos deludunt somnia sensus.
At primas læta ante acies exultat imago,
Irritatque virum telis, & voce læcessit.

When *Turnus* thought *Æneas* from the Fight
Retiring; and, in Turbulence of Soul 866
Confus'd, imaginary Hopes devour'd:
Where fly'st thou? Stay *Æneas*, nor desert
Thy plighted Nuptials: This Right hand shall fix
Thy Mansion sought so long o'er Ocean's Waves.

Thus vaunting he pursues, and whirls his Sword,
Nor sees his Triumphs fleeting in the Wind. 866
Close to the Covert of a lofty Rock
A Ship by chance there stood, with Ladders hung,
And Bridges laid; which King *Osinius* bore
From *Clusium's* Coast. To This with hasty Steps, 870
The trembling Image of *Æneas* flies,
And in it's Hatches lurks. With Haste no less
Turnus pursues, all Obstacles surmounts,
And passes o'er the Bridges: When the Deck
He scarce had reach'd; *Saturnia* burst the Cords, 875
And speeds the Vessel thro' the rolling Deep.
Him absent, o'er the Field, *Æneas* seeks
For Combate; many to the Shades below
Obvious he sends. And now the mimic Form
No longer lurks conceal'd; but mounts in Air 880
Aloft

Ver. 866. *Nor sees his Triumphs*———]

———*Nec ferre videt sua gaudia ventos.*

Tho' This (as the Commentators observe) is a proverbial Expression for *any vain Joy*; yet the Poet had manifestly a farther View in it, *viz.* to allude to the airy *Fantom* which he was pursuing. However; as He thought not fit to mention

it, but only to *insinuate* it, a Translator ought to do the same. In the latter Sense by *gaudia* his Triumphs, must be meant the *Object* of them. Ver. 653. Orig. *conjuncta crepidine saxi*. Here too it must be the Ablative for the Dative,

Aloft, and mingles with a dusky Cloud :
 While *Turnus* in mid Ocean wafted fails.
 Unknowing of his Safety, and ingrate
 In Ignorance, he backward bends his Eyes ;
 And both his Hands uplifting to the Stars, 885
 Thus speaks. Almighty Father, couldst thou deem
 Me fit in such a Crime to be involv'd,
 And so severe a Penance to endure ?
 Whence came I ? Whither am I hurry'd ? How,
 Or What shall I return ? Or how behold 890
Laurentum's City, and th' *Aufonian* Camp ?
 How shall I be reproach'd, how justly scorn'd
 By Those brave Youths who to my Arms adher'd ?
 All whom (O Shame and Guilt !) in Death's Extremes
 I have abandon'd ? Them ev'n now I see 895
 Straggling in Flight, and hear their dying Groans.
 What shall I do ? O may the Earth to me

Yawning

Ver. 892. *How shall I be reproach'd, how justly scorn'd ?*
 This is not expressed in the Original, but elliptically imply'd.
Quid manus illa virum [dicet] qui, &c.

Ver. 897. *O may the Earth, &c.*
Quæ jam satis ima debiscat Terra mihi ! Litterally : *What Earth deep enough can now open to me ?* And so perhaps it should be rendered, would it look graceful ; because it would somewhat contribute to answer an Objection. When he was at Sea, how could he wish that the Earth might open and swallow him up ?

Servius says he does not wish so ; but on the contrary complains, that since he is at Sea, That Relief of the Miserable is deny'd him. But still how should such a Thought come into his Head ? Why, any Thing may come into the Head of a frantick Man at first ; and That is all : And therefore, says *De La Cerda*, he immediately corrects himself ; *Vos ô potius misereſcite, venti.* The Frenzy he was in therefore will excuse even such a Wish, considering that it is immediately corrected. And still I much question, whether it

Yawning disclose a Grave! Or You, ye Winds,
 You rather pity me, your willing Prey :
Turnus implores you, drive the splitting Ship 900
 On Rocks, or plunge it in the gulphy Sands :
 Whither the *Rutuli*, and conscious Fame
 May not pursue me. Speaking thus, he shifts
 His wav'ring Thoughts, and fluctuates in his Cares ;
 Whether, for such Dishonour, he should plunge 905
 The rigid Steel into his Breast ; or leap

Into

It has not the Force of a *Wish* ;
 and whether what *Servius*
 mentions were really intended.
 For the Word *jam* may as well
 relate to the Condition, as to
 the Place he was in ; and great
 Strefs seems to be laid upon
fatis ima, which would have
 been as strong at Land, as at
 Sea : " What Earth is deep
 " enough to hide my Shame ?"
 Nay *Servius* himself seems to

contradict his former Account,
 by saying that he properly
 names *imam terram, quæ con-*
tinet, & sustinet maria ; the
 lowest Earth, which contains
 and lies under the Sea. So that,
 even according to Him, he
 might desire to be swallowed
 by the Sea and Earth 'at once.
 Part of This may be apply'd
 to These Words as used by
Juturna in the XIIIth Book,

— *Quæ fatis ima debiscat*
Terra mihi, manesque Deam demittat ad imos ?

It may either be literally,
 What Earth can swallow me,
 since I am a Goddess ? Or im-
 ply a *Wish* ; may it swallow
 me, tho' I am a Goddess ; and
 make me cease to be so. I am
 for the latter ; and have trans-
 lated it accordingly. Nor is
 This any Strain : Nothing be-
 ing more common, than to in-
 sinuate a *Wish*, by asking a
 Question.

Ver. 901. Plunge it in the
 gulphy Sands, &c.] — *Ser-*
visque vadis immittite Syrtis.

For *Syrtis* is certainly the bet-
 ter Reading. *Immittite syrtis*
vadis is scarce Sense : But *im-*
mittite [ratem the same Accu-
sative Case continued] *vadis*
Syrtis is perfectly clear. This
 Word is used in the singular
 Number Book IV. *inhospita*
Syrtis. And we know, tho'
 strictly speaking it is a proper
 Name, yet it is often used for
Quicksands in general.

Ver. 905, 906. He should
 plunge the rigid Steel, &c.]

Into the Waves, and swimming seek the Shore,
 And rush again amidst the *Trojan* Arms.
 Both ways he thrice attempts; as oft restrain'd
 By mighty *Juno*, pitying his Distress: 910
 With prosp'rous Gale and Tide he cuts the Deep,
 And at his Father *Daunus*' Walls arrives.

But by *Jove*'s Impulse fierce *Mexentius* fir'd
 Mean-while succeeds to Battle; and invades
 The conqu'ring *Trojans*. All the *Tyrrhene* Bands 915
 Assemble: Him alone with mortal Hate
 United, and with Storms of Darts they press.
 He, like a Rock, which o'er the Ocean wide
 Hangs prominent, expos'd to Winds and Waves,
 And all the Rage of Sea, and Sky endures; 920
 Stands fix'd, unmov'd. First *Dolichon*'s Son
Hebrus he strikes to Earth; then *Latagus*,
 And flying *Palmus*. But the Face adverse
 Of *Latagus* he dashes with a Stone,

The

*An sese mucrone ob tantum dedecus amens
 Induat, & crudum per-costas exigat ensen.*

It is a Question whether This
Induat be a *Catachresis*, or an
Hypallage. If the former; it
 is put for *feriat*, which is a
Catachresis with a witness, and
 such a one as *Virgil* would ne-
 ver make. I therefore chuse
 the other: *Induat mucronem suo
 corpore*; the Sword in his Body
 being, as it were, clothed by
 it. *Turnebus* quotes a Passage
 out of *Cæsar*'s Commentaries
 to the same Purpose: *se ipsi
 acutissimis vallis induebant.
 Crudum*; i. e. *cruentum*, vel

crudelē. Exigat, for *adigat*,
 or *transigat*: It is several times
 used so by *Virgil*. In the next
 Verse, *Fluētibz jaciat*, for *ja-
 ciat se in fluēz*. Ver. 693.
 Orig. *Ille [stat] velut*, &c.

Ver. 923. But the Face ad-
 verse, &c.] *Latagum occupat*
 [quoad, or secundum] *os fa-
 ciemque*, &c. In the next
 Verse, *Armaque Lauso donat
 habere bumeris*: i. e. *ut habeat*,
 i. e. *gerat* [ea] *bumeris*; &
cristas, *ut vertice figat*. These
 are Poetical *Grecisms*.

The pond'rous Fragment of a massy Cliff; 925
Palmus he leaves to roll upon the Ground,
 Hamstring'd and fall'n: His Arms and Crest he gives
 To *Lausus*, in proud Triumph to be worn.
 Then *Phrygian Eneas* falls beneath his Arm:
 And *Mimas*, the Compeer and equal Friend 930
 Of *Paris*; whom to *Amycus* his Sire
Theano bore, in That same fatal Night,
 When *Cisseus'* Daughter, teeming with a Torch,
 Gave *Paris* Birth: Within his Native Walls
 He fell; in *Latium Mimas* lies unknown. 935

As when a mighty Boar, by baying Hounds
 Driv'n from the Mountain's Height, (who many Years
 Harbour'd on piny *Vesulus* has fed,
 Or in *Laurentum's* Lake, and marshy Grove;) 940
 Soon as among the Toils he is arriv'd,
 Makes a sour Stand, and foaming storms, and rears
 The stiffning Horrors of his bristly Chine:
 None durst with near Approach provoke the Fight;
 With Jav'lines thrown from far, and Clamours safe
 They ply him: He intrepid ev'ry Pass 945

Attempts.

Ver. 934, 935.—Within his native Walls he fell; in *Latium Mimas* lies unknown.] *Urbe paterna* [*Paris*] *Occubat*, *ignorum* [i. e. *ignotum*] *Lau-* *rens habet ora Mimanta*. For so *ignotum* is explain'd by Expositors upon the Authority of *Ovid Metamorph.* Book VII. Ver. 403.

Jamque aderat Theseus proles ignara parenti.

Yet it may be taken in it's active, i. e. in it's proper Sense, for *ignorant*, i. e. of his *Destiny*, or of the Country in which he dy'd.

Ver. 936, *As when a mighty Boar, &c.*] For *That* is imply'd in *Ille*, which is very ex-

phatical. So in the XIIth Book, *Ille Leo*. Ver. 712. Orig. *Nec cuiquam irasci—virtus*: i. e. *nec quisquam habet tantum virtutis, ut irascatur*. But where is the *Courage* of being angry? Answ. 'Tis a Metonymy. Anger for the Effect of it, which is Fighting.

Attempts, and from his Shoulders shakes the Darts;
 Whetting his Tusks, and unresolv'd in Rage.
 So none of These, incens'd with just Revenge
 Against *Mezentius*, dare with Weapons drawn
 Engage in closer Fight; with missile Darts, 950
 And Clamours loud, they urge him press'd from far.
 Leaving his destin'd Hymenéal Rites
 Came *Grecian Acron*, from the ancient Realms
 Of *Corytus*. Him when *Mezentius* saw,
 Breaking the middle Ranks, with purple Plumes, 955
 And the gay Favours of his plighted Bride
 Conspicuous, proud: As when a Lion, pinch'd
 With raging Hunger, ranges round the Stalls;
 If chance he spy a tim'rous Goat, or Deer
 Lofty with branching Horns; he yawns o'erjoy'd 960
 With vast expanded Jaws, erects his Mane,
 Sticks to the Prey, and lies upon it press'd
 Close to the Ground; Black Gore, besmearing, laves
 His savage Mouth:
 So glad *Mezentius* rushes on the Foes; 965
 Unhappy *Acron* falls, with quiv'ring Feet
 Knocks the black Ground, and fobs his Soul away,
 And steeps the broken Weapon in his Blood.
Orodes, flying, with a darted Spear
 He deigns not to pursue, nor with a Wound 970
 Unseen to fell him: Obvious, and adverse

He

Fighting. They have not Courage enough to act as if they were angry.

Ver. 948, 949. So none of These incens'd with just Revenge Against *Mezentius* dare, &c.] *Haud aliter* [eorum] *quibus Mezentius iusta est ira*

[i. e. odio] *Non ulli est animus, &c.* Ver. 721. Orig. *miscentem agmina*, i. e. *turbantem*, putting them into Confusion. So *Juvenal* Sat. X. *Qui res humanas miscuit olim.*

Ver. 971. *Unseen*.] *Cæcum* transferred from the Organ of Sight

He meets him, and opposes Man to Man;
 Less skill'd in Stratagem, than brave in Arms.
 Then pressing with his Foot his Body fall'n,
 And resting on his Lance; Behold, my Friends,
 Sublime *Orodes*, of the War no Part: 976
 Contemptible, lies here: His Friends with Shouts
 Triumphant follow, and applaud their Chief.
 Then He expiring; Long, whoe'er thou art,
 And o'er me unreveng'd, thou shalt not vaunt, 980
 Proud Victor: Thee the same allotted Fates
 Expect, and These same Fields thy Corps shall press.
 To whom *Mezentius* with malignant Smile:
 Die Thou; Of Me let Heav'n's great King dispose.
 Then wrenches out the Dart: A deadly Rest, 985
 And iron Slumber seals his heavy Eyes,
 And closes them in everlasting Night.

Sacrator

Sight to the *Object*. *Virgil* uses the Word *cacus* somewhat particularly. *Dark* it often signifies in all Poets: And in *English*, on the Reverse, *Dark* is used for *Blind*. But This here is a different Idea.

Ver. 974. *Then pressing, &c.* *Tum super abjectum, &c. i. e. stratum. Tum super abjectum [Oroden] posito pede, nixus & hasta [sua.]* Certainly it should be so pointed, and understood.

Ver. 978. *Triumphant follow, and applaud their Chief.* *Conclamant socii, lætum pœana secuti, i. e. Repeating it, or following one another in their Acclamations.*

Ver. 984. *Die Thou: Of Me let Heav'n's great King dis-*

pose. Had I any Authority for it, I would read *Tu* [instead of *Nunc*] *moreo*; Because of the Antithesis between *That*, and *de Me*. *De me viderit* (says *Servius*) i. e. *an mihi nocere possit*. I admire at This Interpretation. I ever understood it; let him dispose of me; by an *Attestistical Irony* which *Servius* takes notice of, but does not pursue far enough. So *De La Cerda*, *Res suas Jovi ironice commendat*; and *Ruæus* renders *de me viderit* by *de me statuat*.

Ver. 985, 986. *A deadly Rest, and iron Slumber, &c.* These Verses are known almost to a Proverb:

You have said enough, now the Nunc is more insulting: tu

Sacrator stabs *Hydaspes*; *Cædicus*
Alcathous: *Rapo Parthenius* kills
 And hardy *Orses*. By *Massapius* falls 990
Clonius, and *Lycæonian Erycetes*;
 The first from his unmanag'd flound'ring Steed
 Tumbled to Earth, the last on foot assail'd.
 But *Lycian Agis* to the Fight advanc'd;
 Whom, not degen'rate from his Grandfire's Worth 995
 Brave *Valerus* extends upon the Ground.
Salus Atrænius kills; and falls Himself
 By fam'd *Nealces*, skill'd to hurl the Dart,
 And the deceiving Arrow sent from far.
 Now unrelenting *Mars*, on either Side, 1000
 Equal'd the Slaughter, and the mutual Deaths;
 The Victors, and the Vanquish'd kill, and rush
 With equal Force: Nor These, nor Those retreat.
 The Gods in *Jove's* high Court with Pity view
 The Rage of Mortals, and their fruitless Toils. 1005
 Here *Venus* sits Spectator, *Juno* There:
 And pale *Tisiphone* amidst the Troops
 Of Thousands storms. But turbulent in Ire,
 With his long Spear *Mexentius* takes the Field;
 Huge as *Orion*, when on foot he stalks, 1010
 Cutting his Way thro' the wide liquid Realms
 Of *Nereus*, and surmounts the topmost Waves

With

Olli dura quies oculos & ferreus urget
Somnus, in æternam clauduntur lumina noctem.

Homer has it *νομίζατο χάλ-* than *areus*. Instead of *& fer-*
κρον ὕπνον: However That may reus, *Virgil*, if he had pleas'd,
 be in Greek; certainly *ferreus* could have said *atque areus*.
Somnus in Latin is much better

With Shoulders tall: Or when an aged Oak *ast*
 Transporting from the Hills, upon the Ground
 He walks, and hides his Head among the Clouds. 1015
 So in vast Arms *Mæzentius* tow'rs sublime:
 Thro' the long Ranks when him *Æneas* spys;
 To meet him he prepares: The Other fix'd
 And fearless waits, expecting the Approach
 Of his brave Foe; and in his own Bulk stands. 1020
 Then, having measur'd with his Eyes the Space
 Fit for his Jav'lin's Reach; Assist me now,
 My own Right hand, and Thou, my missive Lance:
 You are the only Gods that I invoke:
Lausus, thy self I vow the Trophy deck'd 1025
 With Spoils from This false *Trojan* Pirate torn.

He said; and hurl'd the hissing Dart from far:
 Which flying glances from the Target's Orb,
 And 'twixt the Side and Belly fixes deep
 In fam'd *Anthores*: Who, from *Argos* sent, 1030
 And once Companion of *Alcides*' Toils,
 Had to the King *Evander*'s Arms adher'd;
 And in a *Latian* City chose his Seat.
 He falls, unhappy, by Another's Wound;

With

Ver. 1014. Transporting, the Thing: Referens; i. e.
 &c.] Referens (says *Servius*) rediens fert, or ferens redit.
pro ferens, more antiquo; nam Ver. 1034. He falls unhappy
re abundat. Perhaps it is not by Another's Wound.] Here is
so properly redundant, as ap- a Cluster of beautiful Images,
ply'd to the Person, tho' not and Expressions, in two Lines:
Sternitur infelix aliæque vulnere, e clamore
Aspicit, & dulces mordant remississimæ virgæ

With dying Eyes views the last Light of Heav'n, 1035
And on his much-lov'd *Argos* thinks in Death.

Then good *Aeneas* throws a Spear; which flies
Swift thro' the hollow Orb of triple Brass,
Thro' the tough Linen Folds, and three Bulls Hides
Convolv'd: The Point stands fix'd within his Groin;
But spends it's Force, too short to reach his Life. 1041
Aeneas, glad to see the *Tuscan's* Blood,
Snatches his Fauchion from his Thigh with Haste,
And darts impetuous on his trembling Foe.

This *Lausus* saw; and struck with Fear, and Grief,
For his lov'd Father by such Danger press'd, 1046
Groan'd deep; and Tears ran trickling down his Cheeks.
Here thy Heroick Deeds, and rigid Fate
In Death, brave pious Youth (if future Times
To so renown'd an Act will Credit yield) 1050
Shall not by me in silence be suppress'd.
The Sire, retreating, useless for the Fight,
And with his Wound disabled, back withdrew;
And in his Target trail'd the hostile Spear.
The Youth springs on amidst the thickest Arms, 1055
Himself opposing to *Aeneas's* Sword
Rais'd high, and ready to discharge the Blow;

And

Ver. 1035. *With dying Eyes*
views the last Light of Heav'n.]
For all That is plainly inclu-
ded, tho' not express'd, in *cæ-*
lumque aspicit. Naturaliter e-
nim (says *Servius*) *morientes*
cupiunt satiari extremo lucis
aspectu. So *Lib. IV. 691.*
Oculisque errantibus alto Quæ-
sivit cælo lucem.

Ver. 1039. *Linen Folds.*]
Linea terga. So ferri terga.
See the Note on Verse 638.
Ver. 794. *Orig. inque ligatus;*
(for *illigatusque*;) *incumber'd,*
by his own Shield, and *Aeneas's*
Spear, and the Wound made
by it.

And for a time sustains his Shock : His Friends
 Follow with loud Acclaim, and Jav'lines sling,
 'Till shelter'd by the Target of his Son 1060
 The Father had retir'd ; and push the Foe,
 And bear him back with Darts : *Æneas* storms
 Adverse, and in his Shield contracted stands, 1062
 As when a Tempest, thick with patt'ring Hail,
 Precipitate descends ; from all the Fields 1065
 Flies ev'ry Traveller, and lab'ring Hind
 For Shelter safe, or to a River's Bank,
 Or to the Hollow of a lofty Rock ;
 There hide secure, while pour'd upon the Earth
 The Tempest rages : 'till the Sun restor'd 1070
 Permits them to renew the Toils of Day.
 So, with thick Darts on ev'ry side o'erwhelm'd,
Æneas all the Storm of War sustains :
 And chides young *Lausus*, and Thus threatning speaks.
 Fond Youth, why rushest thou on certain Death,
 Daring beyond thy Strength, and tender Years ? 1076
 Thy Piety deceives thee. Not the less
 He, desperate, provokes and braves his Foe ;
 And now the Trojan Leader's Fury, rais'd
 To it's full Height, boils terrible : The Fates 1080
 Spin the last Thread for *Lausus* : While he vaunts,

Æneas

Ver. 1062. *Æneas stormt,*
 &c.] *Furit Æneas, testusque*
tenet se. The Position and
 Sound of These Words is very
 expressive and emphatical.

Ver. 1069. — *While pour'd*
upon the Earth, &c.] Dum pluit
in terris. For I rather chuse
 That Reading, than *Dum plu-*

it; in terris ut possint, &c. I
 would read *terras.*

Ver. 1073. *All the Storm of*
War sustains.] Nubem belli,
dum detinet, omnem sustinet;
Dum [dancet] detinet [cesset
tonare.]

Ver. 1081. *Spin the last*
Thread.] i.e. The last Part,

Aeneas plunges all the mighty Sword
Quite thro' the Middle of his Body driv'n;
Which pierc'd his thin light Shield, and broider'd Vest,
Wrought by his Mother with soft Threads of Gold.
The Blood his Bosom fills; and to the Shades
His Soul flies sad, and murmurs thro' the Air.

But

or the End of it; because it was just ready to be cut. — *extremaque Lauso Parca fila legunt.* Various Interpretations are put upon This Word *legunt*; *Colligunt*, say Some; I suppose they mean winding it up. Others take it to signify it's being broken with a little Touch; to express the Ease, with which he was killed: As *Virgins legunt* or *colligunt* *fla-*

Tandem fila tibi neverunt ultima Parca.

Ver. 1082. *Aeneas plunges all the mighty Sword.* Every thing is excellent in This Incident of *Lausus's* Death; Especially the Contraste of Ideas between so wicked a Father and so pious a Son; between the rash Valour of the Youth, and the generous Care and Concern,

res; Which is to me a most strange Exposition. *Servius* says perhaps it is for *transcunt*, like *littoraque Epiri legimus*. But This is worse than the Other: For how did they pass it by, when they spun it, and cut it? I therefore chuse the First of the Three; tho' I have not expressed it: But the Sense is the same. Thus *Claudian*,

ultima Parca.

and friendly Diffusions of his Heroic Enemy: As also the obstinate Provocations of the First, overpowering the Patience of the Last. But This Part of it, which I here mark, ought more particularly to be considered.

Validum namque exigit enses

Per medium Aeneas juvenem, totumque recondit.

The Sword is figured to us to be almost as big as the Body: it

pierces; and seems to devour, and exhaust it.

*Transit & parmam nigro, levia arma minacis
Et tunisam, molli mater quam neverat auro*

The Image of his Mother's Needle-work upon his Vest

adds extremely to the Softness and Pardon of the Idea.

*Implevitque suum sanguis; tum vita per auras
Concessit moesta ad manes, corpusque reliquit.*

Nothing

But when *Anchises*' Son his Visage saw,
 His Visage wond'rous pale, and chang'd in Death;
 Deeply he groan'd with Pity, and his Hand
 Extended, as he fell; And to his Thoughts
 The Image soft of filial Piety
 It self presented. What, ill-fated Youth,
 What Honours, by such mighty Virtue claim'd,
 To thy Deserts can good *Æneas* pay?
 The Arms, which pleas'd thee living, still be Thine;
 And to thy Parents' *Manes*, and their Dust
 (If aught That Care solicit thee in Death)
 Thy breathless Corps I willingly restore.
 And let This Thought console thy rigid Doom;
 By great *Æneas*' Hand thou shalt be restor'd.

He.

Nothing can be more tender and
 affecting: unless the *Compassion*,
 and even *Yearnings*, of his ge-

nerous *Enemy* are yet more pa-
 thetical.

At vero ut vultum vidit morientis, & ora,

Ora modis Anchisades pallentia miris;

Ingemuit, miserans graviter, dextramque tetendit;

Et mentem patriæ subiit pietatis imago:

Quid tibi nunc, miserrande puer? &c.

Ver. 1092. — *Filial Piety.*

Patriæ pietatis may mean (as it does in the IXth Book) the Piety of the Son to the Parent; And then *Æneas* is moved with the dutiful Behaviour of *Lausus* to *Mæneus*, resembling his own to *Anchises*: Or the Tenderness of a Father to a Son. And then he is moved by considering how he himself should be affected, if the same thing should happen to *Ascanius*. Both the Grammar and the Sense are very good both

ways; And therefore we are at Liberty to take either. I chuse the former; because it can admit of no other Signification in the IXth Book; and it is probable that the Poet in both places meant the same Thing by the same Words. Here indeed both Senses being perfectly reconcilable; it is probable that both were intended. But the *English* Language has no one Word which will include *These two Ideas*,

9.294.

He chides his lingring-Friends ; and from the Ground
Uplifts him, with his Tresses, form'd by Art,
All foul in Dust, and clung with clotted Gore.

Mean-while the Sire, repos'd near *Tyber's* Stream, 1105
With Water rins'd his Wounds, and eas'd his Limbs,
Reclin'd against an Oak. Upon the Boughs
His brazen Helmet at a distance hung ;
And on the Mead his pond'rous Armour lay. 1109
Round stand the chosen Youth : He, faint with Toil,
Supports his Neck, and smooths his waving Beard.
Of *Lausus* much enquires ; and many sends
His anxious Father's Mandates to convey,
And bring him from the Battle. But his Friends,
Weeping, upon their Shields dead *Lausus* bear, 1115
Mighty, and with a mighty Wound subdu'd.
His Soul, prophetick of disastrous Chance,
Well knows the distant Groan : With Dust he soils

His

Ver. 1106. *With Water*
rins'd, &c.] Water dries not ;
but it cleanses : And. That is
the Meaning, of *siccabat* in
This place.

Ver. 1108. *At a distance.*] *procul*
That *procul* does not always
signify a great Distance, is cer-
tain ; but sure it always signi-
fys some Distance. And I can
never agree with *Servius*, that
it here signifies *juxta* ; unless
he had produced a better Rea-
son for it than he does. *Serta*
procul capiti, &c. in the Vth
Eclogue, is no Proof : It there
signifys some Distance ; as it
does here.

Ver. 1111. *Supports his Neck,*
and smooths his waving Beard.]
Colla fovet, fusus propexam in
pectora barbam. *Fovet*, for su-
stinet ; because he relieves or
refreshes it ; by supporting it.
Fusus propexam barbam ; i. e.
habens barbam fusam, & *pro-*
pexam. I cannot think with
some Interpreters that *propexam*
signifies no more than *promissam*,
(for then *fusus* and *propexam*
would mean the same thing :)
It moreover implys what I have
rendered, it's being combed or
smoothed with his Hand. So
Ovid ;

Ille manu mulcens propexam ad pectora barbam,

His hoary Hair, and stretches both his Hands
 To Heav'n; and clinging hugs the bloody Coarse.
 And was I then, my Son, so fond of Life; 1121
 That I should suffer Him, whose Life I gave,
 For me t' oppose himself against the Poe?
 Am I thy Father by thy Wounds preserv'd,
 Thus living by thy Death? Ah! now indeed 1125
 I feel my wretched Exile: Now the Stab
 Smarts, deep inflicted. By Tyrannick Rage
 Driv'n from my Sceptres, and my Father's Throne,
 Thy Fame, my Son, I sully'd with my Crimes:
 'Twas just that I by ev'ry Kind of Death 1130
 Should pay the Forfeit of my guilty Life,
 Due to my Country, and my Subjects' Hate.
 Yet still I live, and bear This odious Light;
 But will not long. This said, himself he rais'd
 Prop'd on his halting Thigh: And, tho' the Pain 1135
 Of his deep Wound retards him, not dismay'd
 He bids them bring his Steed, his Pride, Delight,
 And Solace in all Wars; On him from all
 With Victory he still return'd: His Lord
 Bespeaks him mourning, and These Words lets fall.
Rhæbus, We long have liv'd; if aught there be 1141
 To

Ver. 1127. *By Tyrannick Rage.*] That is, by his own Tyrannick Rage, by which he raised the Hatred of his People. For so the Word *Invidia* often (nay generally) signifies, not Envy only. He cannot mean the latter, as *Servius* imagines; because he all along lays the Blame upon himself, and con-

fesses he deserved any Punishment. *Ob Invidiam, criminibus meis in me constatam.* Ver. 853. 4. Orig. *Debueram patriæ panas, & [debueram] dedisse, &c.* Ver. 857. *Vis [illata illi] alto vulnere:* i. e. in short, *dolor vulneris.*

Ver. 1141. *Rhæbus, we long have liv'd, &c.*] However a

mere

To Mortals long : Or Thou this day shalt bring
 Those bloody Trophys, and *Æneas*' Head ;
 And Victor prove with me of *Lausus*' Death
 The joint Avenger : Or, if no Resource 1145
 Be left for Valour, Thou with me shalt fall ;
 For, gen'rous Beast, thou wilt, I rest assur'd,
 No foreign Lord, or *Trojan* Burthen bear.

This said, the Courser on his Back receives
 Th' accustom'd Load : He settles in the Seat ; 1150
 And both his Hands with pointed Jav'lines fills :
 His brazen Helmet glitters on his Head ;
 And nods the waving Crest of *Horses* Mane.
 Thus arm'd, with rapid Haste into the Midst
 Furious he rides : Within his Bosom boils 1155
 Disdainful Shame, and Grief to Madness wrought,
 And Love inflam'd with Rage, and conscious Worth,
 Here on *Æneas* thrice he calls aloud ;
Æneas knows him, and Thus joyful prays,
 So may the mighty Father of the Gods, 1160
 And high *Apollo* grant ; may'st thou begin
 T' engage in Fight.
 He said ; and obvious with his Spear advanc'd.
 Then Thus *Mexentius* : Why, malicious Foe, 1164
 Think'st

more Modern may be facetious
 upon the Absurdity of a Man's
 making a Speech to his Horse ;
Virgil very judiciously imitates
Homer in This Particular. And
 to justify it we need not recur
 (as Some do) to the ancient O-
 pinion of the *Metempsychosis* :
 [see the Commentators upon
Homer :] since the Thing is not

only beautiful in Poetry, but
 agreeable to Fact. Many a
 Man has made a short Speech
 to his Horse, nay to his Sword,
 or the like ; as *Turnus* in the
 XIIth Book does to his Spear.
 For the rest, I add nothing to
 what is observed by Mr. Pope in
 his XIXth Observation on the
 VIIIth Iliad.

Think'st thou to fright me, after *Lausus*' Death?
 Me by That only Wound thou couldst destroy.
 Death, and the Gods I equally despise:
 Forbear; I came to die: But first receive
 These Greetings from my Hand. He said, and hurl'd
 A Dart against the Foe: Then, flying round 1170
 In Circuit wide, another Spear he throws,
 Another, and another after That:
 But the big golden Orb sustains them All.
 Thrice to the left he wheel'd his Steed in Rings
 About the standing Chief, and Jav'lins threw: 1175
 And thrice the *Trojan* Hero bore around
 The iron Grove fix'd in his brazen Shield.
 At length impatient of so long Delay,
 Weary'd with wrenching out so many Darts,

Urg'd

Ver. 1165. *Think'st thou to fright me, &c.*] *Terræ* cannot here mean actually frightening him (for he says he is past fearing) but *insulting, threatening, or endeavouring to fright* him.

Ver. 1167. *Death, and the Gods I equally despise.*] *Nec mortem horremus, nec Divum parcimus ulli.* The Word *parcimus* in This place is perhaps one of the most difficult in the Poem; and yet no Commentator [except *Ruæus*] endeavours to explain it. *Mæventius* is supposed to defy the Gods, so far as to say, If there were any Gods, and if they were here, I would not spare them; i. e. I would attack Them, as I do

Thee. Here is a great deal supply'd to make out the Sense; so much, that the Word (if it implies all This) is very harsh. But I am forced to take up with This Account, for want of a better.

Ver. 1174. *Thrice to the Left he wheel'd his Steed in Rings.*] *Ter circum astantem laevis equitavit in orbes.* The Word *circum* cannot be strictly taken. For if he went quite round him in a Circle, it could no more be to the left, than to the right; because it was on all Sides. But, as we speak in common Discourse, he play'd round, or wheel'd about; tho' always keeping to the left.

Urg'd to unequal Fight, and pond'ring much 1180
 In Thought, he springs to Vengeance; and between
 The hollow Temples of the warrior Steed
 Lances his Spear. The sprightly Beast erect
 Uprears himself in Air, and with his Hoofs
 Buffets the Wind: Then, following with his Weight
 To Earth, incumbers his dismounted Lord, 1186
 And floundring on his prostrate Shoulder lies.
 The *Trojans* and the *Latins* rend the Sky
 With deaf'ning Noise: *Æneas* rushes on,
 And from his Scabbard draws the shining Sword; 1190
 Then Thus: Where now is fierce *Mexentius*? Where
 That Fury of a Soul? To whom, his Eyes
 Uplifting, and recov'ring Breath, and Sense,
 The *Tuscan* Thus reply'd: Why, bitter Foe, 1194
 Dost thou insult, and menace Death? My Blood
 Is due to Thee, and spilt without a Crime:

On

Ver. 1180. Urg'd to unequal
 Fight.] Because he was on
 Foot, and his Enemy on Horse-
 back.

Ver. 1183. The sprightly
 Beast erect, &c.]

Tollit se arrectum quadrupes, & calcibus auras
Verberat, effusumque equitem super ipse secutus
Implicat, ejectoque incumbit cernuus armo.

He rear'd himself upon his
 hinder Feet, and then again
 sprung forward upon his fore
 Feet, and so tumbled upon his
 Face. *Ruæus* supposes *calcibus*
 to be meant of his hinder Feet;
 and it may be so, tho' it is not
 necessary; and I rather under-
 stand it of the other: Because
 the Position of the Words seems
 to require it; and the Idea is

better to suppose him pawing in
 the Air with his fore Feet.
 Nor does *Calx* always signify a
 Heel, but sometimes a Hoof.
Implicat, for *impedit*, incumbers,
 or overlays. *Ejecto*, for *pro-*
jeto, or prostrato. *Cernuus*,
 the same as *pronus*, upon his
 Face; in opposition to *supinus*.
 Ver. 397. *Et super* [addit]
hæc.

On other Terms I came not to the War ;
 Nor did my *Lausus* for his Sire with Thee
 Make other Contract. One thing I implore,
 (If aught of Grace remain for vanquish'd Foes) 1200
 Permit my Corps to be interr'd : I know
 The Malice of my Subjects hovers round ;
 Forbid That Outrage : Let me share a Grave,
 Join'd to my Son, and rest with Him in Death.
 This said ; He in his Throat at once receives 1205
 Th' expected Blade ; and in a Flood of Gore
 On his bright Armour pours his gushing Soul.

Ver. 1197, 1198. *On other Terms I came not, &c. Nor did my Lausus, &c.* The Translation at first Sight seems contrary to the Original ; but it is only *Verbo tenus*. In the Original it is an *Ellipsis*. *Nec sic veni, &c. Nec hæc fœdera, &c. viz. ut mihi parceres* ; that you should spare my Life. So

all Commentators explain it ; And it can have no other Meaning.

Ver. 1204. *Forbid That Outrage, &c.* *Defende, i. e. prohibe, or propelle.* Like That of Horace ; *Toga quæ defendere frigus, &c.* That Outrage : i. e. of my Subjects in depriving me of Burial.

The End of the Tenth Book.





VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

BOOK the ELEVENTH.

BY comparing the preceding Book with This, I have in a great measure prevented my self, as to my general Introductory Observations upon This latter. What I would farther add, is to take notice, that tho' the *Fighting Part* is here *very obstinate and bloody*; and, by Reason of the Idea which a *Female Warriour* gives us, the *most particular* of any; yet This Book has the *least* of it: I mean, since the Military Action began; For the Seventh, and Eighth have none at all. It is moreover to be here remarked, that the *Factions* among the *Latins*, and their *Debates* about *War and Peace*, are *new and distinguishing* Circumstances: That the *Epitasis* of the grand Action is worked up very high, seems almost come to a Crisis, and just ready to turn: And that the *Chief Heroes*, on both Sides, perform *Nothing* in This Book: Which is judiciously contrived for *Variety*; Because They are to perform *so much* in the *Next*.

MEAN-

MEAN-WHILE *Aurora* rising leaves the Sea:
Æneas (tho' th' Interment of his Friends
 Hurrys his Thoughts, with Fun'ral-Cares perplex'd)
 With the first Dawn of Morning, Victor pays
 His Vows to Heav'n. He plants upon a Hill 5
 An Oak of mighty Bulk, on ev'ry side
 Shorn of it's Boughs; and all with shining Arms,
 The Spoils of King *Mexentius*, clothes the Trunk:
 A Trophy rais'd, great Warriour God, to Thee.
 He fits the bloody Crest, and broken Darts, 10
 And plated Corset with twelve Wounds transfix'd;
 On the left side his brazen Buckler hangs,
 And from his Neck his iv'ry-hilted Sword.
 Then to his shouting Friends (for all the Chiefs,
 Crouding, inclose him round) he Thus begins. 15
 Great is, my Friends, th' Advantage here obtain'd;
 Henceforth all Fear be banish'd: See the Spoils
 Of That proud King, the First-fruits of the War;
 And

Ver. 12. *Left side.*] *Sinistra*
supple parti.

Ver. 17. *Henceforth all Fear*
be banish'd.] I admire at Those
 who point it Thus: *Timor om-*
nis abesto. Quod superest, hæc
sunt spolia, &c. There is no
 Sense in This: Undoubtedly
 the Other Reading is the true:
Timor omnis abesto, Quod su-
perest. Hæc sunt, &c. Quod
superest, i. e. For the future, as
telusbat remains; secundum un-
derstood; as it frequently is.

Ver. 17, 18. *See the Spoils*
Of That proud King, the First-
fruits of the War.] Hæc sunt

spolia, & de Rege superbo Pri-
mitia. I am no less surprized
 at the Interpretation of Those,
 who take *rege superbo* to be spo-
 ken not of *Mexentius*, but of
Tumus. And why? Because
Æneas did not take only the
First-fruits from *Mexentius*;
 but all his Spoils. But who sees
 not that the Word *Primitia*
 does not relate to the Person
 from whom the Spoils were
 taken, but to the War in ge-
 neral: in which This Battle is
 the First that proved successful
 to the Trojans; and This the
 First Victory they obtained.
 " These

And by my Sword Thus here *Mezentius* stands.
 Now to the King *Latinus*, and his Walls 20
 We march: Prepare your Courage, and your Arms;
 And in your Hopes anticipate the Fight,
 Let no Delay (when first we shall unfix
 Our Standards by Permission of the Gods,
 And draw our Youth embattled from their Tents) 22;
 Nor any Apprehension, Doubt, or Fear
 Retard you ignorant. Let us mean-while
 Commit to Earth our yet unbury'd Friends;
 (The only Honour we to Ghosts can pay:)

Go

" These Spoils taken from
 " This proud King are the
 " First-fruits or Earnest of our
 " Success in This War." And
 how could any one dream of
Turnus, and that too by a
 strained, and unnatural Con-
 struction, when the Figure of
Mezentius (to whom the Cha-
 racter of *Rex Superbus* most par-
 ticularly belongs, as it does not
 to the Other,) stands before our
 Eyes, and is pointed at by the
 Person who speaks? —

Manibusque meis Mezentius hic
est. The Word *hic* may be
 either the Pronoun, *hic*, for
salis, in This Figure, and Con-
 dition; Or the Adverb, *here*:
 I have render'd both. *Manibus*
meis i. e. *mea virtute.*

Ver. 25. — Prepare your
 Courage and your Arms. Some
 read, *Arma parate, animis &*
spe præsumite bellum. Others,
Arma parata animis; & spe,
&c. I am clearly for the last:
 But not by way of Hypallage,

as *Servius* would have it, for
parate armis animos: It is far
 more elegant and poetical in
 the plain Construction; taking
animis for *in*, or *with* Cou-
 rage: Tho' it would be insuf-
 ferably flat to express either.
Virgil's licentious Use of the
 Ablative and Dative Cases is
 well known. Besides; why is
 it not very good Sense to say,
 more literally, *prepare Arms*
for your Courage?

Ver. 26. Nor any Appre-
 hension, Doubt, &c.] I take it,
 with *Ruæus*, that *dubia* is un-
 derstood or imply'd in *Senten-*
tia.

Ver. 29. The only Honour we
 (to Ghosts can pay.) Or more
 closely to the Original, The
 only Honour in the World below.
 — *Qui solus bonos Acheronte*
sublimo est. The two Honours
 are certainly different: But
 then the Former is the Cause of
 the Latter; And so the Latter
 implies the Former. If we take
 the

Go, with the last sad Rites, officious, grace 30
Th' illustrious Dead, who purchas'd with their Blood
This Realm for Us: And to *Evander's* Walls
With mournful Pomp let *Pallas* first be sent:
Whom, not deficient in Heroic Fire,
And well-try'd Worth, the fatal Day cut off, 35
And in a Fun'ral immature involv'd.

Weeping he spoke; and to That Tent repair'd
Where lay the breathless Corps of *Pallas*, watch'd
By old *Acætas*, Armour-bearer once
'To King *Evander*; now, but not with like 40
Success, the Guardian of his darling Son.
The Band of all th' Attendants, and a Croud
Of *Trojans*, and with Treffes scatter'd loose
(Such is th' accustom'd Rite) the *Trojan* Dames

Stand

the literal Construction of
This Verse; the Passage is El-
liptical; and the Sense of the
whole is This: "Let us bury
" our Friends; which is the
" only Way to make their
" Ghosts honoured below; Or
" without which they will not
" be honoured," i. e. for an
hundred years; According to
the Doctrine in the Sixth Book:
Centum errant annos——

Ver. 31. *Purchas'd.*] *Pepe-*
rere: *procur'd.* Like That in
the Sixth Book: — *Qui sibi*
letibum Infantes peperere manu.

Ver. 41. *The Guardian of*
his darling Son.] Comes here
is a Tutor, Governour, or Guar-
dian. So Book IX. *Tum co-*

mitem Ascanio pater addidit.
Alumno does not here directly
signify the Son of *Evander*, as
Some take it, (for *Alumnus*
never signifys strictly *Filius*)
but the *Pupil*, or *Foster-Son* of
Acætes. Yet I have render'd
it by the *Former*, Because That
is true of the same Person:
Which is sufficient for a Trans-
lator.

Ver. 44. *The Trojan Dames.*]
Tho' all the *Trojan* Women
of any Figure or Quality (ex-
cept *Euryalus's* Mother) were
left in *Sicily*; yet it must be
suppos'd that some of inferiour
Condition must go with the
Fleet and Army, as Servants,
&c.

Stand round: But when beneath the lofty Roof 45
Æneas enter'd; to the Stars they raise
 A gen'ral Groan aloud, and beat their Breasts;
 And all with Shrieks the high Pavilion rings.
 Himself, when he beheld the bolster'd Head
 Of beauteous *Pallas*, and his snowy Hue, 50
 And from th' *Ausonian* Spear the gaping Wound
 In his smooth Breast, Thus spoke with rising Tears.
 Did Fortune then, Thou much lamented Youth,
 Tho' first propitious, envy me thy Life?
 That my establish'd Realm thou should'st not see, 55
 Nor Victor to thy Father's Palace ride?
 Not so of Thee I promis'd to thy Sire
Evander; when, at parting, he embrac'd,
 And sent me to wide Empire, and with Fear
 Warn'd me, that with a Nation fierce and rough 60
 We must engage. And now, perhaps with Hope
 Delusive greatly flatter'd, He with Vows
 Invokes the Gods, and on their Altars piles
 Oblations: We the Youth now robb'd of Breath,
 Nor longer subject to the Pow'rs above, 65
 Weeping, with unavailing Honours grace.
 Thy Son's untimely Fun'ral thou shalt see,
 Unhappy! Is This then my wish'd Return?
 These my expected Triumphs? This my Hope?
 Yet him, *Evander*, shalt thou not behold 70
 Pierc'd

Ver. 65. *Nor longer subject*
to the Pow'rs above.]—Nil
iam cœlestibus ullis Debentem.
 Owing no Homage, or Sub-
 jection to Them. Because the
 Dead (according to the Hea-

then) were Subjects to the In-
 fernal Gods, not to the Ce-
 lestial.

Ver. 69. *Hope.] For Fides* is
 here put for *Fiducia*, or *Spes*.

Pierc'd with dishonest Wounds ; nor with thy own
Sad Fun'ral, for thy Son's inglorious Life:
Ah me! how great a Champion hast Thou lost,
Ausonia! Thou, *Iulus*, what a Friend!

Thus having wept, he bids them bear away 75
The cold lamented Coarse; and from his Troops,
Assembled all, a thousand Men selects,
On the last mournful Honours to attend,
And with his Father's Tears to join their own:
Small Consolation for such mighty Woe; 80
Yet due in Justice to the hapless Sire.
Others a soft light Bier, with quick Dispatch,
Of Oaken Twigs, and twisted Osiers weave;
And cover with an Arch of bending Boughs 84
The high-raisd Bed. There the dear Youth they lay
Sublime on verdant Leaves; Like some fair Flow'r,
Soft

Ver. 71, 72. *Nor wish thy own Sad Fun'ral for thy Son's inglorious Life.*] — *Nec sospite dirum Optabis nato funus pater.* That is, *Non optabis [tibi] funus, nato [turpiter] sospite.* For so I take it with the most Expositors. Others understand *sospite* for *sospiti*; viz. *nato*: You shall not wish his Death: Or *sospite nato*, and *illi* understood. But Both These are harsh; Tho' they may be admitted too.

Ver. 86. *On verdant Leaves.*] *Stramine*, I believe, does not here signify *Straw*: Or if it

did, it would sound ill in English. It may mean any Thing which is *stratum* (from *sterno*) *strew'd*, or *spread*; And I take it for a *Bed of Leaves*.

Ibid. — *Like some fair Flow'r, &c.*] This is a beautiful Simile. He looks fair, and still blooming, like a *Flower* among *Leaves*; upon which he is laid, as before. This Comparison is a-kin to That in the Ninth Book: *Purpureus velut cum flos succisus aratro, &c.* But distinguished from it by These particular Circumstances;

— *Virgineo demessum pollice* —

Cui neque fulgor adhuc, nec dum sua forma recessit;

Soft Violet, or languid Hyacinth,
 Crop'd by a Virgin's Hand : Whose beauteous Gloſe
 Still blooms unfaded ; tho' the Parent Earth
 Moiſt Nutriment, and Strength no more ſupplies. 90
 Two broider'd purple Veſts *Æneas* brings ;
 Which for Himſelf, with that ſweet Labour pleas'd,
 With her own Hands *Sidonian Dido* wove,
 And wrought the vary'd Silk with Threads of Gold.
 In One of Theſe he wraps the breathleſs Youth ; 95
 (The laſt ſad Honour !) with the other veils
 His muffled Hair devoted to the Flames.
 Then copious Spoils, the rich Rewards of War,
 Gain'd in *Laurentian* Fields, he piles on Heaps,
 And in long Order bids the Pillage move : 100
 Adds Steeds, and Darts, from Foes in Battle won ;
 And Victims, with cramp'd Hands behind them bound,
 Doom'd with their Blood the *Manes* to appeaſe,
 And tinge the fun'ral Fires. The Chiefs themſelves,

Com-

Non jam mater alit tellus, viresque ministrat.

And wonderful is the Sweetneſs, and Softneſs of That Line ;

Seu mollis violæ, seu languentis hyacinthi : &c.

Ver. 95, 96. In One of Theſe ;
 &c. With the Other, &c.] The One is expreſſed in the Original ; but not the Other, tho' certainly imply'd in the Word *amictu* ; As all Commentators agree. And indeed to name Two, and mean the Uſe only of One, would be abſurd. But ſtill, had the Uſe of Both been expreſſed ; it would have been better. The whole Deſcription of This Military Funeral is one of the fineſt Deſcriptions in *Virgil*. Let the Reader carefully and attentively conſider

the Particulars. Ver. 103. Orig. *cæſo*,--*ſanguine*, may ſeem ſingular : *cæſo* for *cæſorum* ; eſpecially when *ſuſo* would have ſtood as well. Perhaps it means *in gratiam cæſi* [*Pallantis* ;] and ſo does not agree with *ſanguine*. But this, I confeſs, I do not like.

Ver. 104.—The Chiefs themſelves, &c.] That is, the Officers of the *Trojans*, not the Captive Enemies : As *De La Cerda* ſays *Servius* underſtands it. But he miſtakes his Meaning in the Place he refers to ; and *Servius* juſt before ſays the direct Country.

Commanded, bear the Trunks with hostile Arms 105
 All cover'd, and with hostile Names inscrib'd.
Acetes, with the Load of Age, and Grief,
 Bending, moves slow, supported on each side ;
 Now knocks his Breast, now tears his wither'd Cheeks,
 And faint, and prostrate, grovels on the Ground. 110
 The Chariots in Procession follow next,
 Smear'd with *Rutulian* Blood: Behind them, stripp'd
 Of his rich Trappings, goes the warrior Steed,
Æthon; and big round Drops roll down his Face.
 Some bear his Lance, and Helmet; For the rest 115
Turnus, proud Victor, keeps: The mourning Troop
 Succeeds; The *Trojans*, and the *Tyrrhene* Chiefs,
 And, with inverted Spears, th' *Arcadian* Train.
 When all the solemn Pomp had pass'd along;
Æneas stood, and Thus, deep groaning, cry'd: 120
 Me the same Fates of unrelenting War
 Summon from These to other fun'ral Tears;
 Eternally Farewel, illustrious Prince,
 Great *Pallas*, ever honour'd, ever mourn'd; 124
 Hail, and Farewel. This said, He turn'd his Steps,
 Sought

Ver. 108. *Supported.*] That must be meant by *ducitur*. Thus our chief Mourners at Royal Funerals have their Supporters.

Ver. 111. *The Chariots, &c.*] *Currus. Aut Captivorum*, (says *Servius*) *aut ipsius Pallantis*.

Ver. 114. — *And big round Drops roll down his Face.*] That Horses sometimes weep, is not a Poetical Fiction, but Matter of Fact: But that they should weep for the Loss of their Masters, or sympathize with Hu-

man Sorrows, is another Point: Tho' even That, for aught I know, may be true. However it may very well be imagined by a Poet; as it was by *Homer*, before *Virgil*. Concerning *Cæsar's* weeping Horses mentioned by *Suetonius*, and other Particulars upon This Subject, see *Ruæus*, and *De La Cerda*.

Ver. 125. *Hail, and Farewel.*] *Salve æternum mihi maxime Palla, &c. Mibi sub-*
 O 3 aud.

Sought the high Walls, and to the Tents repair'd.

And now from King *Latinus*' Court arriv'd
Ambassadors, with Olive-Branches wreath'd,
And Grace imploring; that he would permit
The Corps, which slain in Battle, o'er the Field 130
Lay scatter'd, to be quietly interr'd:
War with the Dead he wag'd not; Let him spare
A Nation, once by hospitable Tyes,
And plighted Spousals, to Himself ally'd.
Them good *Æneas*, and their Suit so just, 135
Receives with gracious Air; and Thus proceeds.
What Fortune, unpropitious, undeserv'd,
Plung'd you, Ye *Latins*, in so deep a War,
And urg'd you from our Friendship to decline?
Peace for the Dead desire you? for the Corps 140
Which fell in Battle by the Chance of Arms?
Peace to the Living gladly would I grant.
I come not hither but by Fate's Decree;
Nor with th' *Ansonian* Nation make I War.
Your King the Bond of our Alliance broke; 145
And

aud. [*semper honorande, defende, &c.*] That at least may very well be supposed; and so I have render'd it.

Ver. 132. *War with the Dead be wag'd not.*] That is, *They said They hoped, or believ'd*, he did not. Ellipsis. The Words indeed in the Original are more general, than I have render'd them: *Nullum certamen [dicebant debere esse] cum viſtis, & ætère coſſis.* But Generals include Particulars: And These Liberties must be allow'd us.

Ver. 109. Orig. *qui* has the force of *ut*.

Ver. 143. *I came not hither, but by Fate's Decree.*] *Nec veni, (for venissem) nisi fata locum, sedemque dedissent.* Ver. 117. Orig. *bis mecum decuit concurrere telis.* 'Tis hard to understand the force of *That bis.*—*Mecum* [*instructo*] *his telis*: POINTING to the Arms he then had in his Tent. That's the best I can make of it. According to which, *instructo*, or *armato*, or some such Word must be understood.

And rather chose to trust in *Turnus*' Arms.
 Just had it been, that *Turnus* to This Death
 Himself should have expos'd: If he prepar'd
 By Force to end the War, and from These Coasts
 To drive the *Trojans*; Him it had became 150
 With Me in equal Combate to engage.
 Or He, or I had liv'd; on whom the Gods,
 Or his own conqu'ring Hand, had Life bestow'd.
 Go You; and grace your Friends, in Battle slain,
 With the last Rites, and fire their fun'ral-Piles. 155

He ceas'd: They all in silent Wonder stood;
 And on each other, gazing, turn'd their Eyes:
 Then aged *Drances*, with invet'rate Spight
 Against young *Turnus* irritated, speaks.
 O great in Fame, but far more great in Arms, 160
 Brave *Trojan* Chief; What Praises shall I chuse
 To equal Thee with Heav'n? What shall I first
 Admire? Thy Justice? Or thy Deeds in War?
 We to our City, grateful, will convey
 Thy Words, and Thee to King *Latinus* join; 165
 If any Fortune second our Attempt:
 Let *Turnus* seek Alliances elsewhere.

Our selves with Pleasure will assist to raise
 The destin'd Tow'rs; and on our Shoulders bear
 The future Walls of new reviving *Troy*. 170

He said; They all unanimous assent
 In Murmurs. For twelve Days they fix the Truce;
 And, by it's Arbitration, o'er the Woods The

Ver. 163. — Thy Justice, or
 thy Deeds in War? *Justi-*
tiane prius mirer, belline labo-
rum? The Genitive Case by a
 Grecism.

Ver. 173. And by it's Ar-
 bitration, &c.] *Pace sequestra.*
 By the Word *sequester*, or *se-*
questris, is meant an Umpire,
 O 4

The *Trojans* and the *Latins* mingled rove
 In Safety: On the Hills the lofty *Ashe* 175
 With Axes sounds; and Pines which reach the Stars
 They roll from Mountains; nor with Wedges cease
 Hard Oak, and smelling Cedar to divide,
 Nor Firs on groaning Waggon to convey. 179

But flying Fame, which not long since pronounc'd
 Young *Pallas* Victor on th' *Ausonian* Plains,
 Now, Messenger of such o'erwhelming Woe,
Evander, and *Evander's* Palace fills,
 And all his City, thronging to the Gates
 Th' *Arcadians* rush; and by th' accustom'd Rite 185
 Snatch fun'ral Torches. In long Order rang'd
 A Train of Flames illumines all the Road,
 And far and wide discriminates the Fields.
 To meet that sad Proceſſion, ſlow advance
 The *Trojan* Troops, and join their wailing Friends. 190
 Them when th' *Arcadian* Matrons ſaw arriv'd
 Within the Walls, with Shrieks and loud Laments
 Repeated all the frantick City rings.
 But King *Evander* by no friendly Force
 Could be restrain'd: Distracted thro' the Midst 195
 He ruſhes; falls on *Pallas's* breathleſs Corps
 Stretch'd on the ſtanding Bier, and clinging cloſe
 Hugs him with Groans and Tears: At length his Words,
 Long

or *Arbitrator*. It is apply'd here to a *Truce*; Because That is *intermediate* between the War before, and after; And alſo be-
 cause it *mediates* between the two Parties; both having a Right to appeal to it, and be-
 ing oblig'd in Juſtice to be de-termined by it.
 Ver. 197. *Standing Bier.* *Feretro repôſto*. That Word *re-pôſto*, for *depôſto*, ſet down, or laid down, is very untoward.

Long choak'd with Grief, a painful Passage found.

Not such, O *Pallas*, was thy Promise giv'n 200

To thy unhappy Sire ; that with Reserve,
And Caution, thou would'st trust the bloody Field :

And well I knew in the first Feats of Arms
How much young Glory, and sweet Fame could do.

O dire First-fruits of War, ill-fated Youth ! 205

Mournful Beginnings ! and my Pray'rs and Vows

Unheard by all the Pow'rs Divine ! And Thou,

Celestial Saint, dear Partner of my Bed,

Bless'd in thy Death ! nor to This Woe reserv'd !

I by a disproportion'd Length of Life 210

Usurp on Nature, and survive my Son.

Me, to the *Trojan* Arms Confed'rate join'd,

The *Rutuli* with Darts should have o'erwhelm'd :

Ver. 199. *Long choak'd with Grief, a painful Passage found.*

Et via vix tandem voci laxata dolore est. His Grief for a considerable Time (imply'd in the Words *vix* and *tandem*) stopp'd the Passage of his Voice, but at length open'd it. Both These are true, as to different Parts of Time: Excess of Sorrow first makes us dumb, and then makes us speak.

Ver. 200. *Not such, O Pallas, &c.* This is a great Ellipsis; yet not obscure, and therefore elegant: And it has the same Effect in one Language as in another: for which Reason I have not alter'd it. The Sense is almost as plain, as if it had been fully express'd Thus. " You did not give me " *This*, i. e. *such* a Promise, " viz. that [You would so

" expose your Life, but that] " you would more cautiously, " &c." Not that we are to suppose (as *De La Cerda* observes) that *Pallas* made him any such Promise; for That would reflect upon his Courage: But only that his Father gave him such Advice; to which the Other returned a general respectful Answer, with filial Duty and Affection; which the Father now calls a Promise.

Ver. 205. *Of War.*] In the Original, *Bellicue propinqui*: i. e. *neighbouring*, or *bordering* upon his Confines.

Ver. 211. *Usurp on Nature.*] Litterally, *have overcome my Fates*: *Vici mea Fata*, i. e. by living beyond my due Time.

Ver. 162. Orig. *Obruerint* [me.]

I should have breath'd my last: And Me, This Pomp,
 Not *Pallas*, to my Walls should have convey'd. 215
 Nor You, Ye *Trojans*, aught would I accuse;
 Nor our Alliance, nor our plighted Faith.
 This Fate was due to my expiring Age:
 And since This Death untimely to my Son
 Was destin'd; 'Tis some Solace that he fell 220
 Leading the *Trojans* to the *Latian* Plains,
 And first his Thousands of the *Volsicians* slew.
 Nor Thee with other Fun'ral would I grace,
 O *Pallas*, than with That which is assign'd
 By good *Æneas*, the brave Sons of *Troy*, 225
 The *Tyrrhene* Chiefs, and all the *Tyrrhene* Bands.
 Large Trophies Those have yielded, who by Thee
 In Battle fell: Now too Thy bulky Trunk,
 O *Turnus*, should be rais'd aloft in Arms;
 Were He, or I of equal Strength, and Age. 230

But

Ver. 218. *This Fate was due, &c.* i. e. The Calamity of seeing his Son's Death was due, &c. according to That of *Juvenal*: *Hæc data pœna diu viventibus*, &c. If it be said that This ill agrees with his Reasoning just before, that He ought to have died before his Son; I answer, extreme Grief does not argue with a logical Exactness, and may be allowed even to contradict it self. That very Reasoning (abstracting from this Inconsistency) is none of the most accurate. An aged Father has no manner of Right to die before his

youthful Son. But for all That, it is perfectly natural for a Man in *Æwander's* Circumstances to talk Thus; and That is sufficient for the Poet.

Ver. 220. 'Tis some Solace, &c.] Literally, it will be, &c. The Sense is the same. *Ruæus* renders *juvabit* by *oportebat*: What was in his Head, I cannot imagine. In the next Verse but Three, dat for dedit. Ver. 170. Orig. *Quam* [eo, quo] *pius Æneas*, &c. [te dignati sunt.]

Ver. 230. Were He, or I, of equal Strength and Age.] In the Original, *Esset par ætas*, &c.

But why unhappy with These fond Complaints
Detain I thus the Trojans from the War?

Go; and These Mandates to your Prince convey.

That after Pallas' Death I here protract

A hated Life, Thy Valour is the Cause; 235

From which, thou seest, the Father and the Son

Expect the Blood of Turnus justly due:

This only Thou and Fortune can confer.

I seek no Joys of Life; nor is it just:

But wish to bear Those Tidings to my Son, 240

And cheer his Ghost among the Shades below.

Mean-while Aurora, with new rising Light

Restor'd the Cares and Labours of the Day

To wretched Mortals. On the winding Shore,

By Prince Æneas, and by Tarchon rais'd, 245

The Fun'ral Piles stand thick: By ancient Rite

All hither bring the Bodies of their Friends,

And lay them on the Fires; whose smouldring Smoke

Ascends in Wreaths, and darkens all the Sky.

Thrice the tall blazing Piles, and dusky Flames 250

They

Idem s. robur ab annis, it is not said whether he means Himself, or his Son, or Both; We are therefore at Liberty to take which we please. The one was too old, the other too young.

Ver. 238. *This only Thou, and Fortune can confer.* — *Vacat hic tibi solus, Fortunæque locus. Vacat* for *restit.*

Ver. 240. *But wish to bear Those Tidings, &c.* — *Non vitæ gaudia quæro, Nec fas sed [quæro or cupio] perferre [hunc nuncium, scil. Turni occisi] nato, &c.* Ellipsis. Ver.

145,—6. Orig. *Corpora suorum [amicorum] more patrum*. I mention This; because *suorum* seems to agree with *patrum*, Ver. 187. *Conditur caligine in tenebras*: i. e. *in speciem tenebrarum*. Ver. 189,—90. *Decurrere*—*Lustravere in equis*. See *Ruæus*. I am entirely of his Opinion. Ver. 198. *mantantur morti*: I take *morti* to mean *Diis manibus*: For to sacrifice to Death seems an uncouth Expression. The Animal that is sacrificed must of course be killed.

They round encompass; Those on Foot, and These
 High on their Steeds, all clad in shining Arms;
 And loud Laments, and piercing Clamours raise.
 The trickling Tears bedew the Earth below,
 And down their Armour run: To Heav'n ascend 255
 The Trumpet's Clangor, and the Cries of Men.
 Some fling the Spoils, from slaughter'd *Latins* torn,
 Into the Flames; Helmets, and burnish'd Swords,
 And Reins, and fervid Wheels: Some add to These
 Gifts better known, which by the Dead Themselves
 Were worn, their Shields, and not successful Darts. 261
 Then num'rous Oxen, bristly Swine, and Sheep,
 Choice Victims snatch'd from all the Fields around,
 They sacrifice, and stab them on the Fires. 264
 O'er all the Shore they watch their burning Friends;
 Nor from the smoking Dust can be withdrawn,
 'Till dewy Night inverts the Hemisphere,
 And spangles o'er the Face of Heav'n with Stars.

Nor less, in diff'rent Parts, unnumber'd Piles
 The wretched *Latins* build: Some Corps in Earth 270
 (And many Those) of their dead Friends they hide;
 Some to the neighb'ring Coasts, and Towns they send.
 The rest, a huge promiscuous Heap of Slain,
 Unhonour'd, undistinguish'd, they consume:
 The blazing Fires illumine all the Fields. 275
 Now had the Third returning Morn dispel'd
 The dewy Shades of Night: The mingled Bones
 From the high Ashes, mourning, they collect;

And

Ver. 277, 278. — *The mingled Bones From the high Ashes, mourning, they collect.* *Altum,* render'd either *high*, or *deep*.
Ruebant ossa, & cinerem; i. e.
cruebant ossa è cinere.
 as apply'd to *cinerem*, may be

And load them with a Mount of smoking Mold.

But most of all 'in King *Latinus*' Court, 280

And in the Royal City, Sorrow reigns,

And wildest Consternation: Aged Dames,

And hapless Brides, and Sisters drown'd in Tears,

And wretched Orphans, curse the wasteful War,

And *Turnus*' Nuptials. Let Himself, they cry'd, 285

Himself decide the Quarrel with his Sword;

Since to the highest Honours of the State,

And to the Crown of *Latium* he aspires.

This *Drances* aggravates with keenest Spight;

Turnus alone, he urges, to the Field 290

Is challeng'd; He alone must end the War.

Much on the adverse Side, with various Speech,

For *Turnus* is alledg'd: The Queen's great Name

O'er shades him; and his Glory well-deserv'd

By various Trophies, and his Fame in Arms. 295

Amidst These Factions, and tumultuous Jars,

Lo! from great *Diomedes*' imperial Walls

Th' Ambassadors, return'd with joyless Cheer,

Their Answer brought; That by such vast Expence

Of tedious Toil they Nothing could effect: 300

Nought would their Presents, or their Gold avail;

Nought their importunate Intreaties urg'd;

The *Latins* other Succours must desire,

Or to the *Trojan* Leader sue for Peace.

The King *Latinus*' self with mighty Grief 305

Sinks fainting: That by Fate's undoubted Doom

Æneas came, the Anger of the Gods De-

Ver. 304. Or to the *Trojan* | ther read *petendam*. In the
Leader, &c.] *Pacem Trojano* | next Verse but one, *ferri*, for
ab rege petendum. So most Co- | *ad erri*, or *venire*,
pies have it; but I would ra- |

Declares, and recent Tombs before their Eyes.

Therefore, within the lofty Court, he calls

To Council all the Fathers of the State.

310

'They summon'd meet; and thro' the crouded Ways

Flow to the Palace. In the Middle plac'd,

The first in Years, and in imperial Rule,

Latinus, with no joyous Aspect sits.

Th' Ambassadors from *Diomede* return'd

315

He first commands their Answer to report,

And all unfold; The rest in Silence fate;

And *Venulus* obedient Thus began.

The Son of *Tydeus*, and the *Grecian* Camp,

O Citizens, with Pain, we have beheld:

320

Surmounted all the Hazards of the Way,

And touch'd That Hand by which *Troy's* Kingdom fell.

He Victor there *Argyripa* has rear'd,

A City from his native Country nam'd,

And built on *Iäpygian* Gargan's Soil.

325

Admission being gain'd, and Leave to speak;

Our Gifts we offer; tell our Name, and Birth;

What People had invaded us with War;

What Cause had brought us to th' *Ætolian* Coast.

This heard; with pleasing Grace he Thus reply'd.

O Nations blest'd by Fate, *Saturnian* Realms,

331

Ancient

Ver. 331. *O Nations blest'd by Fate, &c.*] Here are Four Speeches together, each of them admirable in it's kind. This of *Diomede* to the Ambassadors, as reported by them: That of King *Latinus*, in consequence of the former, proposing Matter of Debate in

Council: That of *Drances* against *Turnus*: And his Noble, and Heroic Answer. This First has always been my great Favourite; and, I dare say, of every body else who loves *Virgil*. It is finely introduced by That Account which the Ambassadors give;

Vidimus,

Ancient *Ausonians* ; What disastrous Chance
 Disturbs your Peace, and prompts you to engage
 In Wars unknown ? We all, who with the Sword
 Presum'd to violate the *Trojan* Fields, 335
 (I pass Those Toils which fighting we sustain'd
 Beneath the lofty Walls, the Heroes swept
 By *Simois*' Stream) o'er all the World have felt
 Unheard-of Woes, and Penance for our Crimes,
 Which *Priam*'s self would pity. This well knows
 Incens'd *Minerva*'s inauspicious Star ; 341
 Vengeful *Capharcus* ; and th' *Eubæan* Rocks.
 Since That fam'd War, to various distant Shores,
 Exil'd, and from each other toss'd, we rove ;

To

*Vidimus, ô cives, Diomedem, Argivæque castra,
 Atque iter emensi casus superavimus omnes ;
 Contigimusque manum qua concidit Iliæ tellus. &c.*

They might well say, that his Answer was <i>placido ore</i> ; The whole Tenour of it shews	That ; particularly the Begin- ning.
--	---

*O fortunatæ gentes, Saturnia regna,
 Antiqui Ausonii ; quæ vos fortuna quietos
 Sollicitat, suadetque ignota laceßere bella ?
 Quicumque Iliacos ferro violavimus agros, &c.
 ———scelerum pœnas expendimus omnes,
 Vel Priamo miseranda manus.*

The Whole is contrived for the Honour of the <i>Trojans</i> , especially of their Hero <i>Æ-</i> <i>neas</i> ; and is such a Compli- cation of <i>Good-nature</i> , <i>Wis-</i>	<i>dom</i> , <i>Generosity</i> , and all <i>He-</i> <i>roic Sentiments</i> , as is scarce any where else to be found. This Part especially :
---	---

*Ne vero, ne me ad tales impellite pugnas.
 Nec mihi cum Teucris ullum post eruta bellum.
 Pergama ; nec veterum memini lætorumque malorum.
 Munera quæ patriis ad me portastis ab oris
 Vertite ad Ænean : Stetimus tela aspera contra,
 Contulimusque manus ; experto credite, quantus
 In clypeum assurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam.*

To *Proteus*' Pillars *Menelaüs* driv'n, 345
Ulysses to th' *Ætnean Cyclops*' Caves.
 Of *Pyrrhus*' Tragic Kingdoms shall I tell?
 Or of *Idomeneus*' subverted State?
 Or of the *Locrians*, on the *Libyan Coast*?
 Great *Agamemnon*'s self, our King, the Chief 350
 Of *Greeks*, by his disloyal Consort's Hand,
 In the first Entrance of his Palace fell;
Asia was conquer'd, and th' Adult'rer crown'd.
 Shall I relate how unpropitious Gods
 Gave not to Me to view my Native Soil, 355
 Debar'd me from my much-lov'd Queen's Embrace,
 And beauteous *Calydon*? Ev'n now Portents,
 Hideous to Sight, pursue us; And my Friends
 Lost in new Bodies, and transform'd to Birds,
 Or wing the Air, or wander in the Streams; 360
 (O dire Infliction! and my Country's Woe!)
 And with their plaintive Cries the Rocks resound.
 This might I well expect; since, mad in Arms,
 Ev'n

Ver. 353. *Asia was conquer'd, and the Adult'rer crown'd.*] *Devicta Asia*, subdit *Adult' ter*. The best Sense of *subse-*
dit is *insidiatus est*. But it
 may imply, that *Ægiseus*, af-
 ter *Agamemnon*'s Death, rest-
 ed, remain'd, continued in Pos-
 session of his Bed, and Crown:
 (See *De La Cerda*.) He did
 so in Fact; and the Word will
 bear This Construction. And
 tho' I rather believe the *Other*
 was intended by the Poet; yet
 it was not necessary to express
 it in a Translation.

Ver. 354. *Shall I relate how*
unpropitious Gods, &c.] [*Re-*
feram] *Invidisse Deos ut, &c.*
 — *viderem?* *Ut*, or *nè*:
 For either of Those Particles
 would stand here; tho' gene-
 rally they are of a contrary Sig-
 nification. *Invidisse ut* — *vi-*
derem: i. e. *obstitisse nè*, or *quò*
minus, viderem.

Ver. 363. *This might I well*
expect, &c.] *Speranda*: i. e.
expectanda. So the Word *spe-*
rare is often used; being ap-
 plied to *Evil*, as well as *Good*.
 Thus in the IVth Book.

Hunc ego si potui tantum sperare dolorem.

Ev'n the Celestial Bodies I assail'd,
 And with a Wound bright *Venus' Wrist* profan'd. 365
 But urge not, urge not Me to Fights like These:
 Nor with the *Trojans* wage I any War,
 After the Fall of *Troy*; nor with Delight
 Do I reflect on their Misfortunes past.
 The Presents which to Me you hither brought, 370
 Bear to *Æneas*: I have stood oppos'd
 To his rough Darts; and hand to hand engag'd:
 Credit th' Experienc'd, with how vast a Swing
 He wheels his Sword, and rises to his Shield;
 With what a Whirlwind flies his missive Spear. 375
 Had two such Heroes more on *Ida's* Coast
 Been bred; the *Trojans* with invasive War
 Would to *Inachia's* Cities have advanc'd,
 And *Greece* lamented the Reverse of Fate.
 Whate'er Obstruction to our Siege was giv'n 380
 Before the stubborn Walls of hardy *Troy*,
 Great *Hector*, and *Æneas* gave: By Them
 The *Grecian* Conquest long suspended hung,

And

Ver. 365. *Wrist*.] I am sensible that in *Homer* 'tis the *Palm of her Hand*; In *Virgil's* Original, *dextram*, her *Right hand*. These Circumstances may be altered, according to the different Sound of Words in different Languages.

Ver. 363—9 —Nor with Delight do I reflect, &c.]—
Nec veterum memini, latorve malorum. *Lator* governs a Genitive, either by way of *Genessim*; like That before, *Jussitane prius mirer*, &c. or be-

cause it is joined with *memini*. The two Words are certainly to be taken in Conjunction [*ἢ δὲ δούω*] for *nec latus memini*. For he could not say he did not remember them; because he had just recited them. Therefore I would rather read *que*, than *ve*.

Ver. 380. *Whate'er Obstruction to our Siege was giv'n, &c.*] *Quicquid apud duræ cessatum est mœnia Troje, Hectoris Æneaque manu, &c.* *Quicquid*, for *quantum*, or *quamdiu*.

And to the Tenth revolving Year retir'd.
 Both fam'd for Courage, both renown'd in Arms; 385
 This first in Piety. Join you your Hands
 On any Terms, and ratify the Peace:
 But O beware; nor Arms to Arms oppose.

Thus, Best of Kings, his Answer you have heard;
 And his Resolves on This important War. 390

Scarce had the Legates spoke; A various Noise
 Thro' the confus'd *Ausonian* Council ran:
 As rapid Rivers pent in rocky Caves,
 Hoarse Murmurs roll; The neighb'ring Banks resound.
 Soon as the struggling Passions were allay'd, 395
 And all their trembling Mouths in Silence clos'd;
 First having to the Gods address'd his Pray'r,
 Thus from his lofty Throne the King began.

I could have wish'd, Ye *Latins*, that before

This

Ver. 387. *On any Terms.*] Ye *Latins*, &c.] We see the
 For That is imply'd in *Quæ* Old Man, and the good, care-
 datur. ful Monarch, in the Beginning

Ver. 399. *I could have wish'd,* of This Speech:

*Ante equidem summa de re statuisse, Latini,
 Et vellem, & fuerat melius, &c.*——

And afterwards:

*Bellum importunum, ciues, cum gente Deorum
 Inuitisque viris gerimus*——

The good-natur'd Father of his People in those Words:

*Nec quenquam incuso; potuit quæ plurima virtus
 Esse, fuit; toto certatum est corpore regni:*

The Deliberation of the Poli- | tician in proposing his Scheme
 to be debated upon:

*Nunc adeo quæ sit dubia sententia menti, &c.
 Est antiquus ager, &c.*

And

BOOK II. VIRGIL'S *ÆNEIS*. 307

This present Time (and fitter had it been) 400
 We had determin'd on the Sum of Things.
 Less seasonable is it to debate
 In Council, when the Foe surrounds our Walls.
 Unequal War, Ye Citizens, we wage
 With Sons of Gods, a brave unconquer'd Race : 405
 Who by no Toils or Battles are fatigu'd ;
 Not, ev'n when vanquish'd, can abstain from Fight.
 What Hope of Succours from th' *Ætolian* Arms
 You had conceiv'd, dismiss : Each to Himself
 Is his own Hope ; but how small That, you see. 410
 In what a Ruin of Affairs confus'd
 The Rest all lies, of force you must perceive ;
 'Tis all before your Eyes, and in your Hands.
 Nor Any do I blame : What Courage could,
 Has been perform'd ; and all the Realm engag'd 415
 With it's whole Body, and it's utmost Pow'rs.
 Now (mark me well) what Purpose to my Thoughts
 Doubtful occurs, in brief I will unfold.
 A Tract of Land I have near *Tyber's* Stream,
 Stretch'd to the West beyond *Sicania's* Bounds ; 420
 Th' *Aurunci* and the *Rutuli* with Shares
 Manure the stubborn Hills, and sow the Glebe,
 And

And all These together, in the | grave solemn Close of the
 Whole.

Consulite in medium, & rebus succurrite festis.

That plain Line is to me extremely affecting. In medium : i. e. for the publick Welfare. Ver. 411. Orig. *Catera quâ*, &c. [videtis] again ; as in the Line before.

Ver. 414. What Courage could, &c.] Literally ; The greatest Courage that could be, has been. Ver. 327. *Seu plures* [û plures] *complexe valens*,

And turn to Pasture what rejects the Plough.
 Be all This Region, and the piny Sides
 Of the tall Mountain to the *Trojans* giv'n, 425
 Gage of our Friendship: Let our selves propose
 The equal Terms of Peace; and to our Realms
 Invite them as Allies: Here let them fix,
 (If such their strong Desire) and found their Walls.
 But if to other Nations, other Coasts 430
 They would repair, and can withdraw from Ours;
 With *Latian* Timber let us build them Ships,
 Twenty, or more; if more their Need requires.
 Along the River all Materials lie;
 The Size and Number let Themselves prescribe: 435
 Be Ours the Cost, the Work, and Naval Stores.
 What farther I propose, is to dispatch
 An hundred chos'n Ambassadors, the Chief
 Of *Latian* Peers, these Offers to convey,
 With Olive in their Hands, and firm the League: 440
 Presents of Gold, and Iv'ry let them bear,
 The Chair, and Robe, the Ensigns of our State.
 Do You with Prudence for the Publick Good
 Consult; and succour our distress'd Affairs.
 'Then *Drances*, He whom *Turnus*' Glory stung 445
 With

Ver. 423. *And turn to Pasture what rejects the Plough.* For that is the full and real Meaning of *atque eorum asperissima pascunt*. *Asperissima* [loca] the most rough and barren parts, which are not fit to be plough'd, *pascunt*; i. e. *vertunt ad usum pascendi* [pecoris.] Thus we use the Word *feed* in English: If we don't *plough* it, we *feed* it; i. e. *feed* Cattle upon it.

Ver. 425, — 26. — To the *Trojans* giv'n Gage of our Friendship.] Literally; "Be given

"to the Friendship of the *Trojans*." *Cedat* [i. e. *detur*] *amicitiæ Teucrorum*. The Sense is all one. Friendship is reciprocal.

Ver. 436: *The Cost.* *Æra*: Money, say Some; *Brass* for the Beaks of Ships, say Others. *Manus*; the Work, or Workmen, *Navalia*; Timber, and other Materials for Shipping.

Ver. 445. *Then Drances, &c.* This is one of the most particular Characters in all the Poem: And a very delicate one it is.

Tom

With oblique Envy, and the Goads of Spight ;
 Potent in Wealth, more potent with his Tongue ;
 But of a cold, unactive Hand in War :
 In Policy no weak Adviser deem'd ;
 Mighty in Factions : By his Mother's Side 450
 Of noble Birth, of doubtful by his Sire's :
 He rises, and with Virulence of Words
 Thus *Turnus* loads, and irritates their Rage.
 What you propose, great King, has nought obscure ;
 Nor

*Tum Drances idem insensus, quem gloria Turni
 Obliqua invidia, stimulisque agitabat amaris ;
 Largus opum, & lingua melior ; sed frigida bello
 Dextera ; consiliis habitus non futilis Auctor ;
 Seditio potens ; (genus huic materna superbum
 Nobilitas dabat, incertum de patre ferebat) ;
 Surgit, &c.*

Obliqua invidia is generally thought to imply that he did not dare to speak against *Turnus* upon his own Account, but only upon Pretence of the Publick Good. But This is frigid : Every body knows that Envy is described by the Poets as *squint-ey'd*. *Nusquam recta acies*. Ovid. — *Obliquo oculo mea commoda quisquam limat* — Hor. And there is This plain Reason for it ; Envy is uneasy at the Sight of Another's Happiness, and so cannot look directly upon it. In *frigida bella dextera* the Words *ejus erat* are supposed to be understood : But besides that This disjoint the Construction,

I believe it might be poetically elegant to say He was *frigida bello dextera*. The Word Head is often so used in English ; but not the Hand. In the Parenthesis (*genus huic* — &c. *ferebat*.) The two Nominative Cases are a little disjointed ; but it causes no Obscurity.

Ver. 453. *Tum Turnus loads, and irritates their Rage.* *Onerat* [*Turnum*] *dictis, atque aggerat* [i. e. *conatur aggerare*] *iras* [omnium.]

Ver. 454. *What You propose, great King, &c.* This is the bitterest, and most malicious Speech that ever was read. Especially That,

*Primus ego, inuisum quem tu tibi fingis, & esse
 Nil moror, en ! supplex venio ; miserere tuorum ;
 Pone animos, & pulsas abi ; sat funera fusi
 Vidimus, ingentes & desolavimus agros.
 Aut si fama movet.*

Nor needs our Suffrage: All confess they know 455
 The true Expedient which the State requires;
 But fear to speak their Thoughts. Let Him permit
 Freedom of Speech, and moderate his Vaunts;
 By whose unlucky Conduct and whose Crimes
 (Nay I will speak, tho' Arms and present Death 460
 He menaces) we see so many Lights
 Of *Latium* quench'd, so many Leaders fall'n,
 And all the City weeping on the Ground:
 While hov'ring he surveys the *Trojan* Camp,
 Trusting in Flight, and braves the Sky with Arms. 465

To

——— *si adeo dotalis regia cordi est;*

Aude, atque adversum, &c.

Scilicet ut Turno contingat regia conjux,

Nos animæ viles, inhumata, inflectaque turba, &c.

Ver. 456. *Requires.*] In the Original 'tis *ferat*, i. e. either *afferat*, *inferat*, or *offerat*: or (which I rather think) *ferat*, for *bears*; and then *solum*, or some such Word is understood. "Our Condition will bear" "This only Expedient;— and" "therefore requires it." In the same Line *dicere mussant* has an Elegancy which our Language will not reach: They *mutter* and *chew* their Sentiments, and *dare not speak out*. *Mussant* for *timent*, or *dubitant*.

Ver. 463. *And all the City weeping on the Ground.*] *Consedisse*. Sitting, i. e. upon the Ground, was a Posture of *Woe* and *Mourning*. Thus the Holy Scripture, concerning *Jerusalem*: *And she being deso-*

late, shall sit upon the Ground *Isai. iii. 26.*

Ver. 464. ——— 5. *While hov'ring he surveys—Sky with Arms.*] — *Dum Troia tentat Castra, fuga fidens, & cælum territat armis.* *Tentat*: i. e. makes a *feint*, or a *show* of attacking them, without doing any Thing. *Territat*; not really *frights*, but *deses*, or *threatens*. As *Drances* here undoubtedly reproaches *Turnus* with quitting the Battle, by Those Words *fuga fidens*; when he was really withdrawn by the Artifice of *Juno*: That Expression *cælum territat armis* seems to hint at his pursuing the *Fantom* of *Æneas*; *cælum* signifying the *Air*, or a *Cloud*. For it may be presumed that *Turnus* had told the Story in his

To all Those Presents, which You, Best of Kings,
 Send to the *Trojans*, be One added more :
 Unmov'd by any Violence, or Threats,
 Give to a worthy Son the Royal Bride;
 And by That lasting Pledge confirm the Peace. 470
 But if so great a Terror awes our Minds;
 Himself we will implore, and from Himself
 Intreat This Favour: Let him to the King
 And to his Country yield their proper Rights.
 O Thou, the Head and Source of all This Woe 475
 To *Latium*; Why so oft dost thou expose
 Our wretched Citizens to Toils and Death?
 No Safety is in War: To Thee for Peace,
Turnus, we sue, and for it's certain Pledge.
 Lo! I the first, whom Thou wilt have thy Foe, 480
 (Nor am I careful to renounce That Name)

I

his own Defence; which the Other may here seem to reflect upon as a *Forgery*, and so allude to the Fact only by way of *Irony*. But then *cælum*, in This Sense, is very untoward; especially since the Word *nubem* was so ready at hand, and would have sounded full as well, if not better. I therefore rather incline to the Opinion of *Servius*, *De La Cerda*, and Others, that it means no more than *vain* and *impious Bragging*, and *Swagging* in general; *defying* the Gods, and Those who are particularly favoured by them, and yet performing nothing.

Ver. 474. — Yield their

[*proper Rights*.] The Original has two Words, *cedat*, and *remittat*: The one referred to the *King*, the other to his *Country*: Implying, I suppose, that he was *about* to invade the King's Rights, and had *actually* invaded his Country's: And so is desired to *let alone* the First, [*Cedat*, for *Concedat*, and That for *Sinat*, or *Permittat*] and *restore* the Last. This indeed is mere Conjecture: But without some such Supposition, the Words *cedat* and *remittat* are pure Tautology, or make a *Distinction* without a *Difference*.

Ver. 480.—81. Whom thou wilt have thy Foe, (Nor am I careful,

I suppliant come: Commiserate thy Friends;
 Abate thy Fire; and routed quit the Field:
 Enough of Blood and Slaughter have we seen,
 And desolated the wide Regions round. 485
 Of if by Thirst of Glory thou art warm'd;
 If so much Courage harbours in thy Breast,
 And so much Love of Empire for thy Dow'r:
 Advance in Fight, and obvious meet the Foe.
 Forsooth, that *Turnus* may espouse a Queen; 490
 We, viler Lives, a Rabble, uninterr'd,
 And undeplor'd, must perish in the War:
 Do Thou, if any Spirit in That Breast,
 If any of thy Country's *Mars* is lodg'd,
 Exert thy self; and look Him in the Face, 495
 Who dares thee to the Field.

These Words the Violence of *Turnus* fir'd:

Deeply

careful, &c.] *Primus ego invisum quem tu tibi fingis, & esse Nil moror.* Here *invisum* signifies *inimicum*, which is pretty particular; especially considering that *insensum*, or *infectum*, would have stood as well. *Nihil moror, esse* [me *inimicum tibi.*] i. e. If you

will have it so, I don't refuse it.

Ver. 497. These Words the Violence of *Turnus* fir'd, &c. After the virulent Invektive of *Drances*, how noble is the Resentment and Indignation of *Turnus*!

*Talibus exarsit dictis violentia Turni;
 Dat gemitum, rumpitque has imo pectore voces.*

This Speech consists of Two | to the malicious Reflections of
 Parts: The One is an Answer | *Drances*;

Largæ quidem semper tibi, Drance, copia fandi, &c.

The Other to the Proposal of the King;

Nunc ad te, & tua, magne pater, consulta revertor.

The First is sharp, and saty- | tive; Both fiery and heroic
 rial; The Second delibera- | in the utmost Perfection.

Deeply he groan'd; and from his inmost Soul
With Indignation Thus the Hero spoke.

Great is your Volubility of Speech, 500
Drances, 'tis own'd: Then always, when the War
Demands our Arms, and when the Fathers meet,
You first are present. But 'tis now no Time
To fill the Court with Words, which fly from You
With mighty Noise in Safety: when our Walls 505
With Bulwarks keep the Enemy at Bay,
Nor foam our Trenches with a Tide of Blood.
Then thunder Thou, as usual, with thy Bolts
Of Eloquence: And Me do Thou arraign
Of Cowardise, Thou, *Drances*; when Thy Hand 510
Such

Ver. 510. *When Thy Hand*,
&c.] Commentators interpret
This *quando* by *quandoquidem*,
since, or *because*: And so it is
a bitter Irony. But I rather take
it for *when*, and *dedit* for *de-*
derit. Because the next Words
—— *Possit quid vivida vir-*
tus Experiare licet, relating to

the *future*, to my Apprehen-
sion plainly require This Sense:
And the Reflection is altoge-
ther as severe, This way, as
the Other. According to This
Interpretation, *tot* must be sup-
ply'd Thus, *so many* [as I have:]
The Whole being the same
Sense with That of *Martial*;

Carpere vel noli nostra, vel ede tua.

Nor is there any Thing un-
natural in This; *tot* may ve-
ry well refer to *meque* in the

preceding Verse. Consider how
it runs:

————— *Meque timoris*
Argue Tu, Drance, tot quando fragis acervos
Tenerrorum tua dextra dedit. —————

I ever understood it Thus:
And I am sure there is many
an Ellipsis in *Virgil* far more
concise, and obscure than This;
Or rather, This is not obscure
at all. In the Verse but one

before, the Word *Then* seems to
be an *Adverb* of Time, and re-
ferred to the following *When*;
And it is indeed very good Sense
That way. But it is an illa-
tive Conjunction for *Therefore*,

Such Heaps of slaughter'd *Trojans* shall have rais'd,
 And all with Martial Trophys deck'd the Fields.
 What your redoubted Valour can perform
 You now may try : Nor need we seek the Foes
 At distance ; They besiege our Walls around. 515
 March we adverse ? Why This Delay in Thee ;
 Shall all Thy *Mars* in That loud blustering Tongue,
 And in the Swiftneſs of Thoſe coward Feet
 Conſiſt for ever ?
 I routed ? Who, degen'rate Wretch, on Me 520
 Will fix That Brand ; who thinks on *Tyber's* Stream
 Frothing and ſwoln with Floods of *Trojan* Gore,
 And all *Ewander's* Race upon the Ground
 Fall'n proſtrate, and th' *Arcadians* ſtripp'd of Arms :
Bitias, and *Pandarus*, of Giant-Bulk, 525
 Found Me not routed ; nor Thoſe Thouſand more,
 Whom, Victor, in one Day I ſent to Hell,
 Hem'd round with Foes, and pent within their Walls.
 No Safety is in War ? Go, Fool, and preach
 Such Maxims to the *Trojan*, and Thy Friends: 530
 Cease

[*Proinde*] and refers to what goes before. " You can talk big, while we are not engaged with the Enemy : And we are not now ſo engaged ; Therefore *tona eloquio*, according to your Cuſtom." The Words *meque timoris*, &c. begin a new Argument.

Ver. 513. *What your redoubted Valour*, &c.] Some underſtand This as ſpoken by *Turnus* of his own, and *Drances's* Valour ; as if he ſhould have ſaid, what *We* can do. But

Experiare, in the ſingular Number, and ſecond Perſon, determines it to the latter : Otherwiſe it ſhould be *Experiatur* : Nor does *nobis* in the next Line prove the contrary ; That is a new Sentence, and very reconcilable with This. Beſides ; the Senſe which I have render'd is far more biting, and ſevere, than the other. Ver. 393. Orig. *videbit*, for *conſiderabit*.

Ver. 529, 530. — Go Fool, and preach Such Maxims to the *Trojan*,

Cease not with panick Fear t'embroil our State,
 Extol the Strength of a twice vanquish'd Race,
 And lessen and depreſs *Latinus'* Arms.
 Juſt now, 'tis found, the *Myrmidonian* Lords,
Tydides, and the *Lariſſæan* Chief
Achilles, trembled at the *Phrygian* Arms :
 And, flying from the *Adriatick* Waves,
 Affrighted *Aufidus* rolls back his Stream.
 Now too the Miſcreant my pretended Crimes

535

Em-

Trojan, and Thy Friends.] *Capiti cane talia demens Dardanio, rebusque tuis.* All the Commentators by *cane* underſtand *predict*, or *forebode*; and by *rebus tuis*, *Drances* himſelf, and his *private Intereſt*. But I am clearly of Opinion, that *cane talia* ſignifies, as we ſay in Engliſh, *preach That Doctrin*; and *rebusque tuis* joined with *capiti Dardanio* means, that *Drances* is in the Trojan Intereſt, and for the Pretender. I am confident of This latter :

Tho' the Senſe, in the Main, is the ſame either way; yet This is far more bitter, and reflecting. Beſides, the next Word *Proinde* ſeems to require This Senſe; and otherwiſe not to be ſo well infered. " You
 " are in Their Intereſt; There-
 " fore make it your Buſineſs
 " to exalt Them, and leſſen
 " Us."

Ver. 534 to 538. Juſt now, 'tis found, the *Myrmidonian* Lords, &c. — rolls back his Stream.]

*Nunc & Myrmidonum proceres Phrygia arma tremiſcunt,
 Nunc & Tydides, & Lariffæus Achilles;
 Amnis & Adriacas retro fugit Aufidus undas.*

It is an Ellipſis, and an Irony.
 " You forſooth have diſcovered at laſt, that the *Grecians* were terrify'd by the *Trojans* heretofore; and that the River *Aufidus* is terrify'd by them at preſent." *Nunc* — *tremiſcunt*; Now they fear, &c. i. e. Now 'tis found out that they did fear.

Ver. 539. Now too the Miſ-

creant, &c.] *Vel cum ſe pavidum contra mea jurgia fingit.* I am very ſenſible that *Now* too is no Tranſlation of *Vel cum*: And I acknowledge I do not underſtand the Meaning of Theſe two Particles in This place; Nor does any Commentator aſſiſt me. *Ruſus* is the only one who takes any notice of it; and he renders it by *eodem ipſo tempore*. But what Connexion

Embitters, with his own dissembled Fear 540
 Of my Revenge : A Soul like That (dismiss
 Thy Terrour) by This Hand thou ne'er shalt lose ;
 There let it dwell, and in That Breast remain.

To You, great Monarch, and to your Debates
 I now return. If You no more repose 545
 Hope in our Arms ; If by one Battle lost
 We perish Whole, and Fortune knows no Change ;
 Let us beg Peace, and stretch our Hands unarm'd.
 (Yet Oh ! did any of our pristine Worth

And

Connexion has This with the Words preceding ? " He pretends that the Terrour of the Trojan Arms is very great, even when he pretends that He himself is afraid of Me." And why not ? Where is the Inconsistency ? Could not the Trojans be very terrible ; and Drances at the same Time have his Throat cut by Turnus ? Not much better do I understand Those other Words *contra mea jurgia*. For besides that *jurgia* is a Word of an ill Signification, and therefore should not be apply'd by a Man to himself : *contra* is odd ; and it is hard to conjecture what *jurgia* he means. There were None in This Debate at least ; For Turnus had not spoke before. Here therefore instead of explaining, I have nothing to do but to con-

fess my Ignorance, and desire to be instructed : A Favour which I cannot obtain from any Expositor ; Not One of them taking the least notice of This last Difficulty, the only One of them mentioning, but not at all clearing, the First. I might very well omit them Both in my Version ; For I can by no means endeavour to translate what I am sure I do not understand. *Artificis scelus* in the next Line is by Hypallage for *Artifex sceleris* ; or for *sceleratus Artifex*. In the same Line, *Crimen* for *Criminationem* : " He pretends to fear me, only to cast an Oidium upon me."

Ver. 541. — A Soul like That, &c.] Nothing could be more nobly contemptuous than That Conclusion :

*Nunquam animam talem dextra hac (absiste moveri)
 Amittes ; habitet tecum, & sit pectore in isto.*

Ver. 549. Yet Ob ! did any of our pristine Worth, &c.] For he accuses himself, among the rest, of degenerating from their former

And Vertue still remain ; That Man to Me 550
 Would in his glorious Toils most blest'd appear,
 Who, rather than behold a Thing like This,
 Fell once for all, and dying bit the Ground.)
 But if a Force entire to us is left
 Still in Reserve, and *Latian* Towns, and States 555
 Auxiliary ; If Glory to our Foes
 Came purchas'd at a vast Expence of Blood ;
 If They too have their Fun'rals ; And thro' all
 The Tempest rag'd with equal Fury ; Why
 Faint we inglorious in the first Attempt, 560
 And shrink with Fear before the Trumpet's Sound ?
 Oft

former Courage, in not chusing Death before Peace ; even admitting their Circumstances to be so bad, which yet he denies. He had with the utmost Indignation agreed to Peace, if it must be so ; And even That he in a manner retracts, and unsays, by That incomparable Rebound of Thought ;

*Quonquam ô ! si solitæ quicquam virtutis adesset,
 Ille mihi ante alios fortunatusque laborum,
 Egregiusque animi ; qui, ne quid tale videret,
 Procubuit moriens, & humum semel ore momordit.*

All which should be included in a Parenthesis : For in the next Words he pursues his Reasoning by setting Things in the other View. *Sin & opes nobis*, &c. Which is opposed to the former Branch, *Si nullam nostris*, &c. The whole Connexion is Thus. If we are utterly undone by the Loss of one Battle ; let us beg Peace ; (Tho' had we any of our ancient Spirit, we should sooner chuse Death :) But if on the contrary (which is the real Truth) we are still strong e-

nough to carry on the War, &c. why should we be so infamous as to think of Peace ? *Gur indecores*, &c. The Person he alludes to in Those Words, *Ille mihi ante alios*, &c. is supposed to be *Mæxentius* ; Tho' it may relate to any brave Person indefinitely, who had been kill'd in the War. *Fortunatus laborum*, and *egregius animi* are in the Number of Those Expressions purely Poetical, which I have often taken notice of.

Oft has Vicissitude of changeful Time
 By various Turns to better State restor'd
 Distress'd Affairs: Many with pleasing Sport
 Fortune, alternately revisiting, 565
 Has mock'd, and on a solid Base repos'd.
 Will not *Ætolian Arpi* give us Aid?
 Yet will *Messapus*, and *Tolumnius* lov'd
 By Fortune; and the Chiefs whom various States
 Have hither sent: Nor small will be the Fame 570
 Of Those in *Latium* and *Laurentum* rais'd.
 These of the *Volsian* Race *Camilla* joins,
 Leading her Horse-Brigade, and Troops with Brass
 Refulgent. But if Me alone for Fight
 The *Trojans* claim; If That be Here resolv'd; 575
 And I so much obstruct the common Good:
 Not so has Conquest with Aversion fled
 These Hands of Mine, that aught I would refuse
 To enterprize for so sublime a Hope.
 Undaunted will I march to meet the Foe; 580
 Tho' He a Second great *Achilles* prove,
 Arm'd,

Ver. 562. *Oft has Vicissitude* | beautiful is the Transition from
of changeful Time, &c. | Most | That fiery Question,

*Cur indecores in limine primo
 Deficimus? cur ante tubam timor occupat artus?*

to that grave, solemn, sententious Aphorism;

*Multa dies variusque labor mutabilis ævi
 Rettulit in melius; multos alterna revisens
 Lufit, & in solido rursus fortuna locavit.*

Dies, for *Tempus*: *Labor*, for
Alotus, or *Revolutio*: *Lufit*,
 i. e. agreeably mocked, and dis-
 appointed them, by unexpectedly
 returning.

Ver. 574. *Refulgent.*] — *Flo-*
rentes are catervas for *ful-*
gentes. So in the VIIIth Book.

Arm'd, like the First, with Panoply Divine
 By *Vulcan* forg'd. To You, and to the King
Latinus, Father of my Royal Bride,
 I *Turnus*, nought inferiour in my Fame 585
 To our great Ancestors, This Life devote :
 Me only dares *Æneas*? Dare he still :
 And let not *Dranes*, whate'er Wrath of Heav'n
 Impends, or whate'er Glory may be won,
 Sustain the first, nor bear away the last. 590

Thus They on doubtful Schemes debating strove ;
Æneas march'd his Army from the Camp.
 Lo! rushing thro' the Court with frantick Haste
 A Messenger with Terrour fills the Town ;
 Relates, that in Array of Battle rang'd 595
 The *Trojans* and the *Tyrrhene* Troops descend
 From *Tyber's* Stream, and cover all the Plain.
 Forthwith their Minds with stimulating Rage
 Are stung, confus'd : To Arms, To Arms, they cry :
 The madding Multitude, and Warriour Youth 600
 Together rave : The pensive Fathers weep,
 And murmur unresolv'd : To Heav'n ascends
 A Clamour of Dissent, and various Noise.
 As when on some tall Wood the flocking Birds

Alight :

Ver. 588. *And let not Drances, &c.* His returning to *Dranes*, and closing his Speech | with a Reflection upon Him, is surprizingly emphatical.

*Nec Drances potius, siue est hæc ira Deorum,
 Morte luat, siue est virtus, & gloria, tollat.*

Expositors start unnecessary Difficulties upon This Passage ; | enough of it self ; and I cannot make it plainer by any other Words than Those in my Translation.
 tho' indeed they agree in the Substance. The Passage is plain

Alight : Or in the fishy Stream of *Po* 605
 Loquacious Swans with clatt'ring Pinions found.
 Yes, now Ye Citizens, brave *Turnus* cry'd,
 (Snatching th' Occasion) is the Time to sit
 In Council, and harangue in Praise of Peace :
 By War They rush to Empire. More than This 610
 He spoke not, but with rapid Speed forsook
 The Court, and from the lofty Hall withdrew.
 Thou, *Volusus*, he cry'd, command to Arms
 The *Volsian* Troops ; and to the Battle lead
 The *Rutuli* : Do Thou, *Messapus*, pour 615
 The Horse into the Field : And join'd with Thee
 Let *Coras*, with his Brother, range the Fight :
 Let Others guard the Passes of the Town,
 And man the Tow'rs : The rest where I command
 On Me shall wait, and with Me dare in Arms. 620
 Strait to the Works from all the City round
 They croud : *Latinus*' self the Council leaves ;
 And, with the Tumult of the Times perplex'd,
 Adjourns th' important Business of the State :
 And much himself accuses, that long since 625
 He had not in the strict Alliance join'd
Æneas, and as Son-in-law receiv'd.
 Others dig Trenches deep before the Gates,
 And roll vast Stones, and Palisadoes fix :

The

Ver. 606. *Loquacious Swans*,
 &c.] *Per stagna loquacia* : i. e.
 (says *Servius*) in quibus *Cygni*
loquaces habitant. Ver. 464,
 465. Orig. *Messapus*—& cum
fratre Coras—diffundite, for
diffundant : Or if You please,

Messapus for *Messape*, &c. I
 need say no more of These Li-
 cences.

Ver. 628, —9. Others dig
Trenches, &c. *Palisadoes fix*.]
Præfodiunt alii portas, & saxa
sudæque subvertunt. Præfo-
diunt

The Trumpet with shrill Clangor to the Fight 630
The bloody Signal sounds: The Dames, and Boys
In a promiscuous Throng the Ramparts crown;
The last of Labours calls them all to War.

Mean-while the Queen to *Pallas*' stately Dome
Amidst a num'rous Quire of Matrons, rode, 635

And Off'rings bore; *Lavinia* by her Side,
The Royal Virgin, Cause of all their Woe;
Her beauteous Eyes cast down, and bent on Earth.
The Matrons follow; and with Incense sweet
Perfume the Temple; and with mournful Sound 640
Thus from the stately Entrance breathe their Pray'r.

Tritonian Virgin, Arbitress of War,
Break with Thy Hand the *Phrygian* Pirate's Lance;
And Him lay prone extended on the Ground,
And roll his Trunk beneath the lofty Gates. 645

Turnus himself arms, furious, for the Fight;
In his *Rutulian* Corslet clad, and rough
With brazen Scales, he sheaths his Legs in Gold,
His Head yet bare; then buckles to his Side 649
His faithful Sword; from the high Fort runs down,
And shines all o'er in Gold; with Martial Pride
Exulting, and in Hope prevents the Foe.

So, loose with broken Reins, the sprightly Steed

perhaps shining only Flies

diunt portas: i. e. sodiunt ante portas. Instead of *subvectant*. Some read *subjiciunt*: Which is scarce Sense; at least as apply'd to *sudes*, however it may be as to *saxa*. The Compound Particle *sub* adds nothing to the Sense in *subvectant*.

Ver. 653. So, loose with broken Reins, &c.) I agree with Mr. Pope, for the Reason he alledges, that This Simile is better apply'd to *Paris* by *Hom*er, than to *Turnus* by *Virgil*. But then I think it is here better expressed. That

Flies from his Stall, and gains the open Field ;
 Or to the Pastures, and the Female-Herd 655
 He bends his Course ; or to the wonted Stream,
 To bathe his Limbs : He neighs, and bounds from Earth,
 Luxuriant, prancing, with his Chest erect,
 And Head high toss'd in Air : His waving Mane
 Flows on his Neck, and o'er his Shoulder plays. 660

Him obvious with her *Volscian* Squadron meets
Camilla, Warriour Queen ; and from her Steed,
 In the first Entrance of the Gate, alights :
 By her Example, all the Troop to Earth,
 Quitting their Horses, slide : Then thus she speaks. 665

Turnus, if aught of Confidence the Brave
 With Justice may assume ; I dare to meet,
 And promise to engage th' *Æneian* Lines,
 And single to oppose the *Tyrrhene* Horse.
 Let me first try the Perils of the War ; 670
 Stand Thou in Arms on foot, and guard the Walls.

Fixing his Eyes upon the wond'rous Maid,
Turnus replies : O Thou, the Pride and Boast

Of

Ἐνωθὺς λήσθαι ὑπὲρ τοῦ ποταμοῖο

is indeed a Verse most languishingly soft, and flowing : But

Emicat, arrectisque fremit cervicibus, alte
Luxurians, luduntque jubæ per colla, per armos ;

will perhaps be a *Match* for it.

Ver. 656, 7. *To the wonted,*
&c. To bathe, &c.] Litterally ;
being accusom'd to wash, &c.
He prances, &c. The Meaning
 is, tho' 'tis elegantly *binted*,
 not *expressed*, that he *went to*
wash, &c.

Ibid. Neighs.] If That *only*

be not meant by *fremit*, 'tis cer-
 tainly *included* in it.

Ver. 672. — *The wond'rous*
Maid.] *Horrenda* implies won-
 d'rous, and something more,
 viz. terrible : But *That* Word,
 or *dreadful*, or *horrid*, would
 not *here* be proper in our Lan-
 guage.

Of *Latium*, matchless Nymph ; What Thanks to Thee
Can I repay ? Since now That Spirit soars 675
Above all Dangers ; share Thy Toils with Mine.

Æneas, (so my Scouts and Fame report)
Has sent his light-arm'd Horse to scour the Fields :
Himself along the desert Mountain's Top
Advancing hastes, and marches to the Town. 680

Now in the hollow Passes of the Wood
An Ambush I prepare, and to beset
With an arm'd Force the narrow double Ways.
Do Thou in Fight sustain the *Tyrrhene* Horse :
Thee brave *Messapus*, and the *Latin* Troops, 685
And *Tyburn* shall attend : Be Thou their Chief.

He said ; and rous'd *Messapus* to the Fight ;
And all the Leaders with like Ardour fir'd :
Then marches opposite, and seeks the Foe.

Deep in a winding Tract a Valley lies, 690
Well form'd for Ambush, and the Frauds of War,
On ev'ry side, with gloomy Boughs inclos'd ;
To which a slender Path, thro' narrow Jaws,
(A difficult, malignant Passage) leads :

High

Ver. 675. *Since now That Spirit soars, &c.* *Est omnia quando iste animus supra.* Some render it, above all Praises, or Encomiums : Others understand it, as I have translated it ; and the Connexion of the next Words, *mecum partire laborem*, seems to demand This Construction. Nay, the other is scarce Sense.

Ver. 678. *Scour.* Quate-
rent camps, Alarm, disturb,

waste : Or (as I have rendered it) *Scour.*

Ver. 684. *Do Thou in Fight, &c.* *Collatis signis* is here understood by some Interpreters of joining their own Forces : But *constre signa* is to engage in Battle with the Enemy. *Excipe ; Intercept them ; or receive their Charge.*

Ver. 693. *Jaws.* I have ventured to translate *Fauces* literally. For it signifies a nar-
row.

High on the Mountain's Top a secret Plain, 695
 And safe Retreat, there lies: Or to the right,
 Or to the left, from thence you may engage,
 Obvious in Fight; or, standing on the Ridge,
 Roll Stones and rocky Fragments on the Foe.
 Hither the Youthful Hero march'd his Force, 700
 Thro' the known Ways; with Expedition seiz'd
 The Post, and in th' uneven Thickets lay.

Mean-while *Diana* in the Seats above
 Swift *Opis* calls, one of her sacred Train,
 And chosen Virgins; and with mournful Voice 705
 Thus speaks. To cruel War *Camilla* goes,
 O Nymph, and buckles on our Arms in vain;
 Dear above all to Me: Nor late, or new
 Is This Affection in *Diana's* Breast;
 Nor sprang it from a sudden sweet Surprise. 710
 When *Metabus*, ejected from his Realm,
 And from *Privernum's* ancient City, fled
 Brevailing Faction, and rebellious Rage;

An

new Passage only by a Metaphor. *Ignota*, a little afterwards, *secret*, known to few. *Receptus*, Places to which one might secretly *recipere se*. *Iniquis*: tough, craggy, uneven.

Ver. 703. Mean-while *Diana*, &c.] This Part of the Episode of *Camilla*, as related by *Diana*, makes a very grateful Interruption to the warlike Action; and comes in very properly

here, just before her prodigious Exploits, and her Death. She has been often named before; and some Account has been given of her; but never so full a one as *This*, reciting her Birth, Education, extraordinary Qualities, and Manner of Life. This Conduct of the Poet is agreeable to That Precept of *Horace*,

Pleraque differat, & præsens in tempus omittat.

Ver. 713. *Rebellious Rage*.] to *Mezentius* in Book X. is used
Ob invidiam. This, as apply'd | as laying the Blame upon Him.
 But

An Infant thro' the Foes, and Arms he bore,
 Companion of his Exile ; and her Name 715
Camilla call'd: *Casmilla* was his Queen's,
 Thus to his Daughter with small Change transferr'd.
 Her bearing in his Bosom, to the Cliffs
 And solitary Woods he took his Way :
 The hostile Darts encompass'd him around, 720
 And the arm'd *Volsicians* hover'd o'er the Field.
 Lo ! in the Middle of his Flight, the Stream
 Of *Amasenus* foam'd above it's Banks ;
 So great a Show'r had burst the belling Clouds.
 Love of his Child, as he prepares to swim, 725
 Retards him ; for his darling Charge he fears:
 Turning on ev'ry Side his shifting Thoughts,
 This sudden Resolution he approves.
 A pond'rous Jav'lin in his warlike Hand,

Solid

But I believe it is not so apply'd
 to *Metabus* in This place: His
 rebellious People seem to be in
 Fault. Tho' it may be other-
 wise too. Ver. 544. Orig. *por-*
tans [earn.]

Ver. 727—8. Turning on
 ev'ry Side, &c. This sudden
 Resolution, &c.] A Thought
 may come suddenly into a Man's
 Mind, tho' he has been long
 considering. *Vix* implies that
 he just barely approved of it,
 but with a Mixture of Doubt.

Ver. 729. *A pond'rous Jav'-*
lin.] *Huic* [telo] *quod telum*
immane—*gerebat, implicat*
natam. The Thought which
 he so approved of (as above)

was, after all, an odd one to
 my Apprehension. Could not
 he have *swum* with his Cork,
 and his Child inclosed in it,
ty'd to his Back, much better
 than *dart them* over the River,
ty'd to a Spear ? And besides,
 the Swiftnefs of the Motion,
 and the Shock which the In-
 fant must receive, when the
 Spear came to the Ground,
 must, one would think, have
 been enough to kill her. This
 seems a strange Passage ; and
 peradventure is one of Those
 which *Virgil* would have ex-
 punged, had he lived to perfect
 his Poem,

Solid with Knots and strong tough Oak, he bore: 730
 To This he binds the Child, in silvan Corla
 Inclos'd, and in the Rind of Woodland Trees,
 And fitted to the Middle of the Spear;
 Which poising in his Hand, he Thus address'd
 His Suit to Heav'n. Auspicious Queen of Woods,
Latonia, Virgin-Goddeſs, grant my Pray'r: 736
 To Thee the Father's ſelf his Daughter vows
 Thy Servant; She, thy Weapon grasping firſt,
 Flies thro' the Air, thy Suppliant, from the Foe:
 Accept thy Own, great Goddeſs, I implore, 740
 Juſt now committed to th' uncertain Winds.
 This ſaid; with Arm ſwung-back he hurl'd the Spear:
 The River ſounds; and o'er it's rapid Stream
Camilla with the whiſtling Jav'lin flies.
 But *Metabus*, more cloſely now purſu'd, 745
 Plunges into the Waves; and, having gain'd
 His wiſh'd Deſign, his Jav'lin, with the Child
 Sacred to *Trivia*, from the graſſy Turf,
 Wrenching, releaſes. Him within their Gates,
 Or hoſpitable Walls, no Towns receiv'd: 750
 Nor

Ver. 730. *Solid with Knots*
and ſtrong tough Oak, &c.]
Robore coſto: i. e. barden'd in
the Smoke. Georg. 1. 176

Ver. 738. *Thy Weapon gras-*
ping, &c.] *Tua tela tenens:*
i. e. claſping her Hands round
the Javelin, and ſticking to it.
'Tis doubtful whether prima in
the ſame Verſe relates to tela,
or to Camilla. If the former;
"She grasps your Weapon, the
" firſt of any thing." If the
latter; "She is the firſt that

"ever-grasp'd it ſo; i. e. ſo
 "young, and in That manner."
 Next Ver. *Teſtor*, for *Obteſtor*.

Ver. 744. *Camilla.]* To
Camilla in the Original is ad-
 ded *infelix*: i. e. not with re-
 gard to This Attempt of *Me-*
tabus (for That was ſucceſſful)
 but upon the *Whole*.

Ver. 746, — 7. *Having*
gain'd his wiſh'd Deſign.] *Vic-*
tor often ſignifies the ſame as
compos voti.

Nor would himself, so fierce his Soul, have yielded
 With Them t' associate. On the lonely Hills
 In Solitude a Shepherd's Life he chose :
 Here, in the Brakes, and savage Dens of Beasts,
 He nurs'd his Daughter from the Dugs of Mares, 755
 Milking their Teats into her tender Lips.
 Soon as the Infant first with doubtful Feet
 Could press the Ground ; her little Hands he fill'd
 With pointed Darts, and on her Shoulder hung
 A Bow, and Quiver: No soft Caul of Gold 760
 Her Tresses strains ; nor flows her waving Gown :
 Instead of These a Tyger's horrid Hide
 Hangs from her Head, and o'er her Back descends.
 Darts with her tender Hand ev'n Then she threw ;
 And, whirling round her Head a sounding Sling, 763
 Struck a *Strymonian* Crane, or snow-white Swan.
 Her many Matrons o'en the *Tyrrhene* Towns
 Attempted with their Sons to match in vain :
 She, with *Diana's* Love alone content,
 (Love undecaying, and confirm'd by Time). 770
 Her Shafts, and her Virginity preserves,
 Inviolatè. Well for her had it been,

Had

feritate, ferite, Gall.

Ver. 751.—2. Nor would Himself, (so fierce his Soul,) have yielded With Them t' associate.] *Neque ipse manus feritate dedisset. Manus dare* signifies to submit, yield, or consent: *Feritate*, i. e. *præferitate sua*. He would not have yielded, or consented to converse with Them, if They would have conversed with Him. For all That is imply'd.

Ver. 755. From the Dugs of

Mares.] — *Equæ mammiſ & lacte ferino*. Both signify the same. *ἢ δὲ δὴ δύοιν*.

Ver. 755. Soon as the Infant, &c.] *Utque pedum primis infans vestigia plantis Inſliterat*. *Planta*, strictly, is the Sole of the Foot ; not the Foot itself ; tho' it is often put for it. *Inſistere vestigia*, for *vestigiiis*, may seem strange : But so it is Here by a Poetical Idiom.

Had she been less in love with such a War ;
 And much I wish she never had engag'd
 In This Attempt, to dare the Trojan Pow'rs. 775
 My Fav'rite Nymph, and in my Virgin Train
 She might have liv'd. But now, since urg'd she goes
 By Fates unequal ; Slide Thou from the Pole,
 And visit *Latium's* Confines, where the Fight
 Ill-omen'd rages : These my Weapons take, 780
 And from the Quiver draw th' avenging Shaft ;
 With This let whoso'er shall with a Wound
 (Or Trojan, or Italian let Him prove)
 That sacred Body violate, to Me
 Pay the exacted Forfeit with his Blood. 785
 Then in a hollow Cloud her Corps, and Arms,
 (Poor hapless Maid !) unplunder'd by the Foe,
 I to her native Country will convey ;
 And hide them in a Tomb. The Goddess spoke :
 The Nymph, involv'd in a black Whirlwind, flew 790
 Thro' the light Air, and sounded from the Sky.
 Mean-while the Trojan Squadron to the Town

Ap-

Ver. 773. *Had she been less in love, &c.*] *Corrupta fuisset Militia tali : i. e. Amore militiæ talis.* So all Interpreters understand it.

Ver. 792. *Mean-while the Trojan Squadron, &c.*] These

38 Lines beginning with *At manus interea muris, &c.* and ending with *pugna aspera surgit,* deserve our closest Attention. The general Preparations to the Fight are excellently described :

*At manus interea muris Trojana propinquat,
 Etruscique duces, equitumque exercitus omnis,
 Compositi numero in turmas : fremit æquore toto
 Insultans sonipes, & pressis pugnât habenis,
 Huc obversus & huc : tum late ferreus hastis
 Horret ager, campique armis sublimibus ardent.*

Then on the other Side ;

N^o

Approaches, and th' Etrurian Chiefs, and all
The Army of the Horse, compos'd in Troops
By certain Numbers rang'd : O'er all the Field 795
The bounding Coursers struggle with the Bit,

Now:

*Nec non Messapus contra, celèresque Latini, &c.
Adversè campo apparent, &c.
Adventusque virum, fremitusque ardescit equorum.*

But their actually beginning
the Battle with lighter Skir-
mishes at first, and the Ebbing
and Flowing of it (finely com-
pared to the Flux and Reflux
of the Sea) before the whole

Armies are thoroughly engaged,
and then the thorough Engage-
ment it self, are as remarkable
Passages as most, of This Kind,
in the whole Poem.

*Jamque intra jactum telis progressus uterque
Subsisterat ; subito erumpunt clamore, frementisque
Exhortantur equos : fundunt circum undique tela, &c.*

Afterwards :

*Extemplo turbata acies, versique Latini
Rejiciunt parmas, & equos ad moenia vertunt.
Troës agunt, &c. —
Jamque propinquabant portis ; rursusque Latini
Clamorem tollunt, & mollia colla reflectunt :
Hi fugiunt, penitusque datis referuntur habenis.
Qualis ubi alterno procurrens gurgite pontus, &c.*

And so proceeds with That admirable Simile. Then afterwards,

*Bis Tusci Rutulos egere ad moenia versos,
Bis rejehti armis respectant terga tegentes.*

Each Side had twice fled, and | pursued in it's Turn. But what
follows ?

*Tertia sed postquam congressi in prælia, totas
Implicuere inter se acies, legitque virum vir ;
Tum vero & gemitus morientum, & sanguine in alto
Armaque corporaque, & permisti cæde virorum
Semianimes volvantur equi —*

What can be better described ? | lables they are falling, and
Especially Those Words *Arma-* | tumbling ; and it almost makes
que corporaque are so placed, | one giddy to read them.
that by the Cadence of the Syl-

Now This, now That way turn'd, and neigh aloud :
 A Wood of Jav'lins rises ; and the Plain
 Glows dreadful with the iron Gleam of Arms.
 Nor less *Messapus*, and the swift Brigade 800
 Of *Latins*, and the Nymph *Camilla's* Wing,
 And *Coras*, with his Brother, on the Field
 Stand opposite ; with Hands drawn back protend
 Their threatning Spears, and shake their brandish'd Darts.
 The Noise of trampling Feet, and neighing Steeds 805
 Burns in the Air, and nearer rolls the Fight.
 Now within Jav'lin's Reach both Armys flood ;
 Loud with a sudden Shout in Onset fierce
 They rush amain, and rouse their thund'ring Steeds :

Thick

Ver. 803—4. ——— With
Hands drawn back protend Their
threatning Spears.] *Hastisque*
reductis Protendunt longe dex-
tris, i. e. They draw back
 their Arms first ; and then
 stretch them out, as far as they
 can reach. *Protendunt* cannot
 mean *immittunt*, as Some would
 have it : First, because the
 Word was never so used any

where else: And Secondly, Be-
 cause they are not *Fighting* ;
 but only *preparing*, and putting
 themselves in a Posture for it.

Ver. 811—12. *Tyrrhenus*
first, And brave Aconteus, &c.]
 Prodigious is the Force, and
 Energy of These Lines ; ex-
 pressing the Strength, Vigour,
 and Fury of the first Onset :

Continuo adversus Tyrrhenus & acer Aconteus
Connixi incurrunt hastis, primique ruinam
Dant sonitu ingenti ; perfractaque quadrupedantum
Pectora pectoribus rumpunt : excussus Aconteus
Fulminis in morem, aut tormento ponderis æli
Præcipitat longe, & vitam dispergit in auras.

Tyrrhenus is here taken for a
 proper Name of one Man, not
 for the common one of the *Tyr-*
rhene Nation. *Ruæus* explains
dant ruinam by *faciunt impe-*
tum ; and as the Word *ruere*
 signifies to *rush*, as well as to

fall, I am not sure that *ruinam*
 may not here be used as He
 imagines ; tho' I confess I do
 not remember any other In-
 stance of This Kind. How-
 ever, *dare ruinam* ordinarily
 signifies to *fall* ; and so it is
 here

Thick as a Storm of Snow their Arrows pour, 810
 And darken all the Sky. *Tyrrhenus* first,
 And brave *Aconteus* join the horrid Clash
 Of Conflict; and advance with hostile Spears,
 And mighty Sound, exerting all their Force :
 With Breast to Breast oppos'd their Coursers meet, 815
 And almost rive each other in the Shock.

Aconteus, from his Seat dismounted, falls
 Like Lightning, or a Stone's unwieldy Weight
 Shot from an Engine; At a distance thrown
 He falls, and breathes his Soul dispers'd in Air. 820
 Forthwith the Lines disorder'd croud : And turn'd
 In Flight the *Latins* cast their Shields behind ;
 And spur their smoking Horses to the Town.
 The *Trojans* urge the Chace; *Astias* Chief 824
 Leads on the Troops : They now approach'd the Gates ;
 The *Latins* in their Turn, with deaf'ning Shout,
 Wheel round their Steeds, and bend their pliant Necks :
 The *Trojans* fly, and slack the waving Reins.

As when the Ocean, with alternate Tide,
 Now rushes to the Beach, and o'er the Rocks 830
 Tosses the Waves, and to th' extremest Sand
 Dashes it's curling Foam : Now reflux rolls
 With rapid Ebb, sucks back the rattling Stones,
 Flies from the Shelves, and naked leaves the Shore.

Twice

here understood by Others. They *Both* fell from their Horses; tho' *Aconteus* only was killed. The Word *rumpunt* here, when turned into English, must be softened by an *almost*. *Præcipitat*, for *præcipitatur*.

Ver. 827. *Pliant Necks.* *Mollia colla* [i. e. equorum] *reflectunt*. Ver. 626. Orig. *Sinus* for the Curling of the Water : The Word *sinus* has a great Variety of Significations. Here it means the Curling of the Water. Ver. 633. *Gemitus morientum* [suppl. audiuntur.]

Twice to their Walls the *Tuscans* drove in Flight 835
 The *Rutuli* ; Twice, cover'd with their Shields,
 Themselves look back, and see the Foes pursue.

But when, engaging in the Third Assault,
 All Battle join'd, and Man to Man oppos'd : 839
 Then dying Groans are heard ; And drown'd in Gore
 Arms, Bodys, gasping Steeds, and slaughter'd Men
 Promiscuous roll : A rigid Fight ensues.

Orsiloebus against the warrior Horse
 Of *Remulus* (Himself he durst not meet)
 Darted a Lance, and left beneath his Ear 845
 The sticking Point : Impatient of the Wound,
 The raging Steed uprears his Breast erect,
 And paws in Air : His Lord dismounted rolls
 To Earth. *Catillus* strikes *Iolas* dead,
 And great *Herminius*, great in Soul, and Arms, 850
 And Body ; Yellow was his Hair, his Head
 And Shoulders naked : Him no Wounds affright ;
 So full, and large a Mark he stands expos'd.

Thro'

Ver. 835,—6,—7. *Twice to their Walls* — *Twice cover'd with, &c. Foes pursue.*] If Both Sides had twice fled, and twice pursued ; Must there not have been Four Attacks ? How then is the next the Third ? *Tertia sed postquam, &c.* The Answer must be, that there were but two Attacks ; but in Each of them Both Sides alternately pushed, and gave way. Ver. 630. Orig. *Bis rejecti* (i. e. *repulsi*) *resistant, tegentes terga [sua] armis, i. e. clypeis.*

Ver. 852, — 3. *Him no Wounds, &c.*] *Nec illum vulnera terrent ; Tantus in arma [hostium] patet.* This may seem to be bad Sense. One would think, the fairer Mark he was, the more he should have been afraid. But the Meaning is ; He was fool-hardy. He was not afraid because he so exposed himself ; which he need not have done. Tho' by his Bulk he was so fair a Mark ; yet he was partly unarm'd : *nudo vertice, nudique humeri.*

Thro' his broad Shoulders flies the trembling Spear;
And doubles him, contracted with the Pain. 855
Black Gore flows all around : With mortal Rage
They scatter Wounds, and meet the glorious Death.

But in the Midst the *Amazonian* Maid,
Camilla, with her Shafts, and Quiver storms,
Exulting, fierce among the slaughter'd Heaps, 860
With one Breast bare commodious for the Fight :
Now hurls repeated Jav'lins, now with Toil
Unweary'd snatches her well-temper'd Axe :
Her gilded Bow, and all *Diana's* Arms 864
Sound from her Shoulder. Ev'n, when turn'd in Flight,
(If e'er she turn) her Arrows she directs
Shot backward, and behind her bends the Bow.
Her choicest Virgins near her Person ride,
Larina, *Tulla*, and *Tarpeia* brave
Shaking her brazen Axe, *Italian* Nymphs ; 870
Whom for her self divine *Camilla* chose,
Her Grace and Ministry, in Peace, or War.
As when the *Thracian Amazons*, engag'd

In

Ver. 855. *And doubles him,*
&c.] In the Original *Transfixa*
is very particular. It is com-
monly apply'd to the *Thing*,
or *Person*, *pierced*, or *struck*
through : But here it is apply'd
to the *Spear*, which makes the
Wound. There are three dif-
ferent Readings of This place ;
but I chuse *duplicatque virum*
transfixa dolore.

Ver. 861. *With one Breast*
bare, commodious, &c.] *Unum*
exerta latus pugna. That to
have one Breast cut off should

be *commodious* for her Fighting,
is plain ; but, why it should be
so, to have the *other naked*, I
do not understand. I suppose
the former is imply'd in the
latter ; and the Stress is laid
not upon *exerta*, but upon *u-*
num, signifying the same as *u-*
nicum. " She had but one ;
" and That was bare."

Ver. 873. *As when the Thra-*
cian Amazons, &c.] In This
Simile the Ideas seem too near
a-kin : It is almost comparing
a Thing to itself.

not a
simile

In Conflict, beat *Thermodon*'s founding Banks,
And shine in painted Arms: Or round their Chief 875

Hippolyte: Or when the Martial Queen

Penthesilea in her Car returns:

And with a mighty Shout, and Tumult rais'd,
The Female Troops exult with moony Shields.

Who first, Who last in Battle, Warlike Maid, 880

Sinks by thy Dart? How many on the Ground

Extendest Thou in Death? *Eumenius* first,

The Son of *Clytius*; whose uncover'd Breast

Adverse she with a Length of pointed Fir

Transfixes: Vomiting a Sea of Blood 885

He falls, and dying bites the gory Soil,

Tumbles on Earth, and welters in his Wound.

Then *Liris* next, and *Pagafus* she kills:

The first, while rolling from his wounded Steed

He gathers up the Reins; the last, to Him 890

Off'ring his Aid, and stretching, as he sinks,

His ling'ring Hand: Both prone together fall.

To These in Death she joins *Amastrus*, Son

Of *Hippotas*: And with her Lance pursues

Tereus, *Harpalycus*, *Demophoön*, 895

And *Chromis*; Them, incumbent on their Rear,

She presses close. As many Darts as flew

Shot from the Virgin's Hand, so many Youths

Of *Phrygia* fall. On his *Apulian* Steed

The Hunter *Ornitus* at distance rides, 900

In Arms unknown: His warlike Shoulders broad

By a Bull's Hide are cover'd; o'er his Head

With their white Teeth a Wolf's vast yawning Jaws

Grin fierce; a rustick Halbert arms his Hands:

Himself

Himself amidst the thickest Troops appears, 905
 And by the Head entire o'ertops them all.
 Him met in Fight (for easy was the Task,
 The Troop now 'disarray'd) she pierces thro',
 And o'er him Thus with bitter Accent speaks.
Tuscan, Didst thou conceive thyself in Woods 910
 Hunting thy wonted Game? The Day is come,
 Which by a Woman's Arms refels your Boast:
 Yet to thy Ancestors' departed Shades
 This Solace, no small Glory, shalt thou bear;
 'Tis to *Camilla's* Dart thou ow'st thy Death. 915
 Forthwith *Orsiloebus*, and *Butes*, Both
Trojans of mightiest Stature, she invades:
 But *Butes* with a Dart she strikes adverse,
 Betwixt his Casque, and Corset; where his Neck
 Shines, as he rides; and where his Target hangs 920
 From his left Shoulder. With dissembled Flight

In

Ver. 907. *Him met in Fight*, &c.] *Exceptum*: Met, or circumvented, or intercepted.

Ver. 912. *Which by a Woman's Arms refels your Boasts.*]

Vestra—*verba redarguerit*. For *vestra* see the Note upon Ver. 253. Book X. To which I here add that *Vestras*, *Eure*, *Domos*, in the first Book is no Objection against what I have There said; but a Confirmation of it. For it is impossible that *Vestras* can in Sense, however it may appear in Sound, be apply'd to *Eure* only; because it was equally true of all the Winds, who were there present. But No-

thing like This can be said of the Instance in That Note. *Verba*, &c. Why That? He had not said one Word to her, as here related. This again may refer to the vain-glorious Humour of his Country: She supposes Him to have said something to That Effect; tho' his Words are not here set down. No Commentator that I have seen gives us one Syllable upon This difficult Passage.

Ver. 919—20. —*Where his Neck shines, as he rides.*] *Quæ colla sedentis Lucent. Sedentis, for equitantis*: *Lucent*, for *apparent*: I have ventured to render it literally *shines*.

In a wide Ring, interiour, wheeling round,
She mocks *Orfilockus*, and Him pursues,
From whom she flies: Then rising to the Blows
Redoubled, thro' his Arms and Bones she drives 92;
Her massy Axe, nor aught regards his Pray'rs;
From the warm Wound his Brains besmear his Face.

The Son of *Aunus* next, *Ligurian* Lord,
Inhabitant of *Apenninus*' Mount,
Met her in Arms, and at the sudden Sight
Startled repress'd his Steps. He not the last
Of That deceiving Race, while Fate allow'd
His Wiles to prove successful, when he saw
That by no Flight he could decline the War,
Nor any way avert the raging Queen ;
By Art, and Fraud attempts her, and Thus speaks.
What mighty Praise is Thine, if thou confide,

A

Ver. 922-3-4. In a wide | Ring, &c. ——— From whom
she flies.]

*Orsilochum, fugiens, magnumque agitata per orbem,
Eludit gyro interior, sequiturque sequentem.*

The last Clause, *sequiturque sequentem*, is plain: It must be so, when they run in a Circle: And for the same Reason it may

A Female Warriour, in That bulky Horse ?
 Dismiss thy Flight, and hand to hand engage
 On equal Ground with Me ; Thou soon shalt know
 To which of Us vain Boasts will fatal prove. 941
 He said ; She, gall'd, and with such Taunts incens'd,
 To her Attendant gives her Steed, and stands
 With her drawn Sword on foot in equal Arms,
 And fearless bears aloft her maiden Shield. 945
 The Youth, supposing he had gain'd by Fraud
 His wish'd Design, swift turns the waving Reins,
 With his arm'd Heel his fiery Courser gores,
 Rapid in Flight, and scours along the Field.
 In vain, *Ligurian* Boaster, hast thou try'd 950
 Thy Country's slipp'ry Arts, with proud Conceit
 Puff'd up in vain ; nor shall This study'd Wile
 Thee to fallacious *Aunus* safe restore.

So spake the Virgin ; and with wingy Feet,
 Which kindled, as she flew, outstrips the Steed, 955
 Stands to his Head oppos'd, and grasps the Reins,
 And gluts her vengeful Rage with hostile Gore.
 Not with more Ease the sacred Bird of Mars,

The

Virgil is here accused of *Punning* : And I would willingly vindicate him from That Scandal. 'Tis a *Jingle in Sound* at worst ; (For here is no *Ambiguity in Sense*, and consequently no *Pun* ; like That of *Terence* — *amentium, haud amantium* :) And even That might be by Accident ; tho' I confess there is some Reason to suspect the contrary. *Fugam* : i. e. the Horse, by which alone he

supposes she was enabled to fly. Metonymy.

Ver. 941. — *Fatal prove.*] *Jam nosces ventosa feret cui gloria fraudem* : i. e. *damnum*. So doubtless it is to be read ; not *laudem* ; which is not good Sense.

Ver. 945. *Her maiden Shield.*] *Pura*, like *Alba*, in Book IX. without any *Impress* upon it. Some say *lucida* ; but That is poor Sense.

716
548 Orig

The Faulcon, from a lofty Cliff pursues
 A Dove sublime in Air, and gripes her seiz'd, 960
 And scoops her Entrails with his hooky Claws ;
 Torn Plumes and Blood fall mingled from the Sky.

But not with unobserving Eyes, from Heav'n,
 The Sire of Men and Gods these Things beholds,
 Enthron'd aloft : *Etrurian Tarchon's Rage* 965
 He irritates, and goads him to the Fight.
 Therefore amidst the Slaughter, where the Troops
 Yielding give way, fierce *Tarchon* spurs his Steed,
 With various Speech excites them, calls aloud
 On each by Name, and rallys them to War. 970
 O void of all Resentment, whom no Wrongs
 Can move, Ye ever stupid *Tuscans* ; Whence
 This Panick ? Whence such Cowardise of Soul ?
 A Woman drives you straggling, and defeats
 These Squadrons : Wherefore hold you in your Hands
 Those Swords, and those unprofitable Darts ? 976
 But not to *Venus*, and nocturnal Wars
 Are You such Recreants ; nor so listless watch
 The *Bacchanalian* Revels, when Those Feasts
 The crooked Pipe of *Bacchus* has proclaim'd, 980
 (This

Ver. 963. *But not with unobserving Eyes, &c.*] *Nullis* : i. e. *otiosis*.

Ver. 971. *O void of all Resentment, &c.*] There are several of These *upbraiding* Speeches in *Homer*, from One Friend to Another, as That of *Hector* to *Paris* ; Δύσταρι, εἶδος ἀπίστου, &c. with many more : And also from the Officers to their Soldiers, like This here : which

is a very sharp, and severe one. *Dolitur*——*Dolor* often signifies *Resentment* ; and so it does here. *Expectare*——*Segnes* is here to be repeated. *Secundus*, agreeable, welcome, auspicious ; as I have rendered it. *Altus*, for *imos*, or *profundus* : not high (which is jejune Sense) but deep, secret, retired. See the Note upon Verse 680, Book VII.

(This is your Love, your Study, and Delight)
 'Till the auspicious Augur's Voice declares
 The sacred Rites begun, and Victims slain
 Invite you, with their Fat, and pamper'd Flesh,
 Into the deep Recesses of the Grove. 985

This said, into the Midst he spurs his Steed,
 Turbid with Rage, and bent, Himself, on Death;
 Full against *Venus* he justling drives,
 With his Right hand, embracing, grasps his Foe,
 And tugs him from his Steed, and in his Lap 990
 Bears him away, impetuous o'er the Field.

A Shout to Heav'n is rais'd; The *Latin* Troops
 All That way bend their Eyes: Swift o'er the Plain
 Flies fiery *Tarchon*, bearing off his Prey,
 The Warriour and his Arms. Then breaks the Point
 Short from his Spear; and all around explores 996
 The most unguarded Part, which best might take
 The mortal Wound: The other from his Throat,
 Struggling and twisting with defensive Force,
 Wards off the Blow, and ~~Strength~~ with Strength eludes.

As when the tawny Eagle, tow'ring high, 1001
 Sticks with her griping Talons in a Snake,
 And snatches him aloft: He wounded writhes
 His tortuous Volumes, and with stiffen'd Scales

Stares

Ver. 987. — Bent, him-
 self, on Death.] *Moriturus &*
ipse. Not that he actually died;
 but that he was resolute to die,
 if Occasion requir'd, thought
 of, or expected nothing else,
 and exposed himself to the ut-
 most Danger. Or possibly the

Poet by This Hint, or Insi-
 nuation, intended to tell us that
 he was killed in This Action;
 tho' he afterwards says nothing
 of it. We are at Liberty to
 take it either way.

Ver. 996. Short from his
 Spear.] *Ipfius*; i. e. *Venuli*.

Stares horrid; hisses loud, and in the Air 1005
 Erects his threat'ning Head: She not the less
 Plies him, reluctant, with her hooky Beak,
 And with her sounding Pinions beats the Sky.

So *Tarchon* bears from the *Tiburtian* Troop
 His Prey, triumphant. Rais'd with That Success, 1010
 And following th' Example of their Chief,
 The *Lydians* rush. Then *Aruns*, due to Fate,
 Round swift *Camilla* with his Jav'lin wheels,
 Insidious; and what Fortune would present
 Easiest, explores. Where-e'er the raging Maid 1015
 Thro' the mid Squadron moves, still *Aruns* close
 Attends her, silent, and her Steps observes.
 Where-e'er Victorious she returns, and quits
 The vanquish'd Foe; he thither bends his Reins
 With Secresy and Speed: Now These, now Those 1020
 Approaches tries; runs all the Circuit round;
 And shakes, malignant, his unerring Spear.

Sacred to *Cybele*, and once her Priest,

Chloreus,

Ver. 1010. *Successi.*] *Even-*
tum: i. e. *SUCCESSUM*. Ver. 760.
 Orig. Prior, I think, should
 mean *præoccupans*, having a
 Design upon Her, when she had
 none upon Him. The Word is
 taken notice of by no Expo-
 sitor; and yet it is not very
 easy.

Ver. 1023. *Sacred to Cy-*
bele, &c.] The Beauty of
 This exquisite Description is

here most properly and judi-
 ciously introduced; to account
 for *Camilla's* eager, and un-
 cautious Pursuit of This *Chlo-*
reus; and to make *Aruns's* De-
 sign upon her the more prac-
 ticable. The Multitude of par-
 ticular Circumstances in the
 Dress and Armour of Himself,
 and his Horse, is indeed won-
 derful; and the Description it
 self most elegant.

Forse sacer Cybele Chloreus, olimque sacerdos
Insignis longe Phrygiis fulgebat in armis:
Spumantemque agitabat equum; quem pectus abenis

Chloreus, by chance, all bright in *Phrygian* Arms,
At distance shone, and spurr'd his foaming Steed: 1025
The Steed rich Trappings cloath'd, compact with Scales,
Of Brass, and Gold, like Feathers wrought: Himself
Gaudy in Purple, and *Barbaric* Dye,
Shot *Lycian* Arrows from a *Cretian* Bow;
The sounding Bow, which from his Shoulders hung,
Glitter'd

In plumam squamis auro conferta tegebatur.
Ipse, peregrina ferrugine clarus, & ostro,
Spicula torquebat Lycio Cortynia cornu:
Aureus ex humeris sonat arcus, & aurea vati
Cassida; tum croceam chlamydemque sinusque crepantes
Carbasos fulvo in nodum colligerat auro,
Pictus acu tunicas, & barbara tegmina crurum.

Some read *Cybele* instead of *Cybele*; But That is exploded by the best Editors. How come *sacer* and *sacerdos* to be join'd together; as if the first were not imply'd in the last? *Ramus* very well answers, He might be sacred to *Cybele* from his Birth by the Vow of his Father, or Mother, as *Camilla* was to *Diana*; and afterwards be made her Priest; and then he was doubly consecrated to her. Thus, I add, in the Holy Scriptures, *Samuel* was devoted to God by his Mother before he was born; and was afterwards his Prophet. But why *olim sacerdos*? Was he not so still? He is afterwards called *Vates* in This very Description. The Account of it seems to be This: He ceased to be Her Priest, as to the Execution of his Office,

being banished from the Place where she was peculiarly worshipped with Sacrifice, which was *Ida* in *Phrygia*; and yet continued *Vates*, a Priest, or Prophet, as to his Order, and Function. Or (as some say) *olim* refers to the Past, without excluding the Present. But I rather take it as I said; and have translated it accordingly. *Pellis*, Leather. *Conferta*, for compacta, as in the IIIId Book. *Loricam confertam hamis. Squamis in plumam: i. e. in speciem plumarum.* Ferrugine; Dye of a dark Blue, or dark Red: So in another Place, *ferrugine clarus Ibera*. Sinus; the Folds of his Garments; *crepantes*; rattling with the Gold that was upon them. *Barbara*; Foreign; *Barbaric*; *Asiatic*: Because his Country was *Phrygia* in *Asia minor*.

6.272
209
orig.

Glitter'd with Gold; And Golden was the Helm 1031
 That deck'd his priestly Head; His saffron Cloak,
 And Linen-Folds, which rattled, as He mov'd,
 With yellow Gold he in a Knot confin'd;
 With Needle-work embroider'd were his Robes, 1035
 And *Asian* Cuisses, that his Thighs inclos'd.
 Him the Heroick Maid, o'er all the Field,
 Uncautious fought, on Him alone intent;
 That to the Temple's Roof she might affix
 The *Trojan* Arms; or, Huntress, ride adorn'd. 1040
 And proud with captive Gold: Thro' all the Troops
 Him eager she pursues; and thoughtless burns
 With female Love of Trophys, and gay Spoils.
Aruns, This wish'd Occasion having gain'd,
 At length, his Jav'lin from his Covert throws, 1045
 And suppliant Thus to Heav'n directs his Pray'r.
 Supreme of Gods, *Apollo*, who thy Hill
 Sacred *Soracte*, Guardian, dost defend;
 Whom We the first adore; for whom we feed
 The Fire in piny Piles; and thro' That Fire, 1050
 Safe in our Piety, and fearless, walk,
 Thy Worshipers, and tread on burning Coals:
 Grant me, Almighty Father, by my Arms
 This Blot, this foul Dishonour to remove.

Rich

Ver. 1047. *Supreme of Gods*,
Apollo, &c.] How happens
 it that *Apollo* is called *Summus*
Deum, and *Pater omnipotens*?
Ex affectu colentis (says *Ser-*
vius) by the particular Zeal
 of his Worshipper: For only
Jupiter was strictly such. *Ma-*
crobius says, He is called so;
 because all the Deities were re-
 ferred to the *Sun*, and to the

Powers of Him only. But I
 do not perceive how That can
 be, according to the Tenour
 of the Heathen Doctrine. Ver.
 788. Orig. *multa premimus ves-*
tigia prunæ: *Hypal.* for *mul-*
ram—*vestigis prunam*. [in cu-
 jus honorem] *medium fracti pie-*
tate—*premius*, &c. Ver. 790.
Dum for *dummodo*.

Rich Spoils, or Trophys from the conquer'd Maid
I seek not; Fame my other Deeds shall give: 1056
Let This dire Pest fall vanquish'd by my Wound;
Inglorious to my Country I'll return.

Apollo heard; and part of his Request
He granted, part dispers'd in fleeting Air. 1060
That with a sudden Death he should surprize
Camilla, was indulg'd: That He return'd
Should see his Native Country, was deny'd;
And born by Winds the scatter'd Accents flew.
Therefore when, darted from his Hand, the Lance 1065
Sung thro' the Sky; the start'ed Host perceiv'd
The Sound; and all the *Volsians* to the Queen
Quick turn'd their Eyes: Herself nor aught regards
The whizzing Air, nor heeds the coming Dart;
'Till deep infix'd beneath her naked Pap 1070

The

[Ver. 1060. *He granted.*] In the Original, *Mente dedit*. What means That *Mente*? *Secundum ipsius [Aruntis] mentem & voluntatem*, says one Commentator. But it is impossible to conceive, that the Ablative Case can bear This Construction. *De La Cerda* accounts for it much better, referring it to *Apollo*: He granted Part, and deny'd Part, in his own Mind; not signify'd it by any visible sign, as was usual; Left *Arurus*, being assured that his own Death would be the Consequence of *Camilla's*, should be deterred from his Enterprize.

[Ver. 1068, *Regards.*] *Me-*

mor generally relates to the Past, but here to the Present. She did not heed it, or take notice of it.

[Ver. 1070. — *Naked Pap.*] *Hasta sub exertam*, &c. See the Note on Ver. 861. *Servius*, *Ruæus*, and *Minellius* grossly contradict themselves upon This Fact relating to the *Amazons'* Breasts. According to Them, *Exerta*, in *Virgil*, sometimes signifies *naked*, sometimes cut off. Nay *Servius* in his Note on Ver. 496. Book I. says that the Breast which was cut off was naked. Nothing can be more plain than that one was cut off, and the other bare; which latter, and That only,

The Weapon stuck, and drank her virgin Blood.
 Around their Mistress her Attendants run
 Trembling, and catch her, falling, in their Arms :
 But, more than all affrighted, *Arms* flies,
 With mingled Joy, and Fear; and now no more 1075
 Durst in his Lance confide, or obvious meet
 The Virgin's Darts. So flies the guilty Wolf,
 Red with the Slaughter of a lofty Bull,
 Or Shepherd; To avoid pursuing Spears,
 He flies; and, conscious of th' audacious Fact, 1080
 Close to his Belly, cowering, claps his Tail;
 Seeks the high Hills, and devious lurks in Woods.
 So *Arms* from all Eyes himself withdraws
 In wild Confusion; and, content with Flight,
 Plunges

is always signify'd by *exerta*, when apply'd to *mamma*, or *papilla*, upon This Subject. Strictly, and literally, 'tis laid out, or thrust out; And how can That mean any Thing like cutting off?

Ver. 1079. To avoid pursuing Spears.] *Ruæus* renders *sequantur* by *assequantur*, overtake: If it be so, 'tis like *quæro* for *acquirō*. But I rather take it literally; tho' my Version will answer either. *Ille* is elegant and emphatical in the Original; but cannot be rendered in *English*. So in the Xth Book it is apply'd to a Boar, and in the XIIth to a Lion. It denotes Eminency, and

Distinction. In the next Line but two, *remulcens* likewise has an Elegancy which our Language cannot answer. It is commonly rendered by *reflectens*, *retrahens*, &c. It certainly implies That, and seems to imply Something more; viz. the quivering Motion of the Tail, and his biding it, and as it were, fondly taking Care of it. The whole Simile is most beautiful, far more so than That of *Homer's* Iliad XV. from which it is taken. It is more elegant to mention a Wolf in particular, than a wild Beast in general, and his having kill'd an Ox, or a Shepherd, than a Dog. And then That

*Conscius audacis facti, caudamque remulcens
 Subjecit pavitantiæ utero*—

which is by much the best Part of it, is entirely *Virgil's* own.

BOOK II. VIRGIL's ÆNEIS. 345

Plunges amidst the Host. She dying tugs 1085

The sticking Jav'lin : But between the Bones,
In the deep Wound, fix'd stands the pointed Steel :
All pale she sinks ; her cold Eyes sink in Death ;
And from her-Cheeks the rosy Colour flies.

Then Thus, expiring, *Acca* she bespeaks, 1090
Her

Ver. 1085. *She dying tugs,* | than any in the whole Poem.
&c.] As *Camilla* is a Person | *One* has been taken Notice of
altogether particular, her Death | already ; And after *Aruns* has
is described with a greater Va- | thrown his Spear ; how sur-
riety of particular Circumstances | prizing is every thing !

*Ergo ut missa manu sonitum dedit hasta per auras ;
Convertere animos acies, oculosque tulere
Cuncti ad reginam Volsi ; nihil ipsa neque aura,
Nec sonitus memor, aut venientis ab æthere teli ;
Hasta sub exertam donec perlata papillam
Hæsit, virgineumque alte bibit æta cruorem.
Concurrunt trepidæ comites, dominamque ruentem
Suscipiunt : fugit ante omnes exterritus Aruns,
Lætisia, mixtoque metu.*————

And here at This place,

*Illa manu moriens telum trahit ; ossa sed inter
Ferreus ad costas alto stat vulnere mucro.
Labitur exanguis, labuntur frigida letho
Lumina ; purpureus quondam color ora reliquit.
Tum sic expirans, &c.
Hæstenu, Acca serror, potui, &c.
————tenebris mi, rescunt omnia circum, &c.
Jamque vale. Simul hæc dictis linguebat habenas,
Ad terram non sponte fluens : tum frigida toto
Paulatim exolvit se corpore, lentaque colla,
Et captum letho posuit caput, arma relinquens :
Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.*

Lenta ; bending, flexible. *Cap- |* nours her with the same Verse
tum letho ; Seiz'd by Death. | [*Vitaque cum gemitu, &c.*]
Arma relinquens is very em- | which he applies to the Death
phatical ; because in *Them* she | of *Turnus* himself ; and with
most delighted. The Poet ho- | which he concludes his whole

Her best lov'd Friend, and Partner of her Cares :
 Thus far I could, my Sister *Acca* ; Now
 My Life-Blood issues thro' the aking Wound ;
 And all things swim in Mists before my Eyes.
 Haste, and to *Turnus* These last Mandates bear ; 1095
 Let him succeed to Battel, and repel
 The *Trojans* from the Town. And now Adieu.
 So saying, from her slacken'd Hands she drops
 The Reins ; and not spontaneous flows to Earth ;
 Cold by degrees she sobs her Life away ; 1100
 Reclines her hanging Neck, and heavy Head,
 Leaving her Arms : And to the Shades below
 With Indignation flies her groaning Soul.

Forthwith a Clamour beats the golden Stars,

Immenſe,

Poem. 'Tis ſtrange that ſince *Virgil* thought fit to do ſo, *Mr. Dryden* ſhould not do ſo too. And the ſame may be ſaid of many other Paſſages. On the contrary, He ends the Xth, and XIIth Books with the ſame Line, which *Virgil* does not ; nor any thing like it. The Truth is, it may be obſerved in general upon That Work, that however *Mr. Dryden* may ſhine in *Engliſh Verſe* (and how far he does even That, I leave to the Judgment of Others) it

is plain enough that to imitate his Author, and endeavour to be like him in his Mien, and Manner, was the leaſt of his Care. Certainly every Tranſlator ſhould at leaſt aim at That ; (and I pretend to no more :) ſo that, as much as poſſible, the ſame may be ſaid of his Author compared with Him, which, upon another Occaſion, is ſaid by *Virgil* himſelf in the Perſon of *Andromache* ;

Sic oculus, ſic ille manus, ſic ora ferebat.

Ver. 821,—2. Orig. *Camillæ* [ſuit] *partiri* [ſolebat.]

Ver. 1095. Haste, and to *Turnus*, &c.] Wonderful is the Magnanimity of This ſhort

Speech. She makes no womanish Complaints ; but employs her laſt Breath in giving Orders for the Battle.

Effuge, & hæc Turno mandata noviffima porſer,
Succedat pugna, &c.

Immense, increasing: By *Camilla's* Death 1105

The Fight recruited with fresh Fury burns.

All rush together, all the *Trojan* Force,

The *Tyrrhene* Leaders, and *Evander's* Wings.

Opis mean-while, the Nymph of *Trivia's* Train,

Sits on a Hill; and fearless views the Fight. 1110

When She, amidst the Tumult of the War,

Beheld *Camilla* with a cruel Wound

Pale and expiring; from her inmost Breast

Deeply she groan'd, and Thus the Goddess spoke.

Alas! poor Nymph, a Penance too severe! 1115

Too rigorous a Forfeit hast Thou paid,

For Thus presuming to provoke in Arms

The *Trojan* Pow'rs. Nor Thee avail'd it aught,

Lonely in savage Thickets to have liv'd

Diana's Servant, and our Quivers worn. 1120

Yet Thee thy Mistress in th' Extremes of Death

Inglorious will not leave: Nor shall thy Fall

Uncelebrated thro' the Nations prove,

Or unreveng'd. For whoso'er he be,

Who with a Wound thy Body has profan'd; 1125

Death is the Penalty for That Offence.

Beneath a lofty Hill, a Bust there stood

Of high-raisd Earth; for King *Dercennus* rear'd,

Ancient *Laurentian* King; and cover'd o'er

With gloomy Oak. Here first with rapid Flight 1130

The Goddess takes her Stand; and from the Tomb

Arms surveys. When Him she saw in Arms

Glitt'ring, and vainly swelling with Success:

Why That way? Hither turn thy Steps, she said;

Come hither, doom'd to perish; and receive 1135

The

The due Reward *Camilla's* Death demands:

Shalt Thou too die by great *Diana's* Darts?

She said; and from her golden Quiver took
A feather'd Shaft, and bent her vengeful Bow;
Bent it, 'till both the crooked Horns were join'd, 1140
And met each other; her left Hand at once
Touching the Point, her right, and the tough Nerve
Strain'd to her Breast. Forthwith the sounding Air,
And Hissing of the Weapon *Aruns* heard,
And in his Body felt the sticking Steel. 1145

Him, tumbled in thick Smoke upon the Plain,
Groaning his last, and sobbing out his Soul,
His Friends, unmindful, leave in Dust unknown:
Opis to high *Olympus* speeds her Flight.

Their Queen thus slain, first flies *Camilla's* Wing 1150
Light-

Ver. 1136. *The due Reward Camilla's Death demands.*]

—*Capiat ut digna Camilla Præmia.* *Rugus* understands This in a very singular Sense, different from That of all other Interpreters. I refer to his own Words, without transcribing them. I take it, as it is commonly understood; *Præmia*, quibus dignus es propter mortem *Camilla*.

Ver. 1139, 40. — *Bow* — *Horns*, &c.] *Cornu*, the Bow itself: *Capita*, the Ends or Points of it. For the Beauty of This Description, and That of *Homer*, from which it is taken, see Mr. *Pope's* XIth Remark upon the IVth Iliad. Ver. 361. Orig. *Manibus jam saugret aquis. Æquis* (says

Servius) for *aqualiter*, or *aquantibus*. I suppose the Meaning must be, that one Hand equally, or as much, touch'd the Head of the Arrow, as the other did her Breast; and *vice versâ*.

Ver. 1150. *Their Queen thus slain, first flies, &c.*] *Prima fugit dominâ amissâ*, &c. From This Verse to — *præmaque mori pro mœnibus audent*, or as Some (tho' not so well) read, *ardent*, here is such a Description of a Rout, or Defeat, as cannot be equalled. The *Confusion* and *Distress* are inexpressible. Let the Reader consider the Particulars; especially These. After they are fled into the City, and pursued by their Enemies even into their Houses, it follows;

Light-arm'd; The *Rutuli* confounded fly,
 And brave *Atinas*, and the scatter'd Chiefs,
 And broken Troops: To safer Posts they run,
 And spur their foaming Steeds to reach the Town.
 Nor now can any Force in Arms sustain 1155
 The *Trojans*, pressing, and dispensing Death;
 Or stand oppos'd: But languid back they bear
 Their Bows unbent, and o'er their Shoulders slung;
 And the swift Horses shake the putrid Soil
 With sounding Hoofs. A turbid Cloud of Dust 1160
 Rolls to the City: On the lofty Tow'rs
 The Matrons stand, and to th' ethereal Stars
 Raise female Cries; and frantick beat their Breasts.
 With Those who thro' the open Gates first croud
 Into the Town, a mingled Throng of Foes 1165
 Together presses: Nor a cruel Death
 Do they escape; but ev'n within their Walls,
 Their Houses, and beneath their native Roofs,
 Transfix'd expire their Souls. Some shut the Gates;
 Nor durst permit their own imploring Friends 1170
 To enter: Those with Arms the Passes guard,
 These rush against those Arms; Among them all,
 A Slaughter vast and terrible ensues.
 Others, before their weeping Parents' Eyes,
 Excluded,

*Nec miseram effugiant mortem; sed limine in ipso,
 Mœnibus in patris, atque inter tuta domorum
 Confixi expirant animas. Pars claudere portas,
 Nec locis aperire viam, nec mœnibus audent
 Accipere orantes; oriturque miserrima cades
 Defendentium armis aditus, inque arma ruentium.
 Exclusi ante oculos lacrimantumque ora parentum
 Pars in præcípites fossas, urgente ruina,
 Volvitur; immixtis pars ceca & concita frangis
 Ardet in portas, & duros objice postes,*

Excluded, by the Rout, and Ruin urg'd, 1175
 Down the steep Trenches leap : With loosen'd Reins
 Some forward spur their Steeds, and blindly tilt
 Against the Gates, the Bars, and solid Posts.
 The trembling Dames themselves, when they beheld
Camilla, by their Country's Love inspir'd 1180
 Hurl Weapons from the Ramparts ; pointed Oak,
 Harden'd with Fire, and sharpen'd Stakes they use
 Instead of Steel : Precipitant they run,
 In This last Conflict foremost tempt their Fate,
 And first dare perish in the Town's Defence. 1185
 Mean-while to *Turnus*, in the Woods, convey'd
 The dismal Tidings came, and fill'd his Soul
 With Tumult: *Acca* to the Youth relates
 That all the *Volscian* Squadrons were destroy'd,
Camilla slain, th' insulting Foes march'd on, 1190
 Bore all before them with successful War,
 And to the Walls the Consternation roll'd.
 He furious (so the Will of *Jove* severe
 Ordain'd) forsakes the guarded Hills, and Woods.
 Scarce from That Ambush had the Chief retir'd, 1195
 And, out of view, descended on the Plain :
 When Prince *Aeneas* enter'd with his Troops

The

Ver. 1175. *Excluded.*] *Ex-*
cludi, and *Pars* agree in *Sense*.
 In the next Line but One,
Arjetat means that the Horses
 beat against the Gates like bat-
 tering Rams. *Ruus* contra-
 dicts This ; but without gi-
 ving any Reason for his Op-
 nion. In the next Verse, *sum-*
mo, for *supremo*, the last ; i. e.
 as They imagin'd.

Ver. 1179, — 80. *When they*
beheld Camilla, &c.] I under-
 stand it of her dead Body
 brought back : For so it might
 be ; and yet *Diana* might af-
 terwards convey it away, as
 she promised. To refer it to
 the *Example* of *Camilla*, when
 she first went to the War, is far-
 fetched, unnatural, and scarce
 Sense.

The open Thickets, the high Mountain's Ridge
 O'erpass'd, and issu'd from the gloomy Grove.
 So Both, with rapid Haste, and all their Pow'rs, 1200
 Together march, and strive to reach the Walls :
 And now but little Space between them lies.
 Soon as *Æneas* saw the distant Fields,
 Smoking with Dust, and all th' *Ausonian* Host ;
 And *Turnus* knew *Æneas* dire in Arms ; 1205
 And heard the thund'ring Hoofs, and snorting Steeds ;
 Forthwith they had engag'd, and Battle join'd :
 Had not the rosy Sun in Western Waves
 (The Day declining) plung'd his weary Car,
 And brought returning Night. They pitch their Tents
 Encamp'd, and lie entrench'd before the Town. 1211

Ver. 1203. *Soon as Æneas* | mean a *confused Prospect* ; the
saw, &c.] — *Prospexit* — *vi-* | latter, to the Troops, a more
dit. How come These two | *distinct View* of them, as they
 Words to be inserted in the same | came nearer to them. Last Ver.
 Verse ? The former, relating | Orig. *vallant* ; i. e. *vallis cin-*
 to the Dust of the Field, may | *gunt*, or *circundant*.

The End of the Eleventh Book.





VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

BOOK the TWELFTH.

THIS last Book is manifestly distinguished by being the last, and by giving us the *Catastrophe* of the greatest and most glorious *Action* in the World. Yet before we come to That *Catastrophe*, with what *Variety* are we entertained! With what *Abundance* of important Matter, and *surprizing* Incidents! The War seems to be concluded; then begins afresh, and rages much more than ever. One of the chief Heroes is wounded, and the Other killed. The Spirit of *Turnus* at the Beginning is most noble: And the Book opens in the fullest, and strongest manner imaginable.

*Turnus ut infractus adverso Marte Latinos
Defecisse videt, sua nunc promissa reposci,
Se signari oculis; ultro implacabilis ardet,
Attollitque animos. Pœnorum qualis in arvis
Saucius ille gravi venantum vulnere pectus,
Tum demum movet arma Leo, &c.*

The

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS. 353

The *Fierceness* of his Speech; The *Coolness* and *Wisdom* of *Latinus's*; The *female Softness*, and *Pathos* of *Amata's* are so many distinct Kinds of Excellence. After the *Solemnity*, and *Religion* of the *League*; What a Turn is given to our Thoughts by the *Breaking* of it, even before the *Altars* which had ratify'd it! particularly by that Confusion, at

*Pars gladios stringunt manibus, pars missile ferrum
Corripiunt, cæcique ruunt: quos agmina contra
Procurrunt Laurentum; hinc densi rursus inundant
Troës, Agyllinique, & pictis Arcades armis.
Sic omnes amor unus habet decernere ferro;
Diripuerè aras; it toto turbida coelo
Tempestas telorum, & ferreus ingruit imber.
Craterasque, focosque ferunt: fugit ipse Latinus,
Pulsatos referens, infecto cœdere, Divos.
Infrænant alii currus, aut corpora saltu
Subjiciunt in equos, & strictis ensibus adsunt.*

A Man cannot command his own Motions, while he reads This; The very *Verses* are alive; and the Reader is transported out of himself. Afterwards, when *Æneas* is wounded, and withdrawn from the Battle, *Turnus* swells to our Imagination, and grows more rapid, fierce, and terrible, than ever.

*Turnus, ut Æneam cedentem ex agmine vidit,
Turbatosque duces; subita spe fervidus ardet,
Poscit equos, atque arma simul; saltuque superbus
Emicat in currum, & manibus molitur habenas.
Multa virûm volitans dat fortia corpora letho;
Seminices volvit multos; aut agmina curru
Proterit; aut raptas fugientibus ingerit hastas.*

And

354 INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

And after That Heroic Simile, by which he is compared to *Mars* himself, it follows;

*Talis equos alacer media inter prælia Turnus
Fumantes sudore quatit, miserabilè cæsis
Hostibus insultans: spargit rapida ungula rores
Sanguineos, mistaque cruor calcatur arena.*

Who sees not the Chariot and Horses *whirling* and *smoking* along, over Heaps of dying Men; hears not the *Clang* of the *Whip*; and feels not the *Blood* and *Sand* bespattering his *Face*? The *Rapidity* of the *Lines* is such; that they seem to the very *Eye* to be in a *swift Motion*, and ready to *fly out of Sight*. I know Nothing superiour to This; and I believe Nothing of the Kind in *Homer* himself can equal it. From This *Harvock*, and *Carnage*, made by One of the chief Generals in the *Field*, our Thoughts are immediately turned to the cooler *Image* of the Other, *wounded*, and *bleeding* in his *Tent*, and supported by his Friends. His *magnanimous Behaviour* is very affecting; but the *Distress* of his Affairs is more so. All Endeavours for his Cure are unsuccessful; His Army is in a manner defeated; And the Enemy's Darts fall thick even into his *Tent*. The Surgeon tries all Ways, and Methods; But

*Nulla viam fortuna regit, nihil auctor Apollo
Subvenit: & sævus campis magis ac magis horror
Crebrescit: propiusque malum est. Jam pulvere
coelum
Stare vident; subeunt equites, & spicula castris
Densa cadunt mediis, &c.——*

What

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS. 355

What *Image* of *Distress* can be *stronger* than This? But his Wound is healed by the Assistance of a Divine Power: And then how is the Face of Things immediately changed: Particularly, what a Figure does He himself make!

*Ille avidus pugnae furas incluserat auro
Hinc atque hinc, oditque moras, hastamque coruscant.*

Afterwards,

*Hæc ubi dicta dedit, portis sese extulit ingens,
Telum immane manu quatens, &c.——*

He seeks *Turnus* only, and vouchsafes not to engage in any other Combate, being desirous to shed as little Blood as possible, and to end the War at once by the Death of Him who is the Cause of it. But after many Attempts, being not able to come up with That Hero, who is by Artifice still withdrawn from him, and being Himself almost wounded a second time, (Part of his Crest being actually struck off from his Helmet) he then exerts the Warriour indeed:

*Tum vero assurgunt iræ; insidiisque subactus,
Diversos ubi sensit equos, currumque referri,
Multa Jovem, & læsi testatus foederis aras,
Jam tandem invadit medios, & Marte secundo
Terribilis sævam nullo discrimine cædem
Suscitat, irarumque omnes effundit habenas.*

Did ever Action turn, and wind, and ebb, and flow, and at last swell, and rise like This! We are now come to the last Part of the last Battle: which in *Rage* and *Fierceness* exceeds all the rest
put

356 INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

put together. The Poet asks, what God will enable him to describe it?

Quis mihi nunc tot acerba Deus, &c.

The Two chief Heroes in different Parts of the Field (for They are not as yet suffer'd to meet) make such Devastation as was never heard of. After they are compar'd to two *Fires*, and *Floods*,

Quisque suum populatus iter——it follows

——*Non segnius ambo*

*Æneas, Turnusque ruunt per prælia; nunc, nunc
Fluctuat ira intus; rumpuntur nescia vinci
Pectora, nunc totis in vulnera viribus itur.*

Afterwards, speaking of all in general;

*Totæ adeo conversæ acies, omnesque Latini,
Omnes Dardanidæ, Mnestheus, acerque Sereflus,
Et Messapus equum domitor, & fortis Asylas,
Tuscorumque phalanx, Evandrique Arcadis alæ:
Pro se quisque viri summa nituntur opum vi;
Nec mora, nec requies; vasto certamine tendunt.*

I am utterly mistaken, if in all These Passages *Virgil* is not sufficiently animated with *Poetical Fire*. The Besieging of the Capital City, in which the King, and all the Court reside, gives a fresh and surprizing Turn to our Thoughts: And to make it the more so, the Poet introduces it as suggested by a Goddess;

*Hic mentem Æneæ genetrix pulcherrima misit,
Iret ut ad muros, urbique adverteret agmen, &c.*

The

The Confusion and Distraction of the City, occasion'd much by the *Siege*, but more by the *Death of the Queen*, is far greater than ever; and admirably described.

And now we come to the *last*, and *best* Scene of all: from Ver. 614. Orig. *Interea extremo*, &c. to the End of the Poem. It contains the *last Distress* and *Death of Turnus*; with a most particular, and noble Description of the *single Combate* between Him, and *Aeneas*. The Whole is such a *Mixture* of the *Sublime*, and the *Pathetical*, of the most *exquisite Elegancy*, and the most *Heroic Fire*, and *Fury*, as cannot any where be parallel'd. The Images *croud so thick*, and make *so deep an Impression* upon us; that we scarce know how to *separate* them. I will just point at Some of the most remarkable Passages: And That is all I pretend to. The Two chief Heroes (as we observ'd) were engaged in different Parts of the Battle. The One is now besieging the Capital City; which is in all the Distraction just before mentioned. And what becomes of the *Other*? The next Words inform us:

*Interea extremo bellator in aequore Turnus
Palantes sequitur paucos; jam segnior, atque
Jam minus atque minus successu lætus equorum.*

The *languid Flowing* of the Lines expresses *Weariness* and *Dejection*. But as yet he knows nothing of what has happen'd to the City. What follows therefore?

*Attulit hunc illi cæcis terroribus aura
Commixtum clamorem; arreptasque impulit aures
Confusæ sonus urbis, & illætabile murmur.*

That

358 INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

That last Verse alone is almost worth a whole *Thebais*. This rouses him from his *Réverie* : For the next Words are *His* ; tho' we are elegantly *not told so* ; 'till after they are spoken.

*Hei mihi ! quid tanto turbantur mœnia luctu ?
Quidve ruit tantus diversa clamor ab urbe ?*

He then stands listning in Amazement :

Sic ait ; adductisque amens consistit habenis.

The Speech to his Sister,

O soror, & dudum agnovi, &c.

gives us such an Example of *sublime Distress*, and *magnanimous Complaining*, as is no where else to be found.

—————*Sed quis Olympo
Demissam tantos voluit te ferre labores ?
An fratris miseri lethum ut crudele videres ?
Nam quid ego ? aut quæ jam spondet fortuna sa-
Vidi oculos ante ipse meos, &c.* [*luteam ?*]

And having in most patheticall Expressions recounted the Deaths of his dearest Friends, proceeds Thus ;

*Excindine domos (id rebus defuit unum)
Perpetiar ? dextra nec Drancis dicta refellam ?
Terga dabo, & Turnum fugientem hæc terra videbit ?
Usque adeone mori miserum est ? Vos ô mihi Manes
Este boni ; quoniam Superis aversa voluntas :
Sancta ad vos anima, atque istius inscia culpæ,
Descendam, magnorum laud unquam indignus a-
vorum.*

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS. 359

What Tragedy can exceed the Distress, or equal the Sublimity? And yet Both are greatly heightened by the next Incident; *Turnus* as yet knows not that the City is already reduced to the last Extremity, and that the Queen has murder'd her self. He is informed of Both in what follows, by an Officer who comes riding full speed towards him, wounded across the Face with an Arrow:

*Vix ea fatus erat; medios volat ecce per hostes
Vectus equo spumante Sages, adversa sagitta
Saucius ora, ruitque implorans nomine Turnum.
Turne, in te suprema salus; miserere tuorum:
Fulminat Æneas armis, &c.——*

*———In te ora Latini,
In te oculos referunt———*

And after having told him the gallant Behaviour of Others, concludes with a Reproach upon *Turnus*;

———Tu currum deserto in gramine versas.

Well might the next Words follow as they do; and none could follow better:

*Obstupuit varia confusus imagine rerum
Turnus, & obtutu tacito stetit; aestuat ingens
Imo in corde pudor, mistoque insania luctu,
Et furiis agitatus amor, & conscia virtus.*

This Distress, one would think, is high enough; But it rises much higher still. After he is return'd to his Senses; the first Object that encounters him is the Town on Fire:

*Ut primum discussæ umbræ, & lux reddita menti est;
Ardentes oculorum acies ad mœnia torfit
Turbidus,*

360 INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

*Turbidus, æque rotis magnam respexit ad urbem,
Ecce autem flammis inter tabulata volutus
Ad cœlum undabat vortex, turrimque tenebat, &c.*

The next Degree is higher yet:

*Jam jam fata, soror, superant; absiste morari:
Quò Deus, & quò dura vocat fortuna, sequamur.
Stat conferre manum Æneæ, stat quicquid acerbi est
Morte pati; nec me indecorem, germana, videbis
Amplius; hunc, oro, sine me furere ante furorem.*

Here again the Speech is elegantly abrupt, and begins without any introductory *inquit*, or the like. After he has spoke Those few emphatical Words; how impetuous does he fly to find out and fight Æneas, from whom his Sister had before with-drawn him!

*Dixit, & è curru saltum dedit ocius arvis;
Perque hostes, per tela ruit, mæstamque sororem
Deserit, ac rapido cursu media agmina rumpit.
Ac veluti montis saxum de vertice præceps
Cum ruit avulsum vento, &c.*

So he rushes on; 'till he comes to the Walls of the Besieged City, to the Place

——— *Ubi plurima fuso
Sanguine terra madet, stridentque hastilibus auræ.*

After our Thoughts have been so long agitated with the Violence of his Passions, they now begin to cool and settle; and *Suspense* and *Expectation* succeed. He beckons with his Hand to his Friends, bids them forbear fighting, and takes all the

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS. 361

the remaining Part of the War wholly upon Himself:

*Significatque manu, & magno simul incipit ore.
Parcite, jam Rutuli, & vos tela inhibete, Latini:
Quæcunque est fortuna, mea est, &c.*

After they have retired, and left a void Space, as a List for the two Combatants;

Discessere omnes medii, spatiumque dedere:

What a Figure on the Other Side presents it self to our View!

*At pater Æneas, audito nomine Turni,
Deserit & muros, & summas deserit arces;
Præcipitatque moras omnes, opera omnia rumpit,
Lætitia exultans, horrendumque intonat armis.
Quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx, aut ipse coruscis
Cum fremit ilicibus quantus, gaudetque nivali
Vertice se attollens pater Apenninus ad auras.*

A Man, while he reads This, seems to rise in his own Stature, and to grow up to the Clouds: They are some of the most Heroical Lines that ever were written. And now our Attention and Suspense are wrought up to the full Height: Two great Armies are Spectators of a single Combate, the Event of which must determine the Fate of Both. Those, who a Minute since were engaged in the fiercest Conflict, now drop their Weapons on both Sides, and only gaze in Silence, and Expectation.

*Jam vero & Rutuli certatim, & Troes, & omnes
Convertere oculos Itali; quique alta tenebant*

362 INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

*Mœnia, quique imos pulsabant arjete muros:
Armaque deposuere humeris. Stupet ipse Latinus
Ingentes genitos diversis partibus orbis
Inter se coiisse viros, & cernere ferro.*

In the next Words the Fight actually begins; and our Hearts, at the Fury of the Onset, throb with yet greater Suspense.

*Atque illi, ut vacuo patuerunt æquore campi,
Procurſu rapido, conjeſtis eminus haſtis,
Invadunt Martem clypeis atque ære ſonoro:
Dat gemitum tellus; tum crebros enſibus icſus
Congeminant: Fors & virtus miſcentur in unum, &c.*

I paſs over the various Incidents, the Turns, and Traverſes of the Combate it ſelf: They are plain Facts obvious to every body. My Buſineſs is to obſerve by what Degrees the *Diſtreſs* and *Sublimity* of This laſt Scene are worked up. And we are now come to the laſt Part of it. How diſmal is the Machine of the *Dira*, or *Fury*, ſent to drive *Juturna* from the Field!

*Dicuntur geminæ peſtes, cognomine Diræ;
Quas, & Tartaream Nox intempeſta Megæram,
Uno eodemque tuſit partu, paribuſque revinxit
Serpentum ſpiris, ventofaſque addidit alas.
Hæ Jovis ad ſolium, ſævique in limine regis
Apparent, acuuntque metum mortalibus agris:
Si quando lethum horrificum, morboſque Deûm
Molitur, meritas aut bello territat urbes. [rex*

One of Theſe is ſent upon This Errand. And

*Postquam acies videt Iliacas, atque agmina Turni;
Alitis in parvæ ſubito collecta figuram,*

Quæ

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS. 303

Quæ quondam in buſtis, aut culminibus deſertis
Nocte ſedens, ſerum canit importuna per umbras,
Hanc verſa in faciem, Turni ſe peſtis ad ora
Fertque reſertque ſonans, clypeumque everberat
alis.

Not only the Senſe, but the very Sound, of Theſe Lines is enough to chill one's Blood. *Futurna's* Speech, upon This Omen, is moſt pathetic. And the Diſtreſs of her Brother ſtill increaſes. After the inſulting Speech of his Enemy;

*Ille, caput quaffans; Non me tua fervida terrent
Diſta, ferox: Dii me terrent, & Jupiter hoſtis.*

The Brevity of That Answer is moſt emphatical.

Nec plura effatus, ſaxum circumſpicit ingens, &c.

He makes the laſt Efforts of Deſpair; attempts things beyond his Strength; and knows not where he is, or what he does.

*Sed neque currentem ſe, nec cognoscit euntem,
Tollentemve manu, ſaxumque immane moventem, &c.*

And Then follows That admirable Simile, comparing his vain Attempts to the feeble Endeavours which we make in *Dreams*. Almoſt every Word in it is remarkable.

*Ac velut in ſomnis oculos ubi languida preſſit
Nocte quies; nequicquam avidos extendere curſus
Velle videmur, & in mediis conatibus ægri
Succidimus: non lingua valet, non corpore notæ
Sufficiunt vires; nec vox, nec verba ſequuntur.*

Afterwards;

———*Tum pectore sensus
Vertuntur varii; Rutulos aspectat, & urbem;
Cunctaturque metu, telumque instare tremiscit;
Nec quo se eripiat, nec qua vi tendat in hostem:
Nec currus usquam videt, aurigamque sororem.*

The *Irresolution, Confusion, and Distraction* of his Thoughts is such; that it can be exceeded by Nothing, but his *Death*. Which therefore is the next Thing described. And in This Description, because it is his *last*, and relates to a Thing of the *last Importance*, (*viz.* the Death of One of the chief Heroes by the Hand of the Other) the Poet exerts his *utmost Force*, and *exceeds Himself*.

*Cunctanti telum Æneas fatale coruscat,
Sortitus fortunam oculis; & corpore toto
Eminus intorquet. Murali concita nunquam
Tormento sic saxa fremunt; nec fulmine tanti
Disfultant crepitus. Volat atri turbinis instar
Exitium dirum hasta ferens, orasque recludit
Loricæ, & clypei extremos septemplicis orbes,
Et medium stridens transit femur. Incidit ictus
Ingens ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus.
Consurgunt gemitu Rutuli, &c.*

His Speech is very moving; especially That

———*Oro, (fuit & tibi talis
Anchises genitor) Dauni miserere senectæ, &c.*

And the Art of the Poet in securing his Hero's Honour from the Imputation of Cruelty, by the Sight of *Pallas's Belt*, is beyond Example.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS. 365

*Ille oculis postquam sœvi monumenta doloris
Exuviasque hausit, furiis accensus, & ira
Terribilis; Tunc hinc spoliis indute meorum
Eripiare mihi? Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas, &c.*

He makes it an Act of Piety in him to kill even his suppliant Enemy; Which he immediately does: And so ends the most glorious Action, and the best Poem in the World.

But is it ended? Is it not an *imcomplete* Work, like *Lucan's Pharsalia*? And is not the *Supplement* of *Maphæus* very proper? So far otherwise, that Nothing could be more absurd. And absurd it would have been, even tho' *Maphæus* had been as good a *Writer of Verses*, as *Virgil*; which yet his *Thirteenth Book* of the *Æneis* does by no means testify. But the Objection is, that the Settlement of the *Trojans* in *Italy*, not the Death of *Turnus*, is the Action of the Poem: Nay the very Proposition, or Exordium, of it sets forth the Hero's Building of his City—*dum conderet urbem*. But neither is his City built, nor Himself and his *Trojans* settled. To This I answer, First, That even in the direct Action, the Event is determined, tho' not fully executed; We plainly see how it must be, and that it cannot be otherwise: And to conclude here, is elegant, and judicious. It is (as I think I have somewhere seen it compared) like throwing up the Cards on all Sides, when any One can shew the Game in his Hand. To play it out after That, would be superfluous, and undiverting. Or if These two Instances are not exactly parallel; if the Poet could have entertain'd us a little farther; it was however artful, and ingenious, to make us rise with an Appetite from such a Feast; and to make

366 INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

us wish he had not yet concluded. But Secondly, and Chiefly, The *Poem* is *entire*, and *complete*, even as to those Particulars upon which the Objection is grounded. The Marriage of *Æneas* with *Lavinia*; The Building of the City; His Deification, or being made a God; The full and entire Incorporation of the *Trojans* with the *Italians*; and not only That, but the Building of *Rome*, and the most considerable Part of the *Roman* History (which is much more than the *Action* of the *Poem*, or than what was mentioned in the Proposition) are all included in This Work: Not as Parts of the Action indeed, but (which is far better) by way of Prophecy interspersed up and down, and delivered upon several Occasions. Especially, in *Jupiter's* Speech to *Venus* Book I. in That of *Anchises* to *Æneas* Book VI. in the Sculptures upon the Shield Book VIII. and in the Conversation between *Jupiter* and *Juno* in this XIIth which we have now before us. As an Heroic Poem *opens* in the *Middle* of Affairs, so it *terminates* before the *Conclusion* of them. Both the Beginning and the End are involved and wrapped up in other Parts; that the Reader may have the pleasing Task of unravelling and adjusting Them. This is the delightful Method of Epic Poetry; and This is One great Circumstance by which it is distinguished from History. A *delightful Method* it is; because it seems to be *no Method* at all. For the *Elegancy* and *Beauty* of it, see the Note upon Ver. 41 of Book I. and Preface to the *Æneis*.

This last Book is so singularly noble, and full; and the Connexion of it's Parts so exquisite; that I could not forbear giving an entire Analysis of it, as I did before of the Fourth. This will very much shorten my Remarks upon particular Verses. That

I have transcribed so great a Number from the Original, here, as well as in many other Places, will, I hope, be esteem'd at least a pardonable Fault. It will be said perhaps that I might for the same Reason have transcribed the whole Poem. But That is not true: All the Stars in the Firmament are *bright*, and *shining*: Yet there are Stars of *different Magnitudes*. These Verses indeed may as well be read among the rest in the Poem it self: But still they may give us a *new*, and a *different*, if not a *greater* Delight, by being thus selected, and inserted into a Dissertation: *Flowers* give us *One Kind* of Pleasure, as they grow in a fine *Garden*; And *Another*, as they are woven into *Garlands*, or fill *Flower-Pots* in our Houses. However it be, I flatter my self that I have not much injured my Subscribers*; if, having promised them a *Translation* of the *Æneis* with *Notes*, I have given them a good Part of a *New Edition* into the Bargain.

WHEN Turnus saw the harra's'd Latins faint
 With unsuccessful War; his Promise claim'd;
 Himself mark'd out, and by all Eyes observ'd:
 Conscious of inborn Worth he burns with Rage
 Implacable, and rouses all his Fire. 5
 The lordly Lion Thus, on Libya's Plains,
 Gor'd by the Hunter's Spear within his Breast
 Infix'd,

Ver. 4. *Conscious of inborn* | *Worth.*] For all That is im-
 | *ply'd* in the Word *ultr'd*.

* To the First Edition.

Infix'd, at length springs furious to the Fight,
 And shakes with dreadful Pride his shaggy Mane;
 Intrepid snaps the sticking Dart, and roars, 10
 And foams with bloody Mouth. No less incens'd
 Fierce *Turnus* storms; He then accosts the King,
 And Thus gives Vent to his disorder'd Thoughts.

In *Turnus* there is no Delay; no Cause
 For which the Coward *Trojans* should retract 15
 The Challenge they have sent: I dare the Fight:
 Perform, great King, the Sacrifice requir'd,
 And ratify the League. Or This Right hand
 Shall send to Hell the *Dardan* Renegade,
Asia's Deserter, (let the *Latins* sit 20
 Spectators:) and my single Sword refel
 The Imputation of our common Crime;
 Or he possess us conquer'd, and to Him
 The Royal Bride *Lavinia* be resign'd.

To whom *Latinus* Thus sedate replies. 25
 O gallant Youth; The more thy Valour boils

Exuberant,

Ver. 8. — *Springs furious to the Fight.*] — *Mouet arma*: Exerts his Strength; uses the Arms with which Nature has furnished him; viz. his Teeth and Claws, &c. In the next Line, *Toros*, for the knot-ty, muscular Parts of his Neck: *Latronis*, for *Venatoris*.

Ver. 15, 16. *Retract the Challenge, &c.*] For That is the Meaning of *discta retractant*:

Æneas having sent a Challenge to *Turnus* by *Drances*, &c. in the 11th Book.

Ver. 20, 21. — *Let the Latins sit Spectators.*] *Sedeant, spectentque Latini*. This is a tacit and elegant Reflection upon the *Latins*, for requiring Him alone to sustain the War.

Ver. 26. *O gallant Youth, the more thy Valour, &c.*]

— *O præstans animi juvenis, quantum ipsa feroci Virtute exuperas, tanto me impensius æquum est Consulere, atque omnes metuentem expendere casus.*

Here

Exuberant, the more it me concerns
 With Prudence to advise, and fearing weigh
 All Hazards. Thee thy Father *Dannus*' Realms,
 And many Cities vanquish'd by thy Arms, 32
 Attend, to own thy Sway; *Latinus* too
 Has Wealth, and Counsel, and his People's Love.
 Other unwedded Virgins, and in Birth
 Not unillustrious, *Latium*'s Regions boast.
 Do thou permit me, free from guileful Arts, 35
 To open Truths not pleasing to be told;
 And fix them in thy Mind. The Pow'rs Divine
 Allow'd

Here again we have the *cautious, misgiving old Man*, and the *careful, good King*, in the utmost Perfection. Few Lines in the *Æneis* strike me more than Those Three. I have already observed that the Speech in general is most excellent; and admirably opposed to the furious and fiery one of the young Hero *Turnus*, to which it is an Answer.

Ver. 31,—2. ——— *Latinus too Has Wealth, and Counsel, and his People's Love.* *Nec non aurumque animusque Latino est.* That Interpretation is not to be endured, which refers *Latino* to any *Latin*, or any one among the *Latins*. And as little is That, which resolves it Thus: "You have (or shall have) Wealth and Affection from Me; or any Thing, except my Daughter." This is bad Sense, and no Grammar. The Meaning is plainly This:

"You and I can do very well
 "without This Alliance of
 "Marriage: You want not
 "Mine; nor I Yours." The great Difficulty is in the Word *Animus*. It may signify *Courage*, or *Wisdom*, [*Counsel*, I have render'd it, which is much the same] or *Affection*; or any Two of These, or all Three together. I have translated it at large: The *Last* may signify *Affection* or *Love*, either from Him to his People, or from his People to Him; or Both. He certainly applies it not all to his own *Qualities*: (That, as the Word means either *Courage*, or *Wisdom*, would be arrogant;) but to his *Propriety*, or *Possessions*: Whatever is his *faithful People's*, is *His* in Effect. Their *Wisdom*, *Courage*, and *Affection* redounding to *His* Advantage.

Allow'd me not to join my Daughter's Hands
 With any *Latian* Prince; and That Decree
 All Gods and Men unanimous declar'd. 40
 O'er-pow'r'd by Love of Thee, by kindred Blood
 O'er-pow'r'd, and by my mourning Consort's Tears,
 All sacred Ties I violated; broke
 The Faith I plighted to her destin'd Lord; 44
 And took up impious Arms. Since That, what Woes,
 What Wars have still pursu'd me, what thy self,
 As Chief, hast suffer'd, *Turnus*, well thou know'st:
 Two mighty Battles lost, we scarce defend
 The Hopes of *Latium* in This City pent;
 Still *Tyber's* Stream runs smoking with our Blood; 50
 And all the spacious Fields are white with Bones.
 Whither so often am I hurry'd back?
 What Frenzy This? If after *Turnus's* Death,
 I stand prepar'd t' admit These new Allies;
 Why rather end I not the dire Debate, 55
 While yet he lives? On Me what just Reproach
 Would by our Kindred of *Rutulian* Race,
 And ev'n by all th' *Italian* States be cast;
 Shouldst thou (may Heav'n avert the Omen!) fall,
 Betray'd to Death by me; while here thou seek'st 60
 Our long'd-for Nuptials, and my Daughter's Love.
 Think

Ver. 39. *With any Latian Prince*] *Veterum*——*proco-*
rum : i. e. Those who had been
 formerly, and for a long time
 proposed.

Ver. 53, &c. *If after Turnus's Death, &c*] *Si Turno ex-*
tineto socios [*Trojanos*] *sum ac-*
cive paratus; *Cur non incolumi*
[illo] potius certamina tollo?

He takes it for granted that
Turnus will fall in This Com-
 bate, if he engages in It: O-
 therwise his Conclusion would
 not be good. This indeed, in
Turnus's Sense of Things, is
 Begging the Question: For He
 speaks, as if he were almost
 confident of Victory.

Think on the various Chance of doubtful War:

Pity thy aged Father; whom from Thee

His distant City *Ardea* now divides;

Sad and disconsolate. By This Advice 65

Nought of his Fire abating, *Turnus* raves;

And by his Med'cine more distemper'd grows.

Soon as his Faculty of Speech returns,

He Thus persists. Whatever Care for me

You have conceiv'd, dismiss it, Best of Kings, 70

For Me, at my Request; and let me stake

My Life for Glory. We too, Father, lance

No ling'ring Spear, no ineffectual Darts;

And from our Wound the Blood is taught to flow.

Him nought his Goddess Mother shall avail, 75

To screen him flying in a female Cloud;

And hide her self in unsubstantial Shades.

But, terrify'd with new Alarms of War,

The weeping Queen, already doom'd to Death,

Hung on the ardent Hero. By These Tears 80

I beg thee, *Turnus*, grant This one Request;

If

Ver. 71, 72. *Stake my Life,* &c.] *Letum pro laude pacisci.* In L. b. V. 230. it is *vitam pro laude pacisci.* The Sense is the same: tho' seemingly contrary. To *stake*, bargain, &c. to lose one's Life, or suffer Death, is all one.

Ver. 75. *Him nought his Goddess Mother shall avail.*] *Longe illi Dea mater erit.* As *adesse*, or *presentem esse*, signifies very frequently to help or assist; so, on the contrary, and for the same Reason, *longe esse* some-

times signifies not to help, or assist.

Ver. 80. *The ardent Hero.*] In the Original it is *ardentem generum*; Her Son-in-law; not that he was so, but that he was intended to be so. See the Note on Book II. 421. and on Book VII. 240. In the next Line, *Per* [honorum *Amata*] *Si quis Amata tan ut [te] bonos, &c.* So *Per si quis est, &c.* — *Intemerata fides.* Lib. II. 141, — 2.

If aught of Rev'rence ever touch'd thy Soul
 For poor *Amata*, Thou the only Hope
 Art left, the Solace of my wretched Age;
 On Thee *Latinus*' Fame, and Realm, on Thee 85
 The Royal House with all it's Strefs reclines.
 Forbear; nor urge the *Trojans* to the Field;
 Whatever Fortune waits Thee in the War,
 Me too, my *Turnus*, waits: This hated Light
 I soon shall leave; nor in my captive State 90
 My conqu'ring Son-in-law *Æneas* see.

The fair *Lavinia* seconds with her Tears

Her

Ver. 92. *The fair Lavinia seconds with her Tears, &c.*]
 This Princess (tho' the Action turns upon her) is a mute Person; as young Ladies, among the Ancients, generally were, or very near it, both in Tragedy, and Comedy. The Manners of the Moderns are quite different; as appears from their Dramatic Pieces, Heroic Poems, and Romances: In all which the fair Sex is display'd more at large; and Love-Adventures are the most considerable Parts of the Performance. The ingenious Author of *Virgil's* Life before Mr. Dry-

den's Translation, makes it a Blemish in *Lavinia's* Character, that "she looks a little flickering after *Turnus*." But why it should be a Reflection upon her, that she was more inclined to a young beautiful Prince of her own Country, of great Valour, and Merit, who had long made his Addresses to her, than to a Foreigner, and a mere Stranger, whom she had never so much as seen, I confess I do not understand. The Verses which describe her beautiful Grief, and Blushing, are themselves most beautiful.

*Accepit vocem lacrimis Lavinia matris,
 Perantes perfusa genus; cui plurimus ignem
 Subiecit rubor, & calefacta per ora cucurrit.
 Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit astro
 Si quis ebur, vel mista rubent ubi lilia multa
 Alba resa, tales virgo dabat ore colores.*

Servius and *De La Cerda* differ in their Interpretation of the first Line; and *Ruæus*, I

think, interprets it wrong. I clearly apprehend it Thus; *Accepit* [i. e. exceptit, answered,

Her Mother's Suit; and bathes her glowing Cheeks:
 A burning Flush runs o'er her Face diffus'd,
 And fires it's Whiteness: As the Crimson Dye 95
 Stains *Indian* Ivory; Or with the Red
 Of mingled Roses snowy Lillies blush:
 Such blended Colours o'er her Visage flew.
 He, on the Virgin fix'd, and gazing, stands;

Turbid

ed, and seconded] *vocem—lacrimis; perfusa flagrantem genas.* Whereas *Ruæus* renders *accepit* by *audiebat*; and refers *lacrimis* to *perfusa*. The next Words are more difficult. —*Cui plurimus ignem Subjecit rubor.* *Servius* will have it to be an *Hypallage*, for *ignis [animi] subjecit ruborem*. But That is very harsh, for more Reasons than one: And still he does not tell us what is meant by *subjecit*; which is the main Difficulty. Rather, *Rubor subjecit* [i. e. *ad-jecit*] *ignem*: She blushed so much, that her Face was set on Fire with it. *Sub* in Composition (as I have before more than once observed) does not always imply *under*; nay, in *Virgil*, it generally signifies *otherwise*. Thus afterwards in This very Word, and in This very Book: *Corpora saltu Subjiciunt in equos*. And *Livy*, even in *Prose*, uses the same Expression. Or if you will here take it in the *first* Sense, it may be *Subjecit* [cuti *understood*:] The Blood, which her Modesty had so fired, being under the Skin. But there is no

Occasion for This Ellipsis (tho' it may be as well allow'd as *Servius*'s) because the other Exposition will account for it. The Commentators are silent upon This Word: Only *Ruæus* renders it by *suffecit*; which indeed amounts to much the same with what I have said; *suffecit* for supply'd. I cannot but think that the *Crimson*, and the *Ivory*, and the *Lillies*, and the *Roses*, are much better apply'd to a fair Lady's Blushing by *Virgil*, than the two former to a wounded Hero's Bleeding by *Homer*. Iliad IV.

Ver. 99. He, on the Virgin fix'd, and gazing, &c.] *Illum turbat amor, figitque in virgine vultus.* Here is a new Nominative Case understood. These disjointed Constructions are (and ought to be) rarely allowed in modern Writers of Latin Verse; and yet they are very frequent in *Virgil*; But He had Authority to do any Thing of This Kind: And he so manages the Matter, that he is seldom, or never, obscure by These, and such like Liberties.

Turbid with Love, he burns for Arms the more; 100
And to *Amata* Thus in brief replies.

Send me not, Mother, with ill-boding Tears,
And Omens, to the rigid Toils of *Mars*:

'Tis not in *Turnus* to defer his Fate.

Thou, *Idmon*, to the *Phrygian* Tyrant bear 105.

(No Joy to Him) This Message. Soon as Morn,

Fresh in her rosie Car, shall paint the Sky;

Let him not lead his *Trojans* to the Fight:

Let *Trojans* and *Rutulians* from their Arms

Desist; his Blood and Mine decidè the War; 110

And in That Field the Royal Bride be gain'd.

This said, with rapid Haste into the Court

He rushes, and demands his Steeds; exults

To see them paw and bound before his Eyes:

Them *Orithyia* to *Pilumnus* gave, 115

(Illustrious Present!) Coursers which surpass'd

The Snow in Whiteness, and in Speed the Winds.

The busy Grooms stand round; and with their Palms

Clap

Ver. 104. 'Tis not in *Turnus* to defer his Fate.] — *Neque enim Turno mora libera mortis*. I wonder *Servius* should reckon This among the *Insolubilia*; when there are few

Things in the Poem more plain, and obvious, even as He himself understands it.

Ver. 112: This said, with rapid Haste, &c.]

Hæc ubi dicta dedit, rapidusque in tellæ recessit;
Poscit equos, gaudetque tuens ante ora frementes, &c.
Qui candore nives anteirent, cursibus auras.

That of *Homer*, from which This last Verse is taken,

Λευκοτεροι χιόνος, θείων δ' ἀνιμοισιν ἐμοίον,

is indeed most nobly beautiful. But *Virgil's* perhaps excels it, by referring the same Word an-

teirent to Both Branches of the Division.

Clap their broad Chests, and comb their waving Manes.

Himself his Corset laces to his Breast 120

Squalid with Gold and Brass; then fits his Sword;

His Helmet, and his double Crimson Plume;

The Sword which *Vulcan* for old *Dæmon* made,

And ting'd it hissing in the *Stygian* Lake.

Next his long Spear, *Auruncan Actor's* Spoil, 125

Which, in the Middle of the spacious Court,

Against a lofty Pillar leaning stood,

He grasps; and shakes it quiv'ring in the Air.

Then Thus aloud: O never yet invok'd

By me in vain, Now, trusty Spear, the Time 130

Is come: Thee mighty *Actor* once possess'd,

Now *Turnus* wields. Give me to stretch on Earth

This half-male *Phrygian*; with my forceful Hand

To tear the Corset from his Body rent;

And in the Dust to soil his Tresses, curl'd 135

With crisping Irons, and perfum'd with Oils.

Thus wild he raves; and from his smoking Mouth

Burst

Ver. 121. *Squalid with Gold and Brass.*] The Word *squalid* in English may, for aught I see, do as well as *squalentem* in Latin. Neither can be taken in it's first, and proper Signification: But Both mean rough, or stiff. There is something exactly like it in our Language; But 'tis only among the Vulgar: A Coat daub'd with Gold-Lace. In the same Line *Oricbalco* is Mountain-Brass; the finest, and richest of that Kind of Metal.

Albo, pale; especially in comparison of Gold, which is mentioned with it. Some most improperly read it *Aurichalco*; which cannot stand in the Verse. This is derived from *δρος mons*, and *χαλκός* *as*. In the next Ver. *babudo*; i. e. *ad commodè habendum*, or *gerendum*; to make them fit him, or fit *ri be*. In the next Verse, *cornua cristæ*; a Crest, double, or divided into two Parts, which stood out like Horns.

Burst Sparks of Fire, and Flashes from his Eyes.
 So hideous roars the Bull with previous Rage,
 And practises the Fight; against an Oak 140
 Whetting his Horns, he pushes empty Air;
 And spurns the Sand, preluding to the War.

Nor less *Æneas*, in *Vulcanian Arms*
 Refulgent, rouses all his Martial Rage,
 Rejoicing with a League to end the Strife. 145
 His anxious Friends, and sad *Iulus*' Fears
 He then consoles, recounting Fate's Decree:
 His Answer by th' Ambassadors return'd
 To King *Latinus* sends, accepts the Truce,
 And fixes the Conditions of the Peace. 150

Scarce had *Aurora* with her new-born Light,
 Returning, sprinkled-o'er the Mountain's Tops;
 When, issuing from the Ocean, *Phæbus*' Steeds
 Thro' their wide Nostrils snort the solar Fire:
 The *Trojans* and *Rutulians* for the Fight 155
 A Cirque before the lofty Walls describe;
 And Altars in the Midst of grassy Turf
 Build to their common Gods: Some Water bring,
 And consecrated Fire; their Bodies veil'd 159
 With

Ver. 138. Burst Sparks of Fire, &c.] *Abfistunt*: i. e. *erumpunt*: exire non cessant, says *Donatus*.

Ver. 143. *Vulcanian Arms*.] Orig. *Maternis*; his Mother's; i. e. made by *Vulcan* at her Request.

Ver. 154. Wide Nostrils, &c.] So I render'd it, because I could not think of a better Word in English: Not that,

with *Ruæus*, I interpret *elatis* by *patulis*; For where the Word ever signify'd That, I know not. It certainly means tossed high, in This Place. *Ruæus* instead of *elatis* seems to have read *è latis*: and perhaps That is the true Reading; tho' all Copies, and Editions, even That of *Ruæus* himself, have the Other.

With Linen, and their Heads with Vervain crown'd.
Th' *Ausonian* Legions march; and iron Troops
Pour from the croud'd Gates. To them oppos'd
The *Trojans*, and the *Tyrrhene* Squadrons rush,
In various Arms; and no less rang'd in Arms,
Than if the rigid Labour of the War

165

Had call'd them to the Field. The Chiefs themselves,
Amidst the Thousands, thro' th' embattled Lines
Ride round, all rich in Purple, and in Gold:
Mnestheus from old *Assaracus* deriv'd;

Aylas brave, *Messapus*, *Neptune's* Son,

170

Tamer of Steeds. When now (the Signal giv'n)

All to their Posts allotted were retir'd;

They fix their Spears in Earth, and rest their Shields.

The longing Matrons, and the feeble Sires,

And unarm'd Vulgar, load the Houses-Tops,

175

And Tow'rs; or crouding fill the lofty Gates.

But *Juno* from the Mount, now *Alban* call'd,

(No Name, no Mark, or Glory Then it bore,)

Surveys the list'd Field, both Armies rang'd,

Trojans, *Laurentians*, and *Latinus' Walls*.

180

The Goddess then to *Turnus' Sister* speaks,

Her self a Goddess, o'er the sounding Streams,

And Lakes presiding; (*Jove* to Her had giv'n

That Honour for her Virgin Honour lost:)

Nymph, Pride of Rivers, best by me belov'd;

185

Thou know'st how Thee I have preferr'd to all

The *Latins*, who the Bed of *Jove* ingrate

Have e'er ascended; and with glad Consent

Permitted thy Advancement to the Skies.

Accuse not me, *Juturna*; but thy own

190

Affliction

Affliction learn. While Fortune and the Fates
 Suffer'd th' Affairs of *Latium* to succeed;
 I still protect'd *Turnus*, and Thy Walls.
 Now the brave Youth I see engag'd in Fight,
 With Gods unequal: And his destin'd Hour 195
 And Death approach. This Combate, and This League
 My Eyes endure not: Thou, if aught thou dare
 More present for thy Brother's Aid, proceed;
 'Tis just: Perhaps a better Chance betides
 The wretched *Latins*. Thus she scarce had spoke: 200
Juturna answers with her Tears; and beats
 With oft repeated Blows her beauteous Breast.
Juno replies: 'Tis now no Time for Tears;
 Haste; and, if any Means be offer'd, snatch
 Thy Brother from his Fate: Or Thou excite 205
 New Wars; and break th' intended League: 'Tis I
 Persuade the bold Attempt. This said, she leaves
 The Nymph perplex'd, and wounded in her Thoughts.
 Mean-while the Kings in long Procession move,

High

Ver. 192. *Succeed.*] *Cedere*,
 for *procedere*, or *succedere*. Ver.
 before: *Quà* for *quatenus*; and
 That for *quamdiu*.

Ver. 209. *Mean-while the*
Kings, &c.] *Interea Reges* [*ve-*
buntur, or *procedunt*:] *Ingenti*
mole Latinus Quadrijugo in-
bitur curru, &c. Ellipsis. In
 he next Verse but one, *Spe-*
cimen for *Argumentum*, or *In-*
gne, the *Proof*, or *Badge*.

Mr. Pope says, (and says ve-
 ry truly) that "the Prepara-
 tions, the Procession of the
 Kings, and their Congress,

"are much more solemn and
 "poetical" here in *Virgil*,
 than in the Illd *Iliad* of *Ho-*
mer. But "that the Oath and
 "Adjurations are equally no-
 "ble in Both," I confess I
 cannot apprehend. In the *Iliad*,
 they are made only on one Side,
viz. by *Agamemnon*; For *Pri-*
am, on the other, says nothing,
 but only that he cannot bear
 the Sight of the Combate.
 Whereas here they are made
 on both Sides, and are equally
 solemn, awful, and religious.
 First by *Æneas*:

Eps

High in his Chariot, by four Horses drawn, 210
Latinus rides: Twelve golden Rays inclose
 His Temples round; illustrious Argument
 Of his high Lineage from the Sun deriv'd.
 In his white Car young *Turnus* next succeeds,
 Shaking two Jav'lins of broad-pointed Steel. 215
 Then, from the opposite embattled Line,
 Comes the great Father of the Roman Race,

Æneas,

*Esto nunc sol testis, & hæc mihi terra vocanti,
 Quam propter tantos potui perferre labores;
 Et pater omnipotens, & tu Saturnia Juno,
 Jam melior, jam Diva, precor; tuque inclyte Mavors,
 Cuncta tuo qui bella pater sub numine torques;
 Fontesque, fluviosque voco, quæque ætheris alti
 Relligio, & quæ cæruleo sunt numina ponto.*

Afterwards by *Latinus*:

*Hæc eadem, Æneas, terram, mare, sidera juro,
 Latonæque genus duplex, Janumque bifrontem,
 Vimque Deum infernam, & diri sacraria Ditis;
 Audiat hæc genitor, qui fœdera fulminis sancit;
 Tango aras, mediosque ignes, & numina testor.*

But I have again the Misfortune to differ in Opinion with the excellent Translator of *Homer*, in his First Observation upon the IVth Book of the *Iliad*; chiefly, tho' not only, with relation to the Subject now before us. "It was from the Beginning of this Book" (says He) that *Virgil* has taken That of his tenth *Æneid*." That Book indeed opens with a Synod of the Gods; and so does *Virgil's* Tenth: But That is all the Resemblance I can find. For the Debates in These two Synods (except the Imitation of a

Line or two, not at all material to the Merits of the Cause) and the Conclusions of them are totally different; as any one may see who will compare them. And if *Virgil* must borrow from *Homer*, because he has a Synod of the Gods, at the Beginning of a Book too, as the other had before him; then indeed he has very little of his own. *Homer's*, it is true, might suggest This Passage to his Thoughts: And so the *Iliad* suggested the whole *Æneis*. But was the Last therefore taken from the First? For the same Reason,
Virgil

Æneas, with his Shield's broad starry Orb
 All bright, and blazing in celestial Arms:
Ascanius by his Side, the other Hope 220
 Of mighty *Rome*. And in his snow-white Robe
 The Priest a Youngling of a bristled Sow
 Brings to the Altars, and a Lamb unshorn:
 They turn their Faces to the rising Sun;
 Offer salt Cakes; and from the Victims clip 225
 The

Virgil is a Copyist by describing any *Battle* whatsoever; because *Battles* had been described by *Homer*, and Others, before *He* was born. But for This I refer to my Preface to the *Æneis*. Neither is "the whole Tenour of the Story" in the III^d and IVth Books of the *Iliad* "followed in *Virgil's* XIIth." Part of it is; but not *All*, nor near it. "The Truce, and the solemn Oath, the Breach of it by a Dart thrown by *Tolumnius*, and *Juturna's* inciting the *Latins* to renew the War, are, I confess, manifestly copy'd from thence:" But not "the Wound of *Æneas*, his speedy Cure, and the Battle ensuing." *Menelaus* is not the chief Hero of the One Poem, as *Æneas* is of the Other. The Last is wounded with quite different Circumstances from Those of the First. To make a Parallel, *Æneas* should have been wounded by *Tolumnius*, with a formed Design, as *Menelaus* was by *Pandarus*; not (as he actually was) by a *Random-Shot*, which came from No-body knows Who. The Distress of the *Grecian Army* likewise upon the Hurt of *Menelaus* is nothing to That of the *Trojan Army* upon the other Incident. As little alike are the two Cures of the two Heroes; as any body may see, who will compare the Circumstances. But the two consequent Battles in These two Books have a little Resemblance between them, as any two Things of the same Species can be imagined to have. *Menelaus*, the newly recovered Hero, is never so much as named in That IVth Book after he is so recovered: Whereas *Æneas* in his own Person gives an entire Turn to the whole War, and soon after concludes it in This Twelfth. "The Solemnity, Surprise, and Variety of these Circumstances (continues He) seemed to Him [*Virgil*] of Importance enough, to build the whole Catastrophe of his Work upon them; tho' in *Homer* they are but Openings

The foremost Hairs ; and on the flaming Hearths
From consecrated Bowls Libations pour.

Then good *Æneas*, with his Sword unsheath'd,
Thus prays. Thou Sun, be Witness to my Vows ;
And Thou *Ausonian* Land, for which I bore 230
Such mighty Toils ; Thou Heav'n's Almighty King ;
And Thou *Saturnian* *Juno*, Goddess, hear,
Now more propitious ; And Thou potent *Mars*,
Whose Deity controuls, and turns all Wars :
You, Fountains, and you, Rivers, I invoke ; 235
And

“ nings to the general Ac-
“ tion, and such as in their
“ Warmth are still succeeded
“ by all that follows them.”
I do not understand how the
whole Catastrophe of his Work
is built upon Those Circum-
stances really copy'd from *Ho-*
mer, any more than upon ma-
ny others, which both precede,
and follow them: The Action
taking several important Turns,
between These Circumstances,
and the Catastrophe. In *Ho-*
mer, they are *Openings* to the
general Action ; and very pro-
perly: In *Virgil*, they are *Open-*
ings to a New, and most noble
Scene, towards the Conclusion
of the general Action: Which is
full as proper, and to me much
more surprizing and delightful.
In *Virgil* likewise the Circum-
stances really copy'd from *Homer*
are exceeded in Warmth (as
they may well be, for there is
but little Warmth in them) by
all that follows: And That too
is a great deal ; tho' it is but
Part of One Book. Therefore
I much admire at Mr. Pope's

last Words in This Observation:

“ The finishing his [*Virgil's*]
“ Scheme with That which is
“ but the coolest Part of *Ho-*
“ *mer's* Action, tends in some
“ Degree to shew the Dis-
“ parity of the Poetical Fire
“ in These two Authors.”
The Circumstances here really
copy'd from *Homer*, (which are
only the League, and the Breach
of it) do not finish his Scheme,
nor any thing like it. And
what follows is so far from
resembling the coolest Part of
Homer's Action ; that no Part
of *Homer's* Action (of equal
Length) is so fiery. If *Vir-*
gil's Twelfth Book (of all
Things) argues him deficient in
Poetical Fire: I own I have
no Sentiment of it; and know
not what is meant by it.

Ver. 227. From consecrated,
&c.] *Paterisque altaria libant,*
for *fundunt vinum libatum: pa-*
teris in altaria. These Trans-
positions may seem strange. And
This, indeed, is, I think, the
strangest in all *Virgil*,

And whatſoe'er Divinity reſides
 Or in high Heav'n above, or Seas below.
 If Chance ſhall to *Auſonian Turnus* give
 The Conqueſt; To the King *Evander's* Walls
 'Tis juſt the vanquiſh'd *Trojans* ſhould retire; 240
Iulus from Theſe Regions ſhall withdraw;
 Nor ever ſhall th' *Æneade* return
 With new Alarms, or vex Theſe Realms with War.
 But if my Arms with Conqueſt ſhall be crown'd;
 (Which rather I ſuppoſe, and may the Gods 245
 Confirm That Hope;) I never ſhall compel
 Th' *Italians* to receive the *Trojan* Yoke:
 Nor to their Empire does my Soul aſpire.
 In Leagues eternal, and in equal Laws,
 Unconquer'd, let both Nations ſtill remain; 250
 Gods and Religion I will add; His Pow'r
 And Empire let *Latinus* ſtill enjoy:
 New Walls the *Trojan* Colony ſhall build;
 And fair *Lawinia* give Thoſe Walls a Name.
 So firſt *Æneas* ſpoke. Then Thus reply'd 255
Latinus, with his Eyes erect to Heav'n,
 And his Right Hand extended to the Stars:
 By the ſame Pow'rs, by Earth, by Heav'n, and Sea,
 I ſwear, *Æneas*; by *Latona's* Twins,

And

Ver. 236. Divinity.] Rel-
 ligio. The Worſhip, for the Ob-
 jects of it. Metonymy. Ver.
 185. Orig. *Rebelleſ*; not *Rebels*,
 as we uſe the Word in Engliſh;
 but renewing the War.

Ver. 244. But if my Arms,
 &c.] *Sin noſtrum annuerit no-
 bis victoria Martem*: for noſ-
 ter (i. e. favens) annuerit no-

bis victoriam Mars. Hypal-
 lage. Next Ver. *Non ego nec*,
 &c. This double Negation is
 not common; tho' there are o-
 ther Inſtances of it.

Ver. 251. His Pow'r.] O-
 rig. *Arma*. That Word here
 implies Dignity, and Power:
 Arms being the Security of
 Both.

And two-fac'd *Janus*; by th' Infernal Gods, 260
 And grieved *Pluto's* Court: Hear Thou this Oath,
 Great *Jove*, whose Thunder ratifies our Leagues:
 Upon the Altars and the middle Fires
 I lay my Hand, and Thus attest the Gods.
 This League, This Peace among th' *Italian* States 265
 (Howe'er th' Event may prove) no Time shall break;
 Nor me shall any Force or Pow'r avert:
 Not, tho' the Earth it plunge into the Sea
 In Deluge mix'd, and Heav'n with Hell confound.
 As now This Sceptre (in his Hand he bore 270
 His Sceptre) never more shall sprout with Leaves;
 Since, ravish'd from it's Mother Tree, it lost
 It's Boughs lop'd from it by the sharpen'd Steel:
 A vegetable Plant at first; now shap'd,
 And by the Artist's Hand inclos'd with Brass, 275
 The Badge of State for *Latin* Kings to wield.

Thus They alternate firm'd the League, amidst
 Th' assembled Nobles: Then by ancient Rite

They

Ver. 261. Court.] Orig. *Sacraria*. Strictly, the Sanctuary, or most sacred Recess of a Temple. But Expositors here understand it, by analogy, of his Court; That being sacred too.

Ver. 261. Force or Pow'r, &c.] *Non me vis ulla violentem Avertet*. That is, Nothing should force him to do it willingly. The Word *violentem*, I dare say, was never put There by *Virgil*. No Commentator takes the least notice of it.

Ver. 270. As now This Sceptre, &c.] Mr. *Pope's* Observation is certainly just, that

This Passage in *Virgil* does not come up to the Propriety of That in *Homer* from which it is taken. The Circumstance of the Wood being cut, and incapable of sprouting again, is applicable to Division, but not to Peace. Upon This Place, *Ramus* says that *Virgil* might, and ought, to have spared so minute and particular a Description of the Sceptre. But he gives no Reason for This Censure: And as for Authority, That of *Homer*, and of *Virgil* put together, will at least be a Ballance for His.

They stab the sacred Victims on the Flames;
 Rend their yet living Entrails from their Breasts; 280
 And loaded Chargers on the Altars pile.

But to the *Rutuli* unequal seem'd
 That Combate; and their Breasts, long since confus'd,
 With various Motions fluctuate: Now the more,
 When nearer they behold the Chiefs ill-match'd. 285
Turnus augments Those Fears, as slow he moves
 With silent Pace, and at the Altar bows,
 Suppliant with down-cast Eyes; his livid Cheeks:
 And Paleness o'er his youthful Body spread.
Juturna, when Those Murmurs she perceiv'd 290
 Thick'ning, and multiply'd among the Croud,
 Their shifting Passions, and their drooping Cheer,
 Mingles among the thickest Troops, assumes
Camertes' Shape, from noblest Lineage sprung,
 Fam'd for his Father's Valour, and his own; 295
 Then scatters various Rumours thro' the Field,
 And Thus, not uninstructed, speaks aloud.

Blush you not, Ye *Rutulians*, to expose
 One Life for All? In Number, or in Strength
 Are we inferiour? See the *Trojans* here, 300
 Th' *Arcadians*, and *Etruria's* fatal Band
 Hostile to *Turnus*. Should each Second Man
 Of Us engage; he scarce would find a Foe.
 The Hero's self, 'tis true, shall to the Gods,

Before

Ver. 285. — Their Chiefs ill match'd.] —Cernunt [Ducēs esse] non viribus æquis. Elipsis. In the next Ver. *Adjuvat* [i. e. auget hanc opinionem] —*Turnus*, The same Figure,

Ver. 302. — Each second Man.] *Alterni* here signifies not *Alternate*, or by turns: (for That would include the whole Number) but every other Man, i. e. half the Number,

Before whose Altars he devoted stands, 305
 Ascend ; and live immortal in his Fame :
 We, who now sit Spectators on the Plain,
 Our Country lost, shall bend beneath the Yoke
 Of Victors proud, and foreign Lords obey.

With Words like These the Warriour Youths she fir'd ;
 And thro' the Troops the spreading Murmur ran. 311

The *Latins* and *Laurentians*, who e'erwhile
 Hop'd for a long Repose from bloody Toils,
 And Safety to their State, now chang'd would rush
 Again to Battle ; with the League dissolv'd ; 315
 And pity *Turnus*' hard unequal Fate.

This more *Juturna* adds, and from high Heav'n
 An Omen gives ; Than which none better fram'd
 Could puzzle and deceive th' *Italian* Host.

For in the ruddy Sky *Jove*'s tow'ring Bird 320

A Flock of River-Fowl with sounding Wings
 Before him drove ; Then, stooping to the Waves,
 With his sharp Pounces snatch'd and bore aloft
 A stately Swan : Th' *Italians*, in Suspense
 Arrest, stand gazing : And the Birds all join'd 325

(Prodigious to behold !) with screaming Noise
 Form a thick Cloud, and turn their airy Flight,
 Obscure the Sky with Wings, and press their Foe :
 'Till, by the Weight, and by their Force o'erpower'd,
 He from his hooky Talons drops the Prey 330
 Upon the Stream, and flies into the Winds.

Then

Ver. 307. *Sit.*] *Confedimus*,
 for *Confidemus*. Perhaps it
 should be *Confidimus*. Ver. 241.
 Orig. *jam* for *jampridem*.

VOL. III.

Ver. 320. *Ruddy.*] *Rubra* ap-
 ply'd to *ætbra* (say Expositors)
 means *big* ; called *Red*, because
 near the Element of Fire.

S

Then all th' *Aufonians* loud with shouting Cries
 Salute the Omen ; And prepare to range
 Their Troops for Battle : And the Augur first
Tolumnius speaks. This, Ye *Rutulians*, This 335
 Is what I oft desir'd ; I see, and own
 The Gods : By me, by me conducted, draw
 Your Weapons ; You, whom Thus like tim'rous Birds
 The impious Renegade affrights, and wastes
 Your Shores : He soon will fly, and hoise his Sails. 340
 Close You your thick'ning Squadrons ; and by War
 Defend your Leader from unequal Fight.

He said : and running forwards hurl'd a Dart
 Amidst the Throng of Foes : The well-aim'd Ashe
 Flies on direct, and hissing cuts the Air. 345
 A thundring Shout succeeds ; Then all the Ranks
 Tumultuous take th' Alarm, and burn with Rage.
 The flying Spear, as then by chance there stood
 Nine Brothers of distinguish'd Shape and Mien,
 (Whom One chaste Consort of the *Tyrrhene* Race 350
 All to *Gylippus* of *Arcadia* bore,)
 Reach'd one of These, a Youth of beauteous Form,
 And deck'd in shining Arms ; and where the Belt
 Close to the Belly strains the middle Waist,
 And the round Buckle clasps it's Joints, transfix'd 355
 His

Ver. 333. *Prepare to range,*
 &c.] Orig. *Expediuntque ma-*
nus. This *De La Cérda* under-
 stands of spreading their Hands
 to pray. All Others take it
 for preparing, or fitting them-
 selves, or making themselves
 expedite for the Battle. The
 Last, without Question, is the

true Sense. The Word is so
 used even in Prose.

Ver. 342. *Defend your Lea-*
der, &c.] Regem : i. e. your
 General, *Turnus*. In the same
 Line, *raptum*, not (as it strict-
 ly signifies) actually snatched
 away ; but like to be so.

Ver. 355. *Clasps it's Joints.*

BOOK 12. VIRGIL'S *ÆNEIS*. 387

His Flank, and stretch'd him on the yellow Sand.
 But wild with Rage the sprightly Brothers burn ;
 Some draw their Swords, Some snatch the missive Steel,
 And blind rush on : 'Gainst them th' *Ausonian* Troops,
 Resisting, croud ; To These again oppos'd 360
 A Tide of *Trojans*, by th' *Arcadians* join'd
 With painted Arms, and all *Agylla's* Youth ;
 All with like Ardour fir'd to end the Strife
 By open War : They hurl the Altars down ;
 An Iron Tempest, and a Storm of Darts 365
 Hovers aloft, and blackens all the Sky.
 The sacred Hearths and Goblets they o'erturn ;
Latinus' self, the League now broken, flies,
 And carries back his disappointed Gods.
 Some rein their Chariots, or with active Bound 370
 Leap on their Steeds, and with drawn Weapons run.
Messapus, eager to confound the Peace,
Tyrrhene Aulestes, King, and on his Shield
 Bearing a Kingly Impress, with his Steed
 Justles adverse : He terrify'd gives way, 375
 And o'er the Altars, to his Back oppos'd,
 Ill-fated, on his Head and Shoulders rolls.
Messapus fiery with his Jav'lin flies ;

And

Mordet, for *stringit*, clasps :
Laterum, the Sides of the Belt.
 In the next Ver. *Transadigit*
 [per] *costas*. Ver. 285. Orig.
ferunt : i. e. *auferunt*, tollunt,
diruunt, evertunt. So *rapiunt*-
que, *feruntque*. Book II. 374.
 Ver. 369. — His disappointed
 Gods.] *Pulsatos*, not bea-
 ten ; as if so great an Outrage

had been offered to their Images :
 But repulsed, baffled, disap-
 pointed, violated, injured, by
 the Breach of the League, and
 Oath. So *Servius*, and *De La*
Cerda ; *pulsatos*, i. e. *læsos*, &
violatos ; quia *læsa* & *violata*
fœdera. Ver. 291. Orig. *pro-*
terret ; i. e. *proturbat*.

And Him, much praying, with a mighty Spear
 High from his Steed transfixes, and Thus speaks. 380
 Thou hast it there ; ' This Victim to the Gods
 Is better giv'n : ' Th' *Italians*, crouding, strip
 His welt'ring Body. *Ebusus* springs on,
 And aims a Blow ; Him *Chorineus* meets,
 And dashes o'er his Face a flaming Brand 385
 Snatch'd from the Altar : His huge bushy Beard
 Blazes, and spreads a Stench. The other close
 Urges his startled Foe, and in his Hair
 Twists his Left Hand ; and, pressing with his Knee
 His Stomach, nails him prostrate to the Ground ;
 And plunges in his Side the rigid Steel. 391
 Next *Podalirius*, with his Sword unsheath'd,
 The Shepherd *Alfus*, rushing thro' the Darts
 In the first Rank, pursues, and o'er him stands
 Threatning aloft ; He, drawing back his Hand, 395
 Full in the Middle with his Axe divides

His

Ver. 379. — *A mighty Spear.*] *Telo — trabali.* So the Holy Scripture ; *The Staff of whose Spear was like a Weaver's Beam.*

Ver. 381. *Thou hast it there.*] *Hoc habet.* I have changed it from the third Person to the second ; because the Latter seems to carry a better Sound in our Language. I admire at *Donatus's* Exposition, *Bene se res habet* ; and at *Scaliger's*, *Sic, sic agendum est.* Unquestionably *Servius* and Others take it right, *sensu gladiatorio* : A sarcastical Expression, by which the Conqueror insulted the

Conquered, when he saw him wounded. So *Terence* uses it metaphorically ; *Certe captus est, habet.* *Andria* Act I. Scene I.

Ver. 395. *He.*] i. e. *Alfus.* In some places (and This is one of them) *Virgil* leaves us a little in Doubt to know who kills, and who is killed. But an ordinary Degree of Attention will make it plain enough. For Instance, in This Passage the Pronoun *ille* is manifestly referred to the Person last named ; who is *Alfus*. Let the Reader consider it.

His Forehead, and his Chin ; and smears his Arms
With spatter'd Brains all o'er : A deadly Rest,
And iron Slumber seals his heavy Eyes,
And closes them in everlasting Night. 400

Then good *Æneas* stretch'd his Hand unarm'd,
And, with his Head uncover'd, to his Friends
Thus call'd aloud. Whence This so sudden Change
To Discord ? Whither rush you ? O restrain
Your Rage : The Treaty is confirm'd, and all 405
Conditions fix'd ; 'Tis just that I alone

Engage ; Permit me ; Cease your Fears ; This Hand
Shall fix the League, by whose religious Rites
~~The Life of~~ *Turnus* is a Debt to Me. *to combat*

Thus while he spoke ; a feather'd Arrow flew 410
With hissing Sound, and in the Hero stuck :
'Twas doubtful from what Hand the Weapon came ;
What God, or Chance to the *Rutulians* gave
So great a Triumph : Smother'd was the Fame
Of That illustrious Deed ; and none allow'd 415
To boast the Glory of *Æneas*' Wound.

When *Turnus* saw *Æneas* from the Field
Retiring, and the *Trojan* Chiefs confus'd ;
Fir'd with new Hope he suddenly demands
His Arms, and Horses ; vaults with haughty Bound 420
Into his Car, and guides the ~~flowing~~ Reins :
Many brave Warriours in his swift Career
He gives to Death ; rolls many on the Ground
Half-dead ; or drives his Chariot o'er their Troops ;
Or plies their Backs with Jav'lines in their Flight. 425
As when enrag'd, near frozen *Hebrus*' Stream,
Mars clashes on his Shield, and wakes the War,

And to his foaming Coursers gives the Reins ;
 They, in the open Field, outfly the Winds,
Notus, and *Zephyrus*: Beneath their Feet 430
 The *Thracian* Confines groan ; And round him throng
 Fury, and Stratagem, and pale Dismay,
 The dire Retinue of th' ensanguin'd God.
 So *Turnus*, thro' the Middle of the Fight,
 Exulting, lashes on his fiery Steeds 435
 Smoking with Sweat ; and (dreadful to behold !)
 Tramples his prostrate Foes : The rapid Hoofs
 Scatter the gory Dew all sprinkled round,
 And spurn thick Clots of mingled Sand and Blood.
 Now *Sthenelus* and *Thamiris* he kills, 440
 And *Pholus* ; These two last in closer Fight,
 The first at distance : And at distance both
 Th' *Imbrasidæ*, *Glaucus*, and *Lades* nam'd ;
 Whom *Imbrasus* himself in *Lycia* bred,
 And with like Arms adorn'd, expert in War, 445
 And with fleet Horses to outstrip the Winds.
Eumedes, ancient *Dolon's* warlike Son,
 Advances next ; expressing in his Name
 His Grandfire ; in his Soul and Deeds, his Sire :
 Who,

Ver. 432. *Pale Dismay*.] The Word *Formido* here, like *Φόβος* in *Homer*, may be taken (as the Schools speak) either *objectively*, or *subjectively* : Either as it relates to the Person who *causes* Fear, or to the Person who is *afraid*. I rather chuse the last mentioned : Not that *Mars* is supposed to be afraid, (just the contrary) but that the *Terrour* which he

causes is poetically One of his *own* Retinue ; as *Death* is Another : And yet He himself was supposed to be no more capable of *dying*, than of being *afraid*. I have receded from the Letter of the Epithet *atra* : Because the Word *pale* in English suited my Purpose better. Ver. 345. Orig. [*peritos*] *vel confesse*, &c. Ver. 350. *Ausus* [est.]

Who, whilom, undertaking to explore 450
 The Grecian Camp, presum'd for his Reward
 The Chariot of *Pelides* to demand.
 To Him far other Prize *Jydides* gave
 For That presumptuous Thought, That bold Attempt ;
 Nor now aspires he to *Achilles'* Steeds. 455
 Him *Turnus* seeing on the open Plain
 At distance, first along the empty Space
 Throws a light Spear ; then stops his harness'd Steeds,
 And from his Chariot leaps upon the Ground,
 And o'er him fall'n and half-expiring stands ; 460
 Then, treading on his Neck, his Sword he wrests
 From his Right Hand, and drives into his Throat
 The shining Blade ; and Thus, insulting, speaks.
Trojan, lie there ; and measure with thy ~~Body~~ length
 These Fields, and This *Hesperia*, which with War 465
 Thou

Ver. 455. *Nor now aspires*
be, &c.] *Nec equis aspirat A-*
chillis. This Placce is vari-
 ously interpreted. *Servius* says,
nec aspirat equis is for *nec a-*
spirat ad equos, i. e. *non ac-*
cessit ad, &c. never obtained
 them: And quotes a Passage
 from *Tully*, in which he says
 the Word *aspirare* is so used.
 Or rather (says he) it is to be
 referred to *Diomedes* ; who was
 not himself so ambitious as to
 demand *Achilles'* Horses. But
 This seems harsh and strained:
 I rather refer it to *Dolon* ; and
 that too without taking *aspi-*
rat for *aspirabat* ; as all the
 Expositors do. It appears to
 me an elegant Reflection to say,

" He received a quite different
 " Reward from what he ex-
 " pected ; His Ambition is o-
 " ver ; and he no longer a-
 " spires, &c." taking the Word
aspirare in it's usual Significa-
 tion. We frequently, and even
 in common Discourse, speak
 Thus of Persons who are dead.
 As for the new Nominative
 Case understood, which This
 Interpretation supposes, and the
 Construction a little disjointed
 upon That Account ; Nothing
 is more common in *Virgil* : As
 appears from what I have of-
 ten observed. I confess, according
 to This Interpretation, *aspirat e-*
quis must be for *aspirat ad equos.*

99. g.
note.

Thou didst attempt : Such Prizes are obtain'd
By Those who Me durst irritate ; 'Tis Thus
They plant their Colonies, and found their Walls.

To Him *Asbutes* with a Jav'lin hurl'd
He joins in Death ; and *Chloreus*, *Sybaris*, 470
And *Dares*, and *Thersilochus*, and next
Thymates falling from his flound'ring Steed.

As when *Edonean Boreas* with loud Gust
Roars on th' *Ægean* Deep ; and to the Beach
The Billows roll ; where-e'er the Wind exerts 475
It's Force, the Clouds fly racking thro' the Air :

So where exulting *Turnus* cuts his Way,
The Troops retire, and in Confusion run ;
Rapid he whirls along, and in his Car
His Plume nods high, and trembles with the Wind.

Him storming Thus with unresisted Rage 481
Phegeus endur'd not ; but himself oppos'd

To the swift Car ; and with his Hand detorts
The Mouths and Bridles of the foaming Steeds.
While dragg'd along he hangs upon the Pole, 485

Between the Harness ; the broad-pointed Lance
Reaches his Side, uncover'd to the Blow,
And thro' his double-tissu'd Coat of Mail
Razes his Body with a slender Wound.

Yet with his Shield oppos'd against the Foe 490
He turns, and tries the Fortune of his Sword.

The Wheel, and rapid Axis in it's Course
Roll him precipitate along the Ground ;
Turnus pursues th' Advantage ; with his Blade,

Betwixt

Ver. 469. *Asbutes*.] So it is, according to some Copies :
| *Butes*, according to others.

Betwixt th' extremest Shield and Breast-plate, lops 495
His Head, and leaves his Trunk upon the Sand.

While *Turnus* spreads such Slaughter thro' the Field,
Victorious ; *Mnestheus* with *Achates* join'd,
And young *Ascanius*, in his Tent support
Æneas bleeding, and with halting Steps 500
Alternate, leaning on his ashen Spear.

He, raging, tugs the Arrow, breaks the Wood,
And for Relief the speediest Way demands ;
Bids them lay open with a wider Gash,
And lance the Wound, and with their Swords rescind 505
The Point's deep Bed, and send him back to War.

Now present to his Aid *Iäpys* came,
Iäsius' Son, by *Phæbus* fondly lov'd :

On him his choicest Fav'rite heretofore
Apollo his own Arts, and Gifts bestow'd ; 510
His Augury, his Lute, and feather'd Shafts.

He, to protract his aged Father's Life,

Ver. 501. — *Leaning on his ashen Spear.*] *Alternos longa nitentem cuspidē gressus.* Expositors interpret *nitentem* by *firmantem, fulcientem*. Those Words indeed are very plain : But *how nitentem comes to signify so*, or where else it signifies so, they do not inform us. It often means just the contrary ; not to support, but to lean upon, or to be supported. Which neither the Sense, nor the Grammar, will here permit. He leant not upon his *alterni gressus*, but upon his *Spear* ; as afterwards, *ingent m nixus in bastam* : And besides, were That the Sense (as it is the direct Contrary) it must be *gressibus*, or in *gressus*. *Alternos* ; because only one of his

Feet was so supported ; the other did not want it. In the Origin, it is long, not ashen, *Spear*. But we cannot always adhere to the Letter. I generally do ; and there are very few such Instances as This in all my Translation. *Virgil* elsewhere, more than once, applies *Fraxinea* to *bastā*.

Ver. 510. *Bestow'd.*] i. e. gave him the Option of them all. Or *dabat, for offerebat*.

Ver. 512. *Aged.*] In the Original, *Depositi* means no more than at the Point of Death ; but whether by Age, or any other Dissemper, is not said. But That Circumstance is immaterial.

NOTA gressus S 5

Chose

Chose Skill in Med'cine, and the Pow'rs of Herbs;
And exercis'd a mute inglorious Art.

On his long Spear *Æneas* leaning stood, 515

And gnashing with Impatience; round inclos'd

By sad *Iulus*, and the crouding Youth;

And by their Tears unmov'd. The Leech, succinct

In the *Pæonian* Mode, his Garb retorts:

Much med'c'nal Remedy in vain he tries, 520

With anxious Haste; in vain the sticking Dart

Sollicits, and with Pincers gripes the Steel.

No Fortune seconds his Attempt; no Art

Of *Pheebus* aught avails. And now still more

And more the Horrour rises in the Field: 525

The Mischief nearer threatens; Black with Dust

They see the Sky: The Horse approach; and Darts

Fall thick amidst the Camp: To Heav'n ascends

A dismal Noise confus'd of Warriour Youth,

Groaning in Death, and gasping on the Ground. 530

Here *Venus*, beauteous Mother, struck with Grief

At That Excess of Pain her Son endur'd,

From *Cretian* *Ida* crops a healing Stalk

Of Ditany, with full-grown, downy Leaves,

And purple Flow'rs; to Wild-Goats not unknown, 535

When in their Backs the feather'd Shafts are lodg'd.

This *Venus*, muffled in a Cloud, conveys

Into the shining Vase, and dusky Flood;

Infusing

Ver. 520. *Much med'c'nal*
Remedy, &c.] *Multa trepi-*
dat: i. e. trepidus tentat. In
the next Ver. but One, *regit,*
for *dirigit*; *viam*, the *Means*
which were used. Ver. 403.

Stare. See the Note on Book
VI. 385.

Ver. 532. *At that Excess of*
Pain, &c.] *Indigno:* either
great, or *unmerited.* See the
Note on Ecl. X. 11.

Infusing secretly *Ambrosia's* Juice,
And odorif'rous *Panacea*. With This 540

Iäpys ignorant foment's his Thigh :
Forthwith the Pain from all his Body flies ;
All stanch'd within the Bottom of the Wound
The Blood subsides : And now the loosen'd Dart,
Without Compulsion, drops into his Hand ; 545

And to it's pristine Tone his Strength returns.
Arms for the Hero ; Quick ; Why stand you thus ?
Iäpys cries ; and first against the Foe
Inflames their Courage : To no human Aid
This Cure is ow'd, nor to the Artist's Skill ; 550
Nor Thee, *Æneas*, does my Hand preserve :
A more than mortal Power effects This Change,
And Thee for more Heroic Deeds restores.

Greedy of Fight he sheaths his Legs in Gold,
And hates Delay, and shakes his quiv'ring Spear. 555
Soon as the Shield sat fitted to his Side,

And to his Body the rich Coat of Mail ;
He strains *Ascanius* with an arm'd Embrace,
And, lightly kissing thro' his Helmet, speaks :

True Toil and Virtue learn, dear Youth, from me ; 560

Fortune

Ver. 542. *Forthwith the Pain, &c.*] *Quippe* stands for *nimirum*, or *scilicet*, and so is a Kind of *Expletive* ; if there be a full Stop at *vires*, in the next Verse but One : as there is in all Editions. Or if it means *Because* (as possibly it may) there must be no full Pe-

riod at *vires* ; but it must refer to the next Words, *Arma ciet*, &c. — *Iäpys conclamat*. *Because* the Wound was healed, *Iäpys* cry'd out, &c. Ver. 429. Orig. *Deus* [aliquis] *majorem* [me, vel ullo homine] *agit*. Ver. 560. *True Toil, and Virtue, &c.*

*Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem,
Fortunam ex alijs* —

The

Fortune from Others: Now my Hand in War
Shall Thee defend, and with vast Honours crown.

Be Thou industrious, when mature of Age,
To fix These great Examples in thy Mind;
And, Them revolving, copy out thy Sire 565
Æneas, and thy Uncle *Hector's* Fame.

Thus having said, with tow'ring Port he strides
From the high Gate, and shakes his mighty Spear;
Together crouding from th' abandon'd Camp
Antheus, and *Mnestheus* rush, and all the Tide 570
Of Troops condens'd: Thick Dust obscures the Sky;
And the Ground trembling groans beneath their Feet.
Then marching forward from a Hill adverse
Bold *Turnus* and th' *Ausonian* Squadrons saw;
And sudden Fear ran chilling thro' their Veins: 575
Juturna, first of all the *Latins*, heard
And knew the Sound, and in Confusion fled.
He rapid whirls into the open Field
His dusty Troops. As when a Storm to Land,

By

The Word *Disce* relates to the
first Branch *literally*; but not
to the second. In *This*, a *Wish*
is imply'd, not a *Command*,
[*opto ut discas*:] For it is not
in our *Power* to make our *For-*

tune as we please. He here
alludes to his former *Fortune*,
which had been long adverse;
not to his future. For in the
next Words he assures himself
of Success.

————— *Nunc te mea dextra bello*

Defensum dabit, & magna inter præmia ducet.

This last Clause is interpreted
two ways; Either "I shall
"reckon it among my great
"Felicities to defend You:"
Or *ducet te inter* [for *ad*] *magna præmia*. The former (espe-
cially considering that *dextra*,
not the *Man*, is the *Nomina-*
tive Case to *ducet*) is exceed-

ing harsh: The Other is plain
and obvious.

Ver. 579. *As when a Storm*,
&c.] Orig. *Sydere*, for *Tem-*
pestate: because *Tempests* are
caused by the Stars: Metonym.
Abrupto Sydere, for *effusa*, or
soluta Tempestate.

By some Tempestuous Constellation rais'd, 580
 Thro' the mid Ocean rolls: With sad Presage
 The Peasants shudder at the distant Noise,
 Foreboding Corn laid flat, and Trees o'erturn'd,
 And universal Ruin spread around:
 The Winds before it fly, and to the Shore 585
 Waft the hoarse Murmur. So the *Rhætian* Chief
 Against th' embattled Foes his Squadron led.
 Wedg'd in one Body, and conglob'd they stand:
Archetius falls by *Mnestheus*; *Epulon*
 By brave *Achates*; *Gyas* *Ufens* kills: 590
 The Augur's self *Tolumnius* falls, who first
 Against the Foes adverse his Jav'lin hurl'd.
 Shouts rise to Heav'n: and o'er the dusty Field
 The *Rutuli* now turn their Backs in Flight.
 Himself no other deigns to strike to Earth, 595
 Nor in Pursuit, nor in the closer Fight,
 Nor with the pointed Jav'lin lanc'd from far:
Turnus alone, amidst the Cloud of Dust,
 He seeks for Combate, Him alone demands.
 Seiz'd with That Fear *Juturna*, warlike Maid, 600
 Strikes down, betwixt the Harness, from his Seat,
Metiscus, who the Car of *Turnus* drove,
 And leaves him fall'n at distance from the Pole:
 Herself succeeds, and guides the flowing Reins;
 Chang'd to *Metiscus*' Shape, and Voice, and Arms. 605
 As when the fable Swallow flutters o'er
 The spacious Palace of some wealthy Lord,

And

Ver. 595,—6,—7. *Himself*
 —[from far.] See *Ruæus* up-
 on the Place.

Ver. 606. *As when the fa-
 ble Swallow, &c.* This Simile

is applicable only to one Cir-
 cumstance: viz. the *Wheeling*,
 and *Shifting* about, from one
 Place to another.

And all around the lofty Court surveys ;
 Collecting slender Nutriment, to feed
 Her prattling Young: Now here, now there, she skims
 The empty Cloisters, and the liquid Ponds, 611
 With founding Pinions. So *Juturna* rides
 Amidst the Squadrons in her rapid Car,
 And ev'ry thing surveys: Now here, now there,
 Still shifting, her exulting Brother shews ; 615
 Nor any where permits him to engage ;
 But devious flies, and shuns the crouded Field.
 No less *Æneas*, obvious, wheels around,
 In narrower Circles ; seeks the Chief, and calls
 His Name at distance, thro' the scatter'd Troops. 620
 As oft as tow'rd's his Foe he bends his Eyes,
 Attempting to outstrip the flying Steeds ;
 So oft *Juturna* from his Sight averse
 Retorts the Chariot. Whither should she turn ?
 In vain she fluctuates with a Tide of Cares ; 625
 And various Passions struggle in her Breast.
 Here swift *Messapus*, as by chance he bore.
 In his left Hand two Spears prefix'd with Steel,
 Hurls one well aim'd, and levell'd for a Wound :
Æneas stops, and sinks on bended Knee, 630
 Contracted in his Armour ; yet the Spear
 Driv'n with impetuous Force his Helmet raz'd,
 And from it's Crest struck off the topmost Plumes.
 Then fir'd at last, and dreadful in Revenge,

And

Ver. 618,—19. *No less, &c.*]
*Haud minus Æneas tortos legit
 obvius orbes. Obvius ; i. e.
 adversus. Legit ; for colligit ;*
 [Simple for Compound :] and
 that again for *Contrahitur* See

the Note on Book XI. Ver.
 922, &c. *Tortos* ; for *curvos*,
implicatos. See Ver. 743. Orig.
 Ver. 635. *With industrious*
Fraud, &c.] Orig. *Insidiisque*
subactus ; i. e. coactus.

And now perceiving with industrious Fraud 635
Himself deluded, and the Car and Steeds
By Stratagem detorted, much to *Jove*
And to the Altars of the League profan'd
Appealing, in the Centre he invades
Their thickest Troops ; and with resistless Swing 640
Dire undistinguish'd Slaughter round him spreads,
And all the Reins diffuses to his Rage.

What God shall now to Me in Verse relate
So many Woes of War ; so many Deaths
Among the bravest Youths o'er all the Field 645
By *Turnus*, and the *Trojan* Chief dispens'd,
Alternate ? Was it then Thy Will, O *Jove*,
That Nations destin'd to eternal Peace
In such a furious Conflict should engage ?

Æneas in *Rutulian Suro's* Side 650
With quick Dispatch deep drives the rigid Blade,
(First by That Combate stopping in their Speed
The rushing *Trojans*) and, where Death could find
The speediest Passage, pierces thro' his Ribs.

Turnus on foot engages *Amycus* 655
Push'd from his Steed, and his ill-fated Brother
Diores ; With his long protended Spear
Wounding the first, the second with his Sword :
Then on his Chariot both their Heads suspends
Dropping black Blood, and bears them thro' the Field.

Æneas, *Tanais* and *Talos* kills, 661
And brave *Cethegus*, three at one Assault,

And

Ver. 653. *The rushing Trojans.* *Ruentes* may here signify either flying, or pursuing. See *Ruentis* upon the Place. Next Ver. but two: *Transa-*

digit costas—ensem: i.e. adi-
git ensem trans costas, &c. Ver.
527. Orig. *Rumpuntur*. See
the Note on Book XI. Ver.
811, &c.

And sad *Onytes*, *Ecbionian* Name,
 His Mother's *Peridia*. *Turnus* slabs
 The Brothers sent from *Lycia*, and the Soil 665
 By *Phæbus* lov'd ; and That *Arcadian* Youth
Mencætes, Enemy to War in vain :
 His Art was Fishing, and his poor Abode
 Near *Lerna's* Lake ; and Stranger to the Great
 His Father sow'd in Furrows not his own. 670

As when from diff'rent Parts two rushing Fires
 Invade a Grove of crackling Laurel-Boughs ;
 Or from the Mountains Tops with tumbling Flood
 And roaring Noise two foamy Rivers run -
 Into the Sea, and sweeping force their Way : 675
 With such Rapidity the *Trojan* Chief
 And *Turnus* thro' the Battle rush : Now, now
 Rage boil's within, and stubborn heaves their Breasts
 Indocile to be quell'd ; Now all their Strength
 Exerted labours, bent on mutual Wounds. 680

Æneas with a Rock's enormous Weight,
 Driv'n like a Whirlwind, strikes *Murranus* down
 Headlong to Earth ; *Murranus*, boasting loud
 His Stem deriv'd from all the *Latin* Kings,
 And mighty Sires, and Grandfires ancient Names : 685
 The Wheels beneath the Axle, and the Reins,
 Whirl rapid o'er him ; and his trampling Steeds
 Crush him to Mire, unmindful of their Lord.
Turnus meets *Hillus* rushing on amain
 With mighty Rage ; and hurls the pointed Steel 690
 Against his gilded Temples : Thro' them driv'n
 The Spear stands fix'd, and quivers in his Brain.

Nor

Ver. 688. Unmindful.] *Nec* | *domini* *memorum* ; for *domini*
immemorum, *Nec* for *non*.

Nor Thee from *Turnus* did thy Hand preserve,
Creteus, the bravest of the *Grecian* Race;
 Nor did his Gods when great *Æneas* came, 695
 Protect *Cupentus*; Obvious to the Dart
 He gave his Breast, nor him did aught avail
 The solid Texture of his brazen Shield.
 Thee too, Thee, *Æolus*, *Laurentian* Fields
 Saw fall'n, and wide extended on the Ground: 700
 Whom nor the *Grecian* Squadrons, nor the Bane
 Of *Priam's* Realms, *Achilles*, could subdue:
 Here was thy Term of Life; Thy lofty Seat
Lyrnessus, underneath the hanging Rocks
 Of *Ida*; In *Laurentian* Fields, thy Grave. 705
 Against each other all the Squadrons rush,
 The *Latins* all, and all the *Trojan* Pow'rs,
Mnestheus, and brave *Sereftus*, and *Messapus*,
 Tamer of Steeds, *Asylas* fam'd in Arms,
 The *Tuscan* Phalanx, and th' *Arcadian* Wings: 710
 All with their utmost Force exerted strive;
 Nor Pause, nor Respite; with vast Conflict fierce
 They push, and sweat, and labour o'er the Field.

Here lovely *Venus* to *Æneas's* Thoughts
 Suggested, that his Army to the Walls 715
 Should march, and on the City pour the Storm,
 And with a sudden Siege surprize the Foe.
 He, while amidst the various Troops dispers'd
Turnus he seeks, and round him throws his Eyes,
 Beholds the City from so vast a War 720
 Exempt, and undisturb'd by hostile Rage.
 Forthwith the Image of a greater Fight

Inflames.

Ver. 703. *Term of Life.*] In [i. e. (says *Servius*) *Mors, quæ*
 the Orig. it is *mortis metæ*: [*metæ est, & finis.*

Inflames his Breast ; His chosen Chiefs he calls,
Mnestheus, Sergestus, and Sereftus brave,
 Then, standing in the Centre, takes a Hill, 725
 Round which the other *Trojan* Legions croud,
 Nor lay their Targets, and their Darts aside :
 Them from the rising Ground he Thus bespeaks.
 Let nothing of Delay my Words attend ;
 Here *Jove* is on our Side : Let None proceed 730
 Less active for the sudden Enterprize :
 This Day the City's self, *Latinus'* Court,
 The Cause of all the War, (unless they yield,
 And vanquish'd own my Sway,) I will o'erturn,
 And level with the Ground their smoking Tow'rs. 735
 Shall I, belike, on *Turnus'* Pleasure wait,
 Expecting, when he shall vouchsafe to stand
 My Arms, and beaten dare again in Fight ?
 This is the Head, Ye Citizens, the Sum
 Of all the impious War : Bring flaming Brands, 740
 And re-assert the broken League with Fire.
 He said. They all in emulation strive,
 And form a Wedge, and rushing croud the Walls.
 Ladders at once, and sudden Fire appears :
 Some to the Gates advance, and kill the first 745
 Who obvious stand ; Some hurl the missive Steel
 In Storms of Shafts, and darken all the Sky.
Æneas' self, amidst the foremost Rank,
 Beneath the lofty Walls extends his Hand,
 And blames *Latinus* with his Voice aloud : 750

Attestis

Ver. 731. *Less active.*] O-
 rig. *Mibi segnior.* Here again
mibi is elegantly redundant. | Next Ver. *regna ipsa*, for *re-*
giam ipsam.

Attests the Gods, that he again was forc'd
 Unwilling to the War; The *Latins* twice
 Were made his Foes; This second League dissolv'd.
 Among the trembling Citizens within
 Wild Discord reigns: Some press to ope the Gates 755
 Wide to the *Trojans*; and the King himself
 Drag to the Walls: Some resolute in Arms
 Sustain the Combate, and defend the Town.
 As when the Swain a Colony of Bees
 Shut in some hollow Pumice has descry'd, 760
 And fill'd with bitter Smoke; Confus'd within,
 And trembling, thro' the waxen Tents they run,
 And with sharp Stridor whet each other's Rage:
 Thro' the dark Cells a smoth'ring Stench is roll'd,
 With inward humming Noise the Cavern sounds, 765
 And smould'ring Smoke ascends in open Air.

Amidst the Toils the harrafs'd *Latins* bore,
 This farther Fortune added to their Woes;
 And quite o'erwhelm'd the City with Distress.
 Soon as the Queen beheld the Foe advance 770
 Against the Town, the Walls beleaguer'd round,
 And to the Roofs the flaming Firebrands fly;

To

Ver. 759. *As when the Swain,*
 &c.] This Simile is most ex-
 cellent in all it's Parts. It is
 not taken from *Homer*, but
 from *Apollonius Rhodius*, Ar-
 gonaut. Book II. Meaning the
 Hint of it: For That is all;
 if even That be certain. *Tre-*
pida rerum, is a delicate poe-
 tical Elegancy, for *solicite de*
rebus suis. I have Mr. *Dry-*
den's Authority for the Word

Stridor in English Poetry: and
 I think he was perfectly right
 in introducing it. There can
 be no Objection against it, but
 that it is a Latin Word: So is
Horror, *Terror*, *Rigour*; and
 a thousand Others.

Ver. 771. — *The Walls*
beleaguer'd round.] *Incessu mu-*
ros is certainly a better Rea-
 ding than *Incendi*. See *Ruens*.
 Ver. before; *tectis* for *ad tecta*.

To These no opposite *Rutulian* Bands,
 No Troops of *Turnus*; Him with sad Prefage
 Unhappy she imagines slain in War: 775
 Frantick with sudden Grief herself she calls
 The Crime, the Head, the Cause of all the Woe;
 A thousand Things she utters in Despair,
 Distracted, wild; and rends her purple Robes;
 And from a lofty Beam suspended ties 780
 The fatal Knot of ignominious Death.
 Which Tidings when the wretched *Latin* Dames
 Receiv'd; the Royal Maid *Lavinia* first
 Her rosy Cheeks and beauteous Tresses tears:
 Then all the rest run madding round the Court; 785
 And with loud Shrieks the spacious Palace rings.
 Hence the dire Fame o'er all the City spreads;
 Their Spirits sink; Confounded at the Fates,
 His City's Ruin, and his Consort's Death,
 With Garments rent *Latinus* goes, and all 790
 With Dust deforms his hoary ruffled Hair:
 And much himself accuses, that long since
 He had not in the strict Alliance join'd
Æneas, and as Son-in-law receiv'd.

Mean-while some distant Stragglers o'er the Field
Turnus pursues in Arms, more listless now, 796
 And less delighted with his fiery Steeds,

To

Ver. 781. *The fatal Knot,*
 &c.] This is an ugly Death
 for a Queen: And I wish *Vir-*
gil had sent her out of the World
 another Way.

Ver. 797. *And less delighted*
with his fiery Steeds.] *Fam*
minus atque minus successu lætus

equorum. 'Tis impossible to give
 This a literal Translation. It
 means no more, than that his
Horses were tired; which made
 his own Spirits droop and flag
 the more. *Successus*, for *Velocitas*;
 The Consequent for the
 Antecedent. He could not be
 de.

To Him the Wind, with doubtful Terrour wafts
 The mingled Noise; Hoarse Murmurs of Distress,
 And Clamours from the City pierce his Ears. 800
 Ah me! What Sounds confus'd, what Cries disturb
 The Town? Why rush These Clamours from the Walls?
 He said; and, with his Coursers' Reins repress'd,
 In dumb Amaze stood list'ning: When transform'd
 Into the Charioteer *Metiscus*' Shape, 805
 His Sister, managing the harness'd Steeds,
 Accosts him Thus; Here, *Turnus*, let us push
 The Foe, where our first Conquest shews the Way:
 Others are left sufficient to defend
 The Town; *Aeneas* pushes on the War 810
 Against th' *Italians*: Let Us too assault
 The *Trojan* Troops, and equal Deaths dispense;
 In Number not inferiour, nor in Fame.

Turnus to This:

O Sister; Long I've known you, when by Fraud 815
 You first dissolv'd the League, and in These Wars
 Your self engag'd: And now in vain you strive
 To hide the Goddess. But who sent you down
 Dispatch'd from Heav'n, and will'd you to endure

Such

delighted with their *Swiftness*, because they had *lost* it; not that they were *still swift*, and yet he was not delighted with it. A Multitude of such-like Expressions occur in the Poets. Ver. 617. Orig. *cæcis*; i. e. *dubiis*, *incertis*. Ver. 621. *diversâ*; either *distant*; or *from different Parts* of the City.

Ver. 813. *In Number not inferiour, nor in Fame.*] *Nec numero inferior, pugnae nec bonore*

recedes. That is (say all Expositors) in the *Number of Enemies slain*. In translating This Verse, I have made another Ellipsis, which is not in the Original; *pugnae*, and *recedes*, being omitted. But if the Sense be not obscured by it (as I believe it is not) I am safe enough. Ver. 634. Orig. *Fallis*, i. e. conceal your self. So *Horace*; *natus, moriensque fellit*.

Such Labours ? Was it that you might behold 820
 Your most unhappy Brother's cruel Death ?
 For now what Measures can I take ? What Hope
 Of new Success can any Fortune shew ?
 Before These Eyes my self *Murranus* saw
 (Than whom to me no dearer Name survives) 825
 Calling on me for Help, I saw him fall
 Mighty, and with a mighty Wound subdu'd.
 There *Ufens* fell, unfortunate, nor liv'd
 To see our Shame: The *Trojan* Victors keep
 The full Possession of his Corps and Arms. 834
 Shall I endure (That only now remains)
 The City to be raz'd ? Nor with my Sword
 Refel the Taunts of *Drances* ? Shall I shew
 My Back ? And shall This Earth see *Turnus* fly ?
 Is Death so terrible ? Ye Gods of Hell, 835
 Be kind ; since Those of Heav'n abhor my Pray'r.
 To You a guiltless Ghost I will descend,
 Unfully'd with This Stain, nor ever prov'd
 Unworthy of my great Forefather's Fame.
 He scarce had ended ; when amidst the Foes, 840
 Spurring his foaming Courser, *Sages* flies,
 Shot

Ver. 822. *For now what Measures can I take ?*] Most of the Copies and Editions have it, *Nam quid ago ?* In some 'tis *Nam quid ego ?* Which I like best : An imperfect Sentence [*ago*, or some such Word, understood] is more elegant than the Other.

Ver. 881. *That only now remains.*] *Id rebus desuit unum.* Either it is an Ellipsis ; The City's being *besieged*, and in

imminent Danger, was the only Thing wanting to complete our Shame, and Distress: Or *desuit* is for *deest*. For it is not *taken and destroy'd* (as *Excindi domos* signifies) while *Turnus* speaks This. If it be, how can he *prevent* it ; as the Word *Perpetiar*, and the whole Tenour of his Speech, suppose he resolves to do, or perish in the Attempt ?

Shot with a feather'd Shaft athwart the Face ;
And rushing calls aloud on *Turnus*' Name.
Turnus, on Thee our last of Hopes depends ;
Commiserate thy Country: Fierce in Arms 845
Æneas thunders, threatening to destroy
Th' *Italian* Tow'rs, and raze them to the Ground :
Ev'n now hurl'd Firebrands to the Houses fly.
On Thee the *Latins* bend their Eyes: The King
Latinus' self divides his wav'ring Thoughts ; 850
Doubtful, on whom he should confer the Name
Of Son-in-law, and to which Part incline.
Besides, the Queen, who still for Thee preserv'd
Friendship inviolate, has urg'd her Death
By her own Hands, and frighted left the Light. 855
Only *Messapus*, and *Atinas* brave,
Before the Gates, sustain the Fight: The Troops
Stand thickning round them ; and an iron Crop
Of Blades unsheath'd gleams dreadful in the Air :
You wheel your Chariot o'er the empty Plain. 860

Confounded with the Croud of various Thoughts,
And stiff'ning with Amaze, the Hero stood,
In Silence deep: Within his Bosom boils
Disdainful Shame, and Grief to Madness wrought,
And Love inflam'd with Rage, and conscious Worth.
Soon as the Clouds were from his Mind dispel'd, 866
And Light restor'd ; he turns his flashing Eyes
To the high Walls, and turbulent of Soul
The spacious City from his Car surveys.
When lo ! a flaming Torrent thro' the Planks 870
To Heav'n redounding roll'd, and seiz'd the Tow'r :
The Tow'r, which he himself with jointed Beams

Had rear'd aloft, on Wheels, with Bridges rais'd.
 Now, now, my Sister, Fate prevails : Forbear
 To stop me; Let us follow, where the Gods 875
 And our hard Fortune call : I stand resolv'd
 To combat with *Æneas*; stand resolv'd
 To suffer all that's terrible in Death :
 Nor shalt thou longer see thy Brother live
 With Infamy : Permit me, I implore, 880
 T'indulge This Frenzy, e'er I leave the World.
 He said; and bounding from his Chariot leap'd
 Upon the Plain ; then rushing thro' the Foes
 And Darts, his mourning Sister leaves alone,
 And breaks with rapid Haste the middle Ranks. 885
 As when a Rock from some high Mountain's Top

Tumbles

Ver. 881. *E'er I leave the World.*] *Hunc oro sine me furere ante furem : i. e. ante mortem meam.* So all understand it except *Servius*, who understands it Thus. "Let me work my self up to This Frenzy before-hand, that I may with the greater Fury attack my Enemy, when we engage." The Other indeed is an Ellipsis; but it is full and strong Sense; whereas This latter is very poor and jejune. The former is a noble Mixture of Courage, and Despair: The latter is saying nothing, but "Let me storm and rave, 'till I am wrought up into such a Passion as

" may give me Courage enough to fight."

Ver. 886. *As when a Rock, &c.*] 'Tis hard to say whether This Simile, or That of *Homer*, Iliad XIII. from which This is taken, be the more noble. *Homer's* goes further, and is so far better; The Circumstance of the Stone's stopping, when it comes upon plain Ground, is not in *Virgil's*: But then he had no Occasion for it. *Turnus* was not so stopped by his Enemies, as *Hector* was by His. The Greek Language too here, as every where else, out-sounds the Latin. But then That Circumstance;

— *Sylvas, armenta, virosque*
Involvens secum —

which

Tumbles precipitate, or torn by Winds,
 Or by a roaring Flood, or eating Age;
 Down the steep Cliff the maffy Fragment runs
 With Impulfe vaft, and jumps upon the Ground, 890
 Involving, as it rolls, Men, Beasts, and Woods.
 So *Turnus* rushes thro' the broken Troops
 To the high Walls; where moft with Blood effus'd
 The Soil fumes drench'd, and Jav'lines his in Air;
 Then diftant waves his Hand, and calls aloud. 895
 Forbear, Ye *Rutuli*, and You repress
 Your Darts, Ye *Latins*: Whate'er Chance of War
 Remains, is mine: 'Tis juft that I alone
 Sustain the League, and end This Strife in Arms.
 They all retire, and clear the fpacious Field. 900

But Prince *Aeneas*, hearing *Turnus*' Name,
 Forfakes the Walls, forfakes the lofty Tow'rs;
 Breaks all Delay, all other Toil; with Joy
 Exults: and thunders terrible in Arms.

As great as *Atlas*, or as *Eryx* great, 905
 Or Father *Apennine*, when crown'd with Oaks
 He waves the ruffled Foreft on his Brow,

And

which wonderfully heightens the Idea, is not in *Homer*. For the Word *improbus*, fee Note on Book V. 237. *Sublapsa*, fli-
 ding, or creeping on, infenfi-
 bly. In *abruptum* [locum,]
 down the broken, craggy Pre-
 cipice. *Actu*: i. e. impetu.

Ver. 898. 'Tis juft.] *Verius*,
 for *æquius*. So *Horace*: *Me-
 tiri fe quemque fuo modulo ac
 pede, verum eft.*

Ver. 907. — Waves the
 VOL. III.

ruffled Foreft, &c.] — *Co-
 rufcis Cum fremit illicibus quan-
 tus, &c.* The Order Thus.
*Aut quantus ipfe pater Apen-
 ninus, cum fremit, &c. gaudet-
 que attollens fe, &c.* *Corufcis*,
 moving, and trembling. So in
 Book I. *ſylvæ ſcena corufcis*:
 and in many other Places. The
 Motion of them, though uſed
 by the Wind, is poetically, and
 moſt elegantly, imagined to be
 made by the Mountains upon
 T which

And proudly rears his snowy Top to Heav'n.

Now eagerly intent all turn'd their Eyes,
The *Trojans*, and *Rutulian Bands*, and all 910
Th' *Italians*; Those who crown'd the Walls above,
And Those who batter'd them with Rams below;
And lay their Armour by: *Latinus*' self
With Wonder views two mighty Leaders, born
On distant Climates of the World, engage 915

In

which they grow; as an Effect of their *Pride*, or *Joy*, or *Anger*, &c. In This very Place,——*fremit, gaudetque*. The Sense of which last I have express'd in the Word *proudly*. The Hint is plainly taken from That most ingenious and beautiful Epithet in *Homer*, *σι- νοσιφύλλος*.

But is it not absurd to com-

pare an *active Hero*, in the very Height of his *Courage* and *Sprightliness*, to so *lumpish* and *stupid* a Thing as a *Mountain*? I answer First, The transferring of Ideas from one Adjunct to another, by the Fiction just now mentioned, gives a *poetical*, i. e. an *imaginary*, *Activity* to the *Mountains* themselves:

———*Coruscis*

Cum fremit illicibus—— gaudetque, nivali

Vertice se attollens——

But Secondly, We have often observed that Comparisons are not obliged to answer in all Circumstances. The thing to be resembled here is *Height of Stature*. That of *Æneas* was always great: But as he is now in the full *Sublimity* and *Exaltation* of his *Courage*; and all our Ideas of him *swell*, and are *enlarged*: He seems to grow *bigger*, and *taller* than before;

and would *actually appear* so to the *Eye*, or at least to the *Fancy*, could we *see* the Figure he is supposed to make. For the rest therefore, it is nothing but a *Poetical*, and *Heroical Hyperbole*; which is not only to be *permitted*, but to be *admired*, as one of the greatest Beauties in Poetry: Thus *Milton*: *Parad. Lost. Book IV.*

———*On th' other Side Satan alarm'd,
Collecting all his Might, dilated stood;
Like Teneriff, or Atlas unremov'd;
His Stature reach'd the Sky, and on his Crest
Sat Horror plum'd,*

BOOK 12. VIRGIL's ÆNEIS. 411

In equal Combate, and decide the War.
 They, when a spacious List was form'd, at once
 With rapid Onset, darting missile Spears,
 Begin the Fight with Shields and sounding Brass.
 The Earth beneath them groans: Then various Strokes
 In closer Conflict, furious, they repeat; 921
 Fortune and Courage blended meet in One.

As when, in shady *Sila's* spacious Grove,
 Or on *Taburnus'* Top, with hostile Force,
 And pushing Horns, two Bulls in Battle join; 925
 The trembling Keepers, and the Herd aloof
 Stand mute with Fear; the Heifers faintly lowe,
 Doubtful to Which the Empire of the Wood
 Must fall, which Lord the Pastures must obey.
 They with prodigious Strength alternate Wounds 930
 Inflict; with clat'ring Horns each other gore;
 And with large Blood their Necks and Dewlaps lave:
 The Wood all round rebellows to the Noise.
 So Prince *Æneas* and the *Daunian* Chief
 Engage in Arms: Loud Clashing fills the Sky. 935
 Great *Jove* himself the equal Balance holds,
 And poises in it's Scales the Fates of Both:
 One with Success is charg'd; and one descends

Loaded

Ver. 916. ——— Decide the
 War.] *Cernere* for *decernere*;
 i. e. *decidere*.

Ver. 919. Begin the Fight.]
Invadunt Martem: i. e. *inci-*
piunt pugnam. So Book IX.

186. *invadere magnum*; i. e.
incipere, aggredi.

Ver. 938,—9. One with Suc-
 cess is charg'd, and one descends
 Loaded with Death.]

Quem damnet labor, & *quo* vergat pondere lethum.

Loaded with Death. Here *Turnus* thinking now
 His Blow secure, with all his Body's Force 940
 Springs forward, waves his Sword uprais'd in Air,
 And strikes his Foe. The *Trojans* loud exclaim;
 The *Latins* tremble: And the Bands of Both
 Stand fix'd, expecting. But the faithless Blade
 Breaks short; and in the Middle of the Stroke 945
 Deserts

Some (as *Scaliger*, *De La Cerdà*, and *Erythræus*) render the first Clause by, *à quo labor frustra suscipiatur*: or, *quem labor morti destinet*. This indeed seems *prima facie* to be the Sense: And *De La Cerdà* says *Virgil* explains These Words by the Next — *quo vergat pondere lethum*. But is it necessary that the last must be explicatory of the first? It may be so indeed; and the Poet may mention only *One* of the Two Fates, the *Other* being supposed by Consequence. But as he had expressly mentioned the Two Scales, and the Two Persons; *duas lances*, — and *sata* — *diversa durum*; it is surely far more proper, as well as elegant, to continue the Opposition expressly in This Verse; meaning Success in the *One Clause*, and Death in the *Other*, not Death in Both. I am therefore entirely of *Servius's* Opinion (against which Those Others alledge nothing of any Moment) that the first Clause means a successful Event. *Damnare* does not always signify to condemn, but sometimes to oblige: and that not only in Verse, but in Prose;

and even in a strict Law-Sense; as the common Dictionaries shew us. As therefore in *Ecl.* V. 80. — *Damnabistu quoque votis*, the Word is used in That Sense; so it is here: His Labour, or Attempt, should oblige him: i. e. to the Performance of his Vow; (always supposed to be made to some God upon such Occasions, tho' not always mentioned:) and it could not so oblige him, unless it were successful. Thus the Word *Reus* ordinarily signifies either accused, or guilty: But in *Æneid* V. 237. *Voti reus* manifestly means obliged to perform his Vow by being successful. But the Passage out of *Livy* quoted by *Ruæus* in his Note on the above-cited Passage *Ecl.* V. is most full to our Purpose. *Deosque precabantur, ut illis faustum iter, felixque pugna esset; & damnarentur ipsi votorum, quæ pro iis suscepissent.*

Ver. 939, — 40. — Thinking now his Blow secure.] *Impune* [futurum] *putans*. Thinking he might safely do it.

Ver. 943. The *Latins* tremble, &c.] *Trepidique Latini*. Why should They tremble for their Hero's having struck his Enemy?

Deserts him; Nothing now but Flight remains
 For Aid: More swift than Eastern Winds he flies,
 Soon as he sees the unaccustom'd Hilt,
 And his Right hand disarm'd. The Fame reports,

That

Enemy? For *Fear* of the *Consequence*, and the *Return* of That Stroke. *Expectation* and *Suspense* are *anxious*, and *fearful*, upon all Occurrences; even Those which seem to promise well.

Ver. 946. — *Nothing now but Flight remains.*] It is strange that none of the Commentators should take notice of This Passage: which is too great a *Chasm* to be called a common Ellipsis. His Sword deserts him, *unless* he flies. Does it not so, *tho'* he flies? If *ni* ever signifies any Thing but *nisi*, or sometimes *ne*, for *ut non*; I own it is more than I know. The latter here makes perfect Nonsense: And taking it for the former, we must supply the Sense Thus; "His Sword deserted him [*and he had been immediately slain*] *unless* he had fled."

Several Things are objected against Virgil's Conduct in This single Combat; which, it is said, tends to the Dishonour of his Hero upon many Accounts. His *Vulcanian Arms*, and the *Fury* sent to terrify his *Enemy*, I have already considered in my general Remarks. That he should pursue *Turnus*, and endeavour to kill him after his *Sword was broken*, and threa-

ten to destroy the Town, if any one should bring him Another, is not (as Some alledge it is) any Impeachment either of his *Courage*, or of his *Clemency*. He shewed extreme Bravery in *at all* fighting with him *singly*; which he was not now obliged to do either in *Religion*, or *Honour*; because the *Other* had broken the *Treaty*, and because *He himself* and his *Trojans* were in effect *already* Conquerours; the Capital City it self being almost taken: And, unless his Valour had been heroically great, he would not have foregone such an Advantage, and exposed his *Person* to a Duel with an *Enemy*, who was by no means upon an equal foot with him. But when he *had once* done That; his *Business* was to kill him, and take any Advantage against him, at least consistent with *fair Fighting*, as This certainly was. His *Life* was more than once *forfeited*: And besides (which is the main Point of all) his *Death* was necessary to put an *immediate* and *final End* to the *War*: Nor was *Æneas* obliged to Punctilio's of Romantic Gallantry; when the Good of his Country, and the Lives of his own Subjects, were in Balance. It was not a *private*,
 bu

That swift ascending his new-harnes'd Car,
In the first Hurry of the Fight, with Haste
He snatch'd his Charioteer *Metiscus*' Sword ;

950

(Leaving

but a *publick Duel* ; and the latter is not ty'd up to the same *Rules of Honour*, as the former.

That *Turnus*'s first Sword was made of common Metal, and so *broken*, is an Objection of no Force : Because (having suffer'd Nothing by This Accident) he is afterwards armed with a Divine one.

That when he is so, he makes *no Use of it*, but instead of That *shows a Stone* at his Enemy, is nothing strange : Because (as Mr. Dryden truly observes) *Æneas* keeps him at a Distance with his Spear.

These two last Objections are *Ruæus*'s : And he makes Another ; which I shall be so far from dissembling, that I shall add much more to it ; and then endeavour to answer it. Why should *Jupiter* blame *Juno* for enabling *Juturna* to restore the Sword to *Turnus*, and for endeavouring to assist the *Latins*, tho' they were as good as conquer'd ? And why should he intimate that This, as well as *Æneas*'s being *Wounded*, was unjust or incongruous ?

Mortalin' decuit violari vulnere Divum ?

Meaning *Æneas*, He was not a God yet : He was vulnerable : And why should not his

Enemies wound him, if they could ?

Autensem (quid enim sine te Juturna valeret ?)
Ereptum reddi Turno, & vlm crescere vicis ?

Yes ; Why not ? For *Vicis* cannot mean quite conquered, because it is not true ; but almost so. Why should not *She* do what she could to assist her Favourites, as well as any other Deity ? As for the *Fates*, Both the Things objected against were consistent with Them : For if they were not ; they could not have been done : And since they were consistent with

the *Fates* ; why should they not be done ?

The Answer, I believe, must be, that tho' *Æneas* was always designed to be a God, and *Turnus* to be conquered ; yet it never appeared to *Juno* so clearly and indubitably, as just before This last Action ; and that When she was fully convinced of it, and had actually acknowledged it to *Jupiter* himself :

——— *Scis ipsa, & scire fateris,*

Ans

(Leaving his own behind :) And That suffic'd,
While the faint *Trojans* turn'd their Backs in Flight.
But when to *Vulcan's* heav'nly Arms it came, 955
The mortal Blade, like Ice, in shivers flew ;
The Fragments glitt'ring on the yellow Sand.

Therefore with Fear confounded *Turnus* flies,
And traverses the Field ; now here, now there

Doubles

And Tho' Before it was tolera- | ble, and pardonable, in her to
do as she had done ;

— *Terris agitare vel undis*

Trojanos potuisti, infandum accendere bellum, &c.

yet Now, since she had the full
Conviction above-mentioned, it
was being accessory to a Kind
of Impiety to assist a Mortal,
in wounding a Person already
Sacred and Divine (according
to her own Confession) as being
a destined God. Tho' He was
as yet capable of being wounded ;
'twas Profanation to wound
him, for all That. And for
the rest ; tho' the Fates did
not hinder but that *Turnus's*
Sword might be restored, &c.
yet to do it was impotent Ma-
lice, and endeavouring to do
Mischief for Mischief's Sake ;
after so clear a Conviction in
her self, that it would be to no
Purpose.

Another Objection there is,
which perhaps is of more force

than any yet alledged. The
Stone, which *Turnus* threw at
his Enemy, may be a Circum-
stance in the Number of Those,
which *Virgil*, had he lived,
would have altered. For as to
the Licence of Hyperboles ; an
Hyperbolic Expression is one
Thing, and an Hyperbolic
Fact is Another. And tho'
(as *M. Segrais* says upon This
Passage, and as I have my self
often observed) it is allowable
for Poets to paint bigger than
the Life ; yet to make *Turnus*
as strong, nay much stronger
than Twelve of the stoutest
modern Men, is a little too bold
a Stroke. *Homer*, upon the
same Occasion several times, is
much more modest, with

— ὅς δ' οὖο γ' ἄνδρε Φέροισεν,

ὅτι οἱ νῦν βροτοὶ εἰσι —

There is a mighty Difference
between Two and Twelve.

Ver. 953. His own.] Strict-

ly his Father's: *Patrio*. But
'tis the same Thing. See Ver.
89, 90. Orig.

Doubles in doubtful Mazes: For all round 960
 The *Trojan* Lines embattled hem'd him in,
 Here a vast Lake, and there the lofty Walls.
 Nor less, tho' still disabled by his Wound,
 His Knees oft stagger, and refuse to run,
Æneas presses on his trembling Foe 965
 With eager Haste, and Step by Step pursues.
 So the stanch Hound, loud op'ning in the Chase,
 Urges the Stag, or with the River's Stream,
 Or with the Hedge of crimson Plumes inclos'd;
 Scar'd by the Toils, and by the steepy Bank, 970
 A thousand Ways on various Ground he flies:
 But the fleet *Umbrian* with expanded Jaws
 Sticks close; now gripes, or seems to gripe his Prey,
 And disappointed bites the empty Air.
 Now Clamours rise; the Banks and Lakes around 975
 Reply; and Heav'n all thunders to the Noise.
 He flying chides his ling'ring Friends; and calls
 On each by Name, to bring his faithful Sword.
Æneas opposite denounces Death
 And present Ruin, aggravates their Fright; 980
 Threatens to raze the City to the Ground,
 If any durst approach; and halting storms.
 Five Orbs involv'd, five Windings they complete,
 This Way, and That: For now no trivial Prize
 Is fought: For *Turnus*' Life, or Blood, they strive. 985
 An old wild Olive there by chance had stood
 With bitter Leaves; to *Faunus* sacred held

By

Ver. 969. Or with the Hedge | Feathers, to inclose and frigate
 of crimson Plumes, &c.] For- | the Deer. *Pennæ* for *Penna-*
 midine: A Rope stuck with | rum.

By Mariners: On which, escap'd from Storms,
 (Such was the Custom) to the *Latian* God
 Their offer'd Gifts and votive Vests they hung. 990
 This holy Tree, to clear the Field for Fight,
 The *Trojans*, undistinguishing, had hewn.
 Hither *Æneas*' Jav'lin flew; here fix'd
 It stood; and in the stubborn Root remain'd.
 He kneeling tugs, and strives to disengage 995
 The Steel, and with his missile Spear to reach
 Whom in the swift Pursuit he could not seize.
 Then *Turnus*, wild with Consternation, prays:
 Great *Faunus*, aid thy Votary; And Thou,
 Propitious Earth, detain the sticking Dart; 1000
 If I have still inviolate preserv'd
 Your ancient Honours; which with impious War
 The sacrilegious *Trojans* have profan'd.

He said; nor were his Pray'rs in vain preferr'd:
 For, lab'ring at the tough tenacious Root, 1005
 And wrenching long, *Æneas* by no Strength
 Could free the Iron from the binding Wood.
 There while he tugs, and sweats; again transform'd
 Into the Charioteer *Metiscus*' Shape
 The *Daunian* Goddess to her Brother runs 1010
 Assisting, and his trusty Sword restores.
 Which Pow'r and high Presumption of the Nymph
Venus with Indignation seeing, flew,
 And from the solid Root releas'd the Steel.
 They Both, sublime in Courage, and with Arms 1015
 Resist'd, One confiding in his Sword,
 The Other rising to his brandish'd Spear,
 Stand opposite; and panting urge the Fight.

Mean-while the King Omnipotent of Heav'n
 Thus speaks to *Juno*, from a golden Cloud 1020
 Viewing the War: What now remains? What End,
 Celestial Consort, must at length be fix'd?
 That brave *Æneas*, Mortal-born, to Heav'n
 Is due from Fate, and destin'd to the Stars,
 Is known to You, and by your self confess'd. 1025
 What then attempt you farther? And what Hope
 Detains you longer hov'ring in the Clouds?
 Beseem'd it that a Mortal with a Wound
 Should violate a God? Or that the Sword
 Should be restor'd to *Turnus*? And new Strength 1030
 The Vanquish'd from your Pow'r receive? For what
 Without your Pow'r could weak *Juturna* do?
 Desist at length, by my Intreaty sway'd:
 Nor let your Soul in Silence be consum'd
 With eating Grief; But oft with sweet Regard 1035
 Impart the Tenour of your Cares to Me.
 The great Event is at it's Point arriv'd:
 To You 'twas given o'er Land and Sea to toss
 The *Trojans*, raise new Wars, deform the Court,
 And stain the Hymenéal Rites with Blood: 1040
 Farther my Will permits not. Thus he spoke;
 And *Juno* Thus with downcast Look reply'd.
 That such indeed, great *Jove*, was your Decree,
 Full well I knew; and therefore with Regret
 Left Earth, and *Turnus*: Else you should not here
 Behold me linger in This airy Seat 1046
 Alone,

Ver. 1031. *The Vanquish'd* | tore] (*quid enim sine te, &c.*)
 from your Pow'r, &c.] For ———— *reddi, &c. Ellipsis.* Ver.
 that is *imply'd*, tho' not ex- | 810. Orig. *Nec for aliqui non.*
 pressed. *Aut ensem* [Te auc-

Alone, and all Indignities endure :
 But, wrapt in Flames among the thickest Troops,
 The *Trojans* I would drag to Wars and Death.
Juturna, 'tis confess'd, I did persuade 1050
 To aid her wretched Brother ; and approv'd
 That for his Life ev'n more she should presume
 To enterprize ; but not to hurl a Dart,
 Or bend a Bow : By *Styx*' dread Source I swear,
 The only Oath which binds the mighty Gods. 1055
 But now I yield, and loathing leave the Fight.
 One thing, which no Decree of Fate forbids,
 For *Latium*, for the Majesty and Rights
 Of your own People, suppliant I implore :
 When, join'd with Peace by happy Nuptials made, 1060
 In lasting Leagues and Laws they shall unite ;
 Let not the native *Latins* change their Name,
 Nor Garb, nor Language ; nor be *Trojans* call'd :
 Let it be *Latium* ; Be they *Alban* Kings
 Thro' Ages ; Let it be the *Roman* Race 1065
 Fear'd for *Italian* Courage : *Troy* is fall'n ;
 Let *Troy* be fall'n, and perish with it's Name.

Smiling

Ver. 1055. *The only Oath,*
 &c.] *Superstitio* : i. e. Reli-
 gio formidolosa, & tremenda.
 The word (like *Tyrannus*, and
 others) was not always used in
 an ill Sense. *Reddita*, for *da-*
ta, or *imposita* : The Com-
 pound for the Simple ; says *Ser-*
vius. Others take it Thus ;
 That the infernal Gods had
 something (in *Their Turn*) of
 Power over the Celestial ; and
 that This was the only Thing

which they could *reddere*, re-
 turn upon them, by way of Au-
 thority or Jurisdiction ; being
 in every Thing else subject to
 them. The Reader is at Li-
 berty to chuse which he pleases.
 In the next Ver. but One ; *te-*
netur, for *coninetur* : it is not
 contained in any Law, there-
 fore not forbidden.

Ver. 1067. *Let Troy be fall'n*
and perish with it's Name.
Occidit, occideritque finas cum
nomine

Smiling on Her the Sire of Men, and Gods:
 Sister of *Jove*, great *Saturn*'s other Heir;
 Still boil such Tides of Passion in your Breast? 1070
 But cease at length This unavailing Rage;
 To your Demands I readily accord.
 Th' *Ausonians* shall retain their Country's Speech,
 Their Name, and Customs; Only mix'd with Them
 The *Trojans* shall incorporate: To These 1075
 Religious Ceremonies I will give,
 And make them *Latins* in one Language join'd.
 This blended Lineage, from th' *Ausonian* Blood
 Deriv'd, in Piety you shall behold
 Excelling Men, and Gods: Nor any Race 1080
 Shall

nomine Troja. The Word *oc-*
cideris is understood by all In-
 terpreters as relating only to the
 next Words *cum nomine*: As if
 it were said, "The City is
 "perished, let the Name of it
 "perish too." But I am con-
 fident there is more intended; I
 mean That which I have ren-
 dered. "It is fallen; Let it
 be fallen:" i. e. thoroughly, and
 entirely, so as never to rise a-
 gain: And *cum nomine* gives us
 another, and a fresh Idea. This
 to me is very elegant; and is
 confirmed by what *Juno* says
 elsewhere: *Num capti potuere*
capit? &c. It seems, according
 to Her, it might fall, and not
 fall; i. e. be ruined; but not
 so abroughly and entirely, as
 She would have it.

Ver. 1068. *Men, and Gods.*
 Orig. *Men, and Things.* But
 That would not sound well in
 English. And *Virgil* uses the
 other Expression in other places:
Hominum Jator, atque Decorum

—*Divum pater, atque hominum*
rex, &c. Repertor (which I think
 is no good Word, but *Virgil*
 knew best) for *Auctor*.

Ver. 1069. *Sister of Jove,*
 &c.] Most Editions have it,
Es germana Jovis; Some, *Et*.
 I chuse the Latter: The O-
 ther seems very flat. Accord-
 ing to This Latter, there should
 be only a Comma at *proles*.

Ver. 1074, —5. — Only
 mix'd with Them The *Trojans*
 shall incorporate.] *Commixti*
corpore tantum Subsident *Ten-*
cri. Litterally, *subsident*, shall
 sink: i. e. be swallowed up,
 and absorbed in the main Body;
 so that no Distinction of the
 Two Nations shall be left.

Ver. 1080. *Excelling Men,*
 and Gods.] i. e. The inferiour
 Gods, the *Dii indigites* (as
 Some of the Romans them-
 selves were to be) who owed a
 Duty, and a Kind of Piety to
 the superiour *Deities*.

Shall equal Honour to Your Altars pay.

Juno assents, and pleas'd retorts her Mind;
Then leaves the Sky, and from the Cloud retires.

But other Counsels *Jove* revolves alone;
T' avert *Futurna* from her Brother's Arms. 1085
Two Pests there are, the *Diræ* call'd: Whom Night
At the same Birth with black *Megara* bore,
Tartarean Fury; with such twisting Spires
Of Serpents bound, and added noisy Wings.
These at the Throne of *Jove*, and in the Court 1090
Of Heav'n's dread Monarch wait, to strike with Fear
Unhappy Mortals: when the King of Gods
Sits meditating vengeful Death, or Plagues;
Or terrifies the guilty World with War.
Of These great *Jove* dispatches One from Heav'n, 1095
A baleful Omen to *Futurna* sent:
She in a rapid Whirlwind downward flies;
As when a Dart, which by the *Parthian* ting'd
(The *Parthian*, or *Cydonian*) with the Juice
Of black immedicable Poyson, springs, 1100
Shot from the twanging Nerve, along the Sky,
And, undiscover'd, cuts the fleeting Shades.
So Night's infernal Offspring flew to Earth.

Soon as the *Trojan* Troops, and *Turnus*' Bands

She

Ver. 1089. Noisy Wings.] *Ventosas*, as here apply'd to *alas*, Expositors render by *celerēs*. But I know not where else the Word is so used. I take it to express the Noise and Wind which they make, as they beat the Air.

Ver. 1100. Black immedicable Poyson, &c.] In This fine

Simile, Those Circumstances of *felle veneni*, and *telum immedicabile*, are admirably specify'd; alluding to the Malignity of the Fury, and the dismal Errand upon which she is sent. The Comparison expresses not her Swiftness only, but her other Qualities. Ver. 882. Orig. *Meorum*; i. e. *meorum rerum*.

She fees; she changes, lessen'd, to the Shape 1105
 Of a small Bird, which sitting on the Tops
 Of Tombs, and old deserted Tow'rs, by Night,
 Shrieks thro' the Shades, ill-omen'd: Thus transform'd
 The Fiend o'er *Turnus*' Visage, screaming, flies
 This Way, and That; and flaps upon his Shield 1110
 With flutt'ring Pinions. Him unusual Fear
 Stiff'ning benumbs: Uprose his Hair erect,
 And to his Mouth his Speech with Horror cleav'd.
Juturna, when the Fury's clatt'ring Wings
 She knew, unhappy Sister! beats her Breast, 1115
 And tears her Face, and rends her flowing Hair;
 What Succour, *Turnus*, can thy Sister now
 Afford thee? What to wretched Me remains?
 Or by what Art can I protract thy Life?
 To such a Pest can I myself oppose? 1120
 Now, now I leave the Field: Ye Birds obscene,
 Fright not my trembling Soul; Too well I know
 Your beating Wings, and Death-denouncing Screams;
 Nor do the proud Commands of mighty *Jove*
 Deceive me. Is it Thus that he repays 1125
 My Virgin Honour lost? Wherefore to Me
 Gave he to be immortal? Why is Death,
 Great Nature's Law, deny'd me? Mortal sure
 I now might end such Woes, and to the Ghosts
 Companion with my hapless Brother go. 1130
 Nought without Thee, my Brother, now is left
 Delightful: O would pitying Earth to Me,
 Yawning, disclose a Grave; and thro' its Womb

Transmit

Ver. 1117. *What Succour,*
 &c.] *Quid*, subaud. *secundum*. In
 what, &c. For Ver. 883. Orig. | *O quæ satis*, &c. See the Note
 on B. X. 397.

Transmit a Goddess to the Shades below.

She spoke, deep groaning; with her azure Veil 1135
Muffled her Head, and plung'd into her Stream.

Aeneas, shaking his long ashen Spear,
Urges adverse; and Thus relentless speaks.
What, *Turnus*, now is the Delay? Or what
Dost thou revolve? No Hope of Flight remains: 1140
Arms must decide the Strife; To ev'ry Shape
Transform thy self; Collect thy utmost Force,
Whate'er thou can'st in Art, or Courage; Wish
For Wings to bear thee to the Stars aloft;
Or hide thy self in op'ning Earth below. 1145

The Hero shook his Head, and Thus reply'd:
Not Thy proud Threats, insulting Man, affright
My Soul; Me Heav'n affrights, and *Jove* my Foe.

No more he spoke: But looking round espy'd
A pond'rous Stone, which then by chance there lay,
An antique, pond'rous Stone, a Landmark plac'd 1151
To part the Limits of th' adjoining Fields.
This scarce Twelve chosen Men, (such Men as now
The Earth brings forth) could on their Shoulders bear:
With trembling Hands he rising lifts it high, 1155
Runs stag'ring forward, and against his Foe
Tosses th' enormous Load; but neither knows
Himself, when running, nor when stag'ring on;

Nor

Ver. 1140. — Dost thou re-
volve?] Either, *Quid* (for *cur*)
retractas (for *detrectas*) pug-
nam? Or rather *Quid retractas*?
“What dost thou re-
volve, or turn over again in
“thy Thoughts?”

Ver. 1161. The Stone then
rolling, &c.] *Tum lapis ipse*

vir. *Servius* says That *vir*
is wonderfully emphatical: Be-
cause it expresses the weak and
languid Condition of the Man,
as before described. But is not
lapis viri, for *lapis à viro jac-*
tus a very odd Expression? That
Genitive Case is to me a strange
one.

Nor poising in his Hands th' unwieldy Weight:
 His Knees fail tott'ring, and his Blood congeals. 1160
 The Stone then rolling thro' the empty Space
 Drops short, nor reaches to the destin'd Mark.
 As oft in Dreams, when languid Sleep by Night
 Has clos'd our Eyes, we seem with eager Heat
 And Effort vain, to labour in the Race; 1165
 And in the middle of th' Attempt sink down,
 Weary, and faint; nor does the Tongue perform;
 Nor in our Bodies does th' accustom'd Strength
 Second our Toil; nor Voice, nor Words ensue.
 So *Turnus* fares; Whate'er his Valour tries, 1170
 The Fury thwarts him, and denies Success.
 Then various Passions struggle in his Breast;
 The City and the *Latian* Host he views,
 Wavers with Fear, and dreads the coming Dart; 1174
 Perceives no Way for Flight, no Strength to move
 Against the Foe; and now no longer sees
 His Chariot, or his Sister Charioteer.

Thus while he wav'ring stands, *Æneas* shakes
 The mortal Dart; and, having with his Eyes
 Mark'd out the destin'd Wound, with all his Force
 Collected, hurls the missive Death from far. 1181
 Stones shot from mural Engines with less Sound
 Roar thro' the Air; nor breaks so loud a Crash
 From bursting Thunder: Like a Whirlwind flies

The

Ver. 1174. — Dreads the coming Dart.] *Telumque instare eremiscit*: i. e. *timet telum* [*Æneæ instans*, or *imminens*.

Ver. 1180. Mark'd out the destin'd Wound, &c.] *Sortitus oculis*, having chosen or mark'd

out, by taking Aim, *Fortunam*, the Place which Fortune seem'd to design for the Wound; i. e. the most likely Place to wound him in. All That is imply'd in the single Word *Fortunam*.

The Fate-conveying Spear, and opens wide 1185
 The Corset's Border, and the sev'nfold Shield's
 Extremest Orbs; and whizzing passes sheer
 Thro' his mid Thigh. Down lofty *Turnus* falls,
 Wounded, on doubled Knee, and bent to Earth.
 A gen'ral Groan runs thro' th' *Ausonian* Host; 1190
 The Mountain round rebellows; and the Woods
 Echoing return the Noise. He suppliant bends
 His Eyes: And, stretching out his Hand, 'Tis true,
 I have deserv'd, He cry'd; Nor will I strive
 To deprecate: Enjoy thy Fortune's Gift. 1195
 Yet Oh! if aught a wretched Parent's Care

Can

Ver. 1187. — *And whizzing passes sheer, &c.* *Per medium stridens transit semur.* So it is read in all the Editions that I have seen. And yet in my Quotation of This Line P. 364. it is *Et medium, &c.* And so I would write it in the Text it

self, were I an Editor of the Original. For so (it seems) several very good Manuscripts have it: And as to the Sense and Elegancy of the whole Passage, I wonder any Body could conceive *Virgil* to have written it otherwise.

————— *Volat atri turbinis instar*
Exitium dirum basta ferens, orasque recludit
Loricæ, & clypei extremos septemplicis orbes,
Et medium stridens transit semur. —————

Who would not expect *Et* in That place, and admire how *Per* should get into it? The Multiplying of Conjunctions (the *Polysyndeton*, as 'tis call'd) is often very elegant and emphatical, to express Force and Violence; and it is particularly so here. But in the last Line especially, *Et* is necessary to close the Sentence fully, and roundly. Whereas *Per* is flat, insipid, gaping, and disjointed, and scarce Grammar. *Transire* is an Active Verb, and governs an Accusative Case with-

out *Per*. Sometimes indeed it is a *Neuter*; but it is almost a Solecism to make it so in This Place. Or if it be not false; yet, for the Reasons before alledged, it is dull; and therefore not *Virgil's*.

Ver. 1190. *A gen'ral Groan, &c.* *Conjurgunt gemitu: i. e. Surgunt cum gemitu.* Ver. 929, — 30. Orig. Point it Thus: *Ille humilis, supplexque oculos, [i. e. quoad oculos] dextramque precantem Protendens.* For *oculos* cannot relate to *protendens*.

Can touch thy Soul (Thou too hadst such a Sire,
 The old *Anchises*) pity *Daunus*' Age :
 And, whether living, or despoil'd of Breath, 1199
 (Thine be That Choice) restore me to my Friends.
 Thou hast o'ercome : Th' *Ausonians* see me fall,
 And stretch my Hands : *Lavinia* is thy Bride :
 Extend thy Hate no further. Fierce in Arms
Æneas stood ; and check'd his lifted Hand,
 Rolling his Eyes around : And now his Soul 1205
 Still more and more relented, as he paus'd ;
 When on the vanquish'd Champion's Shoulder high
 With well-known Bosses shone the fatal Belt
 Of youthful *Pallas* ; whom with mortal Wound
Turnus, unhappy Victor, struck to Earth, 1210
 And on his Shoulder wore the hostile Spoils.
 Those Spoils the *Trojan* Hero having view'd,
 The fresh Incentives of his Grief and Rage ;
 Inflam'd with Vengeance, terrible in Ire,
 Shalt Thou, thus deck'd with Trophies of my Friends,
 *Escape from Me? 'Tis *Pallas*, *Pallas* gives 1216

This

Ver. 1199. *And whether living*, or despoil'd of Breath, &c.] *Et me, seu corpus spoliatum lumine mavis, Redde meis.* There is a wonderful *Emphasis* and *Elegancy* in This *Ellipsis* ; which our Language will not bear. He does not express *Both* Parts of the Alternative ; but leaves out *Living* : yet plainly hints at it by the disjunctive *seu* before the other. To make it full, it should be Thus: *Et me, seu [vivum, seu] corpus spoliatum lumine, [si ita]*

mavis, Redde meis. He would not *beg his Life* directly ; but hints at it in an *abrupt* and *imperfect* Sentence. Even my Translation indeed does not make him *beg his Life* in plain Terms, (leaving it to the Choice of his Enemy) but comes nearer to it than the Original ; in which the Word *Life*, or *Living*, is not so much as mentioned. But our Language will not bear so great an *Ellipsis*.

This Wound; and from Thy execrable Blood
Demands This Sacrifice of just Revenge.

Thus while he spoke, beneath his Breast adverse
Furious he plung'd the Sword: The vital Heat 1220
Leaves his slack Limbs; And to the Shades below
With Indignation flies his groaning Soul.

11. 1102.
orig. 11. 831.

The End of the Twelfth Book.





P O S T S C R I P T.

WHoever engages in so long, and difficult a Work, as This, must have a strangely arrogant Opinion of *Human Nature* in general, or (which is worse) of *Himself* in particular; if he undertakes to travel through it, without making any *false Step*. In These Adventures, to be free from the *smaller Faults*, is next to impossible; and to be *wholly* free even from *down-right Error*, is little less. All we can do, is to *spare no Pains* in endeavouring to avoid Both: But still, if there be no Blemishes, *quas incuria fudit*, there will be some, *quas humana parum cavit natura*. This is applicable to Writers in general; but especially to so mean a one as I am. Were the Case mine, as *Horace* states it,———*ubi plura nitent in carmine*——— I should, in the Judgment of all *such candid*, i. e. all *such true*, Criticks as He was, have an undoubted Right, upon the Whole, to the *good-natured Sentence* which follows. I am sure it is Thus that I always judge of the Performances of Others; even when the Case is not quite so strong in their Favour, as *Horace* supposes. In a Postscript to the First Edition, I took notice of one *direct Mistake*; which however, was but a mere *Lapsus*, and is now corrected. Did I know of any such in This; it should here be taken notice of, and rectify'd. If I have
rather

rather altered my Opinion, as to some other Particulars of less Moment; it is not worth while to mention them, much less to alter them: Because they *still* remain *doubtful*; And to make *such* Changes, would be an *endless*, as well as a *perplexing*, and *fruitless* Task. We must *fix* upon *Something*: and not be *perpetually* making Alterations: Especially, when they are at least *almost* as likely to be for the *Worse*, as for the *Better*. And the Same may be said of the Opinions of *Others* compared with *Our own*. It is no Consequence that One Man is *mistaken*, because Another has a *different Relish* or *Apprehension*. There is often a Diversity of *Judgments*, or rather of *Tastes*; when no *Reason*, properly so called, can be given on either Side. I make This Distinction; because, if we would speak strictly, there seems to be This Difference between *Judgment*, and mere *Taste*, that we can give an intelligible *Reason*, either True, or False, for the First, but not for the Last. A Man, it is acknowledged, cannot be a Judge of *Wine*, unless he has *naturally* a good *Palate*: But Two, or More, equally good Judges may *differ*; and yet not be able to tell *why* they do so. It is indeed often *otherwise*: And the Former I would call *mere Taste*: The Latter, *Judgment*; including *Taste*, and *Something more*. Tho' This Instance be Matter of *Sense*, not of *Understanding*; yet it may well be applied to our present Purpose. The Case is the same with regard to many Objects of the *Understanding*, or, if you please, of the *Fancy* or *Imagination*, as to Those of the *Senses*. In Poetry, and Oratory, we often apprehend Things thus, or thus; and are pleased, or displeased, with them, without being able to produce an intelligible Reason for Either: The *Re-*
lish

lish of a *Peach*, or of a Glass of *Claret*, is not more *simple Apprehension*, than *such a Sentiment*.

For the rest; I shall in. This, and every Thing else, be always ready to receive Instruction, with Thanks to Those who give it me; and to correct my Mistakes upon any Information, whether it comes from a Friend, or an Enemy. But as to malevolent, ungenerous, abusive Censures, and Reflections; I have, without any Provocation on my Part, been long used to *bear* them, have no manner of ill Will to Those who *make* them, and shall be sure never to take the least notice of them.

F I N I S.



BOOKS lately Published:

Printed for J. BROTHERTON, J. HAZARD,
W. MEADOWS, T. COX, W. HINCHLIFFE,
W. BICKERTON, T. ASTLEY, S. AUSTEN,
L. GILLIVER, and R. WILLOCK.

ERASMI *Colloquia selecta decem*: Or, Ten select Colloquies of *Erasmus*. Dispos'd in the following manner. I. The original Text, printed by it self, from the best and most correct Edition. II. An *English* Translation, as literal as possible, dispos'd in that easy Method of the common construing Book to *Lilly's Grammar*. For the Use of young Scholars. By NATHAN BAILEY, 12mo.

The Doctrine of the most Holy and Ever-blessed TRINITY, briefly stated and proved; with the Objections against it answered: In a summary View of the whole Controversy. As it was delivered in the Cathedral Church of *St. Paul*, at the Lady *Moyer's* Lecture, in 1729, and 1730. By JOSEPH TRAPP, D. D. Minister of the United Parishes of *Christ-Church* and *St. Leonard Foster-Lane*, 8vo.

Fundamenta Grammatices: Or, the Foundation of the *Latin* Tongue, in two Parts. By NICHOLAS FARMBOROUGH. The Seventh Edition. Revised by N. BAILEY. 12mo.

The Art of *English* Poetry: Containing, I. Rules for making Verses. II. A Collection of the most natural, agreeable, and sublime Thoughts, viz. Allusions, Similies, Descriptions, and Characters of Persons and Things, that are to be found in the best *English* Poets. III. A Dictionary of Rhymes. By EDWARD BYSSHE, Gent. The Seventh Edition, corrected and enlarged. 2 Vols. 12mo.

M. J. Justinus ex Trogi Pompeii Historiis Externis Libri XLIV. Quam diligentissime ex variorum exemplorum collatione recensiti & castigati. To which is added, the Words of JUSTIN disposed in a grammatical or natural Order, in one Column, so as to answer, as near as can be, Word for Word, to the *English* Version,

BOOKS lately published.

sion, as literal as possible in the other. Designed for the easy and expeditious learning of JUSTIN, by those of the meanest Capacity, with Pleasure to the Learner, and without Fatigue to the Teacher. With Chronological Tables accommodated to JUSTIN's History. And also an Index of Words, Phrases, and most remarkable Things. For the Use of Schools. By N. BAILEY.

A Treatise of continual Fevers: In Four Parts. To which are added, Medicinal Observations; In Three Books. Wherein are enumerated, The Diagnostics, Prognostics, and Events of the several Diseases incident to human Bodies. By JODOCUS LOMMIUS. Translated from the *Latin*, by THOMAS DALE, M. D.

OGILBY's and MORGAN's Pocket-Book of the Roads, with their computed and measured Distances, and the Distinction of Market and Post-Towns. To which is added several Roads, and above five hundred Market-Towns; A Table for the ready finding any Road, City, or Market-Town, and their Distance from *London*; A Sheet Map of *England*, fitted to bind with the Book; And an exact Table of all the Fairs, both Fixed and Moveable in alphabetical Order, shewing the Days on which they are held. By WILLIAM MORGAN, Cosmographer to their late Majesties. The Seventh Edition.

The Feasts and Fasts of the Church of *England*: The Reasons and Grounds of their Celebration: With Practical Meditations upon the several Days, concluding each distinct Hour with suitable Prayers, and the proper Collects of the Church. To which is added, An Appendix, wherein the three grand Solemnities, added to the Liturgy of the Church of *England*, are clearly explained. Illustrated with many new and curious Copper-Plates.

The Philosophical Transactions, from the Year 1720 to the Year 1733, Abridged and Disposed under general Heads: being a Continuation of LOWTHORP and JONES, 2 Vols. 4to. By Mr. EAMES, F. R. S. and J. MARTYN, F. R. S.

